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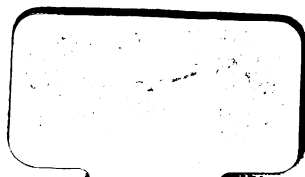
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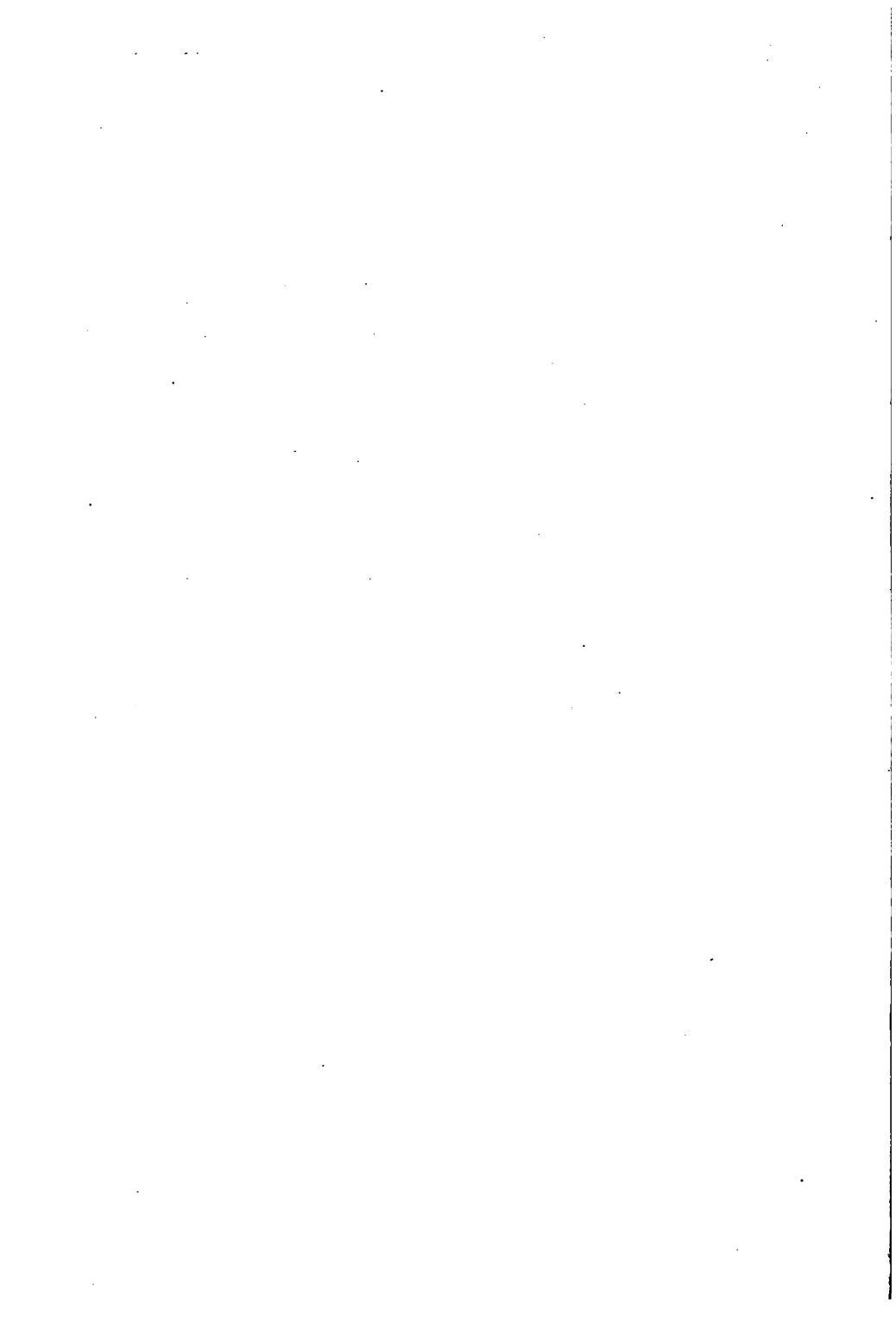




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THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A FREE LANCE

Being the Observations of

S. G. W. BENJAMIN

Late United States Minister to Persia

Author, Artist and Journalist

**Burlington, Vt.
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1914**

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BOOKS

Constantinople, the Isle
Ode on the Death of Abi
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The Multitudinous Seas.
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The Cruise of the Alice
Sea Spray.
Persia and the Persians
The Story of Persia.
(Translated into English)

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INTRODUCTION.

Anyone who writes his autobiography must be prepared to meet the charge of egotism. But so many, especially in recent years, have written the record of their lives, that the author finds himself in good company and needs to make no apology.

Aside from the pleasure of going over the scenes of his life, the author had two or three specific objects in view when he began to write these pages.

One was to indicate some of the characteristics of races in Europe, greatly differing from our own, especially the Oriental, who is so often misjudged.

In war or peace the personal traits of a people, together with environment, gives a trend to great national movements, and it is only fair to judge such outcome through that impartial vision which comes only from an all-around knowledge.

Another subject the author had hoped to have treated more at length was the history and methods of early missionary work in the Levant, with some analysis of characters met there, but lack of space crowds out much interesting material at hand on this and other matters.

Another subject was a description of life in one of our country colleges during the fifties. This also it seemed necessary to abbreviate, as also a description of shipping and life at sea, before steam and other modern inventions affected the character of sailing vessels and sail naviga-

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tion. This subject has been chiefly illustrated by the writer's somewhat varied personal experience and observation from childhood up to recent years. Personal experiences in the world of art, are also touched upon, among other topics. The reader who cares not for any or all of these subjects is hereby warned!

The greatest difficulty encountered in preparing this record has been to keep within the limits attractive to the modern reader, in this country, and in this age of hurry and hustle. For the memory of the author serves him so well that he could have quadrupled the length of this work with the utmost ease; and added episodes which, for various reasons, it was found expedient to omit. .

S. G. W. B.

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

The author of *Lorna Doone* writes in his introduction to this charming work, "I call this a Romance, because incidents, scenery, time, and characters, are all romantic." With this definition, from so good an authority, we may properly, I think, call this little book "a romance," and trust that the readers who do not like *Memoirs* will find unfailing attraction in these *memories* of a life full of adventure.

Our author owes to his childhood in Greece (and also perhaps to pre-natal influences in an atmosphere of Hellenic culture and beauty) his enthusiastic love of the beautiful. The influence of the scenery, characters and incidents of much of his life, tended to increase this romantic spirit within him, which was by Nature, that of the knight, paladin, and poet.

To paint, to write, or to work solely for fortune or fame, ever stirred him to indignant protest. He loved things noble, free and untrammelled.

It is expected of most authors and artists that their "experiences" will be confined to literature and art, and it is quite unusual that they should include also those of yachting and diplomacy.

Having crossed the seas some forty-five times, loving the sea and all sea-craft with the love of a sailor, Mr. Benjamin had learned its multitudinous wave-forms which he so vividly depicted in print and on canvas.

As a boy he spoke several languages, and had amused himself when not at out door sport by sketching characteristics of different peoples and customs; later, while residing more than half his life abroad, he had studied the personal character of different peoples, and the trend of their national life. All this was of service to him in the diplomatic experience which came afterward. Especially did his long sojourn in the Levant give him an acquaintance with the mysterious Oriental, and an apprehension of that "viewpoint of the East," which we of the West, with all our conceit of wisdom so fail to appreciate.

In mature years he was called to fill the place of consul general to Persia, and later on, was appointed by President Arthur, U. S. minister, to establish a legation there. His mind naturally penetrating and astute had already gained an insight into the true status of the powers, especially in the East, and all these varied life-influences had given to his soul a strange maturity that led at last toward the deeper perception of the Supreme and all compelling Power that moves nations as well as individuals toward their allotted goal.

FANNIE N. BENJAMIN, Nov. 16th, 1914.

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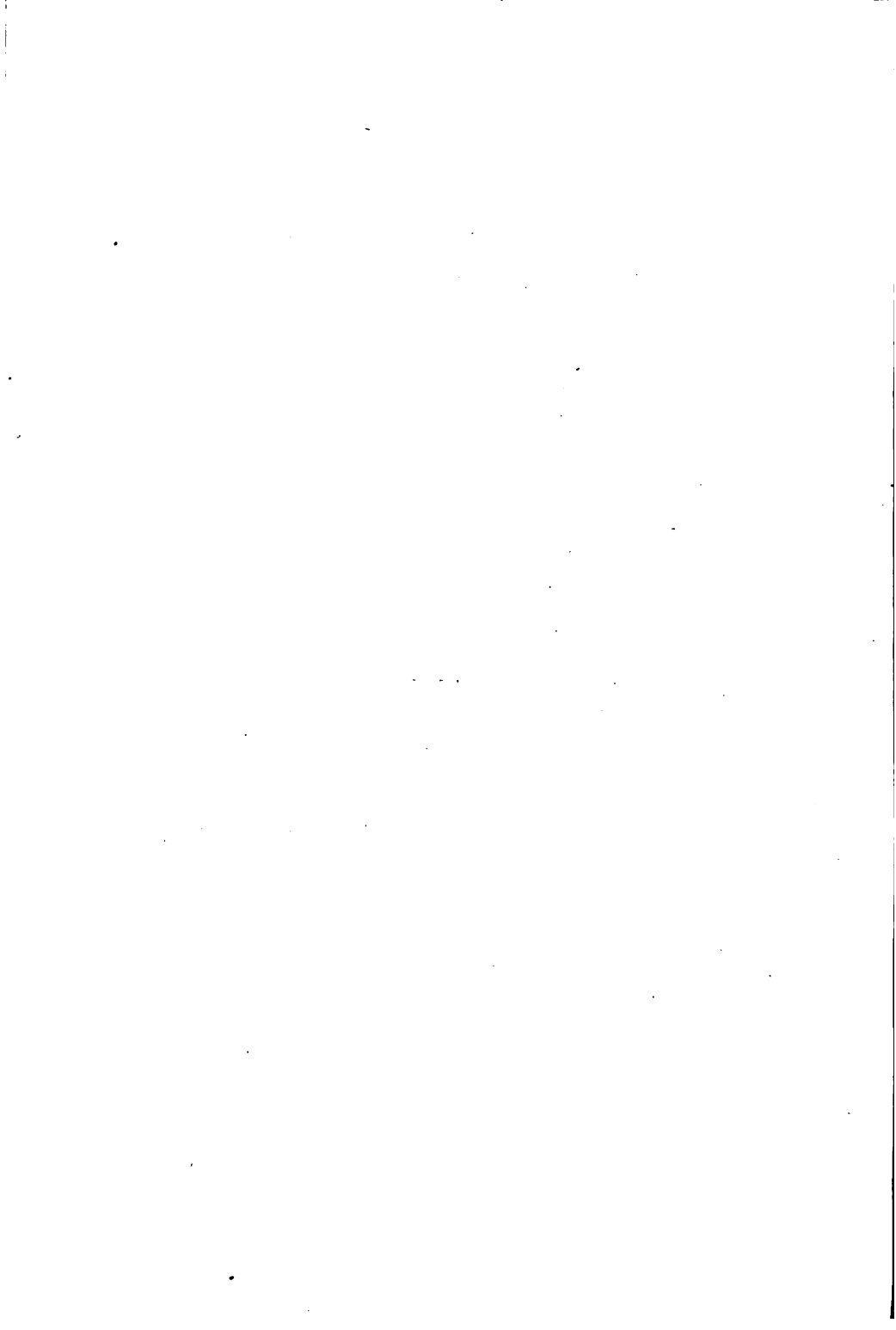
PART I

*There is a shore
The sun of morning gilds
And, hallows, ever more
Where Hope her castle builds
And jocund Spring a harvest yields
Of amaranthine flowers
Upon Elysian fields.*

*Oh Land of gleams!
Where only youth can tread
Enskied thou art, with dreams,
Thine hours, like magic sped;
Oh Land of song and joyous bells!
With thee, we walk the Elysian fields,
And hear no sad farewells!*

S. G. W. B.

*Selection from a poem written for
a "Kappa Alpha" reunion, Williams
College, 1880.*



CHAPTER I.

ARGOS AND ATHENS.

THE City of Argos, on the southeastern coast of Greece, is reputed to be, after Damascus, the oldest city in the world. My parents were missionaries at that place when I was born there in the year 1837. They sailed for the Mediterranean in 1836, taking passage at Boston in the schooner *Sea Eagle*, Captain Drew. The schooner was bound to Smyrna, and being over-sparred, the provisions and water very bad, the captain surly, and the weather tempestuous, the voyage was exceedingly unpleasant, even for those days of primitive ocean travel. My parents made their devious way from Smyrna to Athens in a Greek vessel and thence, in a coaster, to Argos. Steam packets were hardly seen or known in those days.

My father was descended from John Benjamin, Gentleman, as he is styled in the old records, who was one of the first settlers of Cambridge, Massachusetts, coming over in 1632. My grandfather Benjamin was a paper manufacturer at Catskill, New York, one of the first in the United States, and fought at Bennington. My grandmother Benjamin was the daughter of Captain Charles Seymour of Hartford, Connecticut, who fought in Washington's army. My mother was Mary Gladding Wheeler,

daughter of Samuel Green Wheeler, one of the old merchants and manufacturers of New York (mentioned in Barret's work), and elder in the Rutgers Street Church of which the celebrated Dr. Macauley was pastor.

When I was thirteen months old my father was directed to remove to Athens. Passage was engaged on a Greek brig sailing from Napolidi Romania, but she went on the rocks in a night squall. Escaping these perils we finally reached Athens, safely, where my parents lived six years. That most attractive city had just been made capital of the newly liberated country; and the court of King Otho, the Bavarian, and his handsome Queen Amalia, though yet still crude, attracted characters of every description, chieftans, heroes, and adventurers of the recent war of revolution in search of office, Philhellenes of every European nation, who had lent their swords and their purses in aid of the war for freedom; many of them men of culture, title and distinction, diplomats accredited to Greece, travellers fired by the romantic strophes and the volcanic career of Lord Byron, scholars, artists, poets—all gathered alike to the ancient classic city, now about to renew its youth, and to reenter on a career of glory, as was fondly hoped. In a word, the splendor of a new era seemed bursting over all the ruins of the Acropolis, although few realized that the results were to ripen but slowly after such ages of oppression.

I look back to our residence at Athens with unalloyed satisfaction. Owing to the distance of time it is still invested with a roseate haze, like that which hangs over a summer landscape when the morning light's tender glow is first breaking over mountain, forest and stream. Through this veil, objects, scenes, faces, are discerned here

and there, some vaguely, others with perfect distinctness, according to the impression they made upon my young mind. My memory dates back to an early period, and retains vividly many incidents that would scarcely attract the attention of most children. That was due very largely to the fact that at that time I had but few playfellows of my own age, except at rare intervals, as my parents seldom allowed me to associate, until later, with the Greek children, and there were no other American children then living in Athens except two or three little girls, the daughters of Dr. Jonas King and his Greek wife, and Ion Hanford Perdicaris, noted lately as a captive to Moorish brigands. Occasionally, I met a few English lads in a formal way. It is true that in my seventh year I attended the Missionary school for Greeks in order to learn how to read and write Greek. But I did not remain there long; it was found that as I already spoke Greek more readily than English, I was likely to fall behind in my English studies, which I had begun with my mother the same year.

Although taught to keep in the background and rarely to speak, yet I could listen, and one can readily perceive how much may, in that way be learned by a child of active mind and quick perception. My parents took particular pains to interest me in the people and country of my birth by repeating to me events and legends of Greek history, such as the story of Marathon or the legend of Ulysses and the Odyssey, which I soon knew by heart. Of course they often recited to me incidents of the recent Greek Revolution until I almost came to believe it was the history of my own country and heroes, to which I was listening.

Another factor in directing the aim of my thought, if

not actually planting the seeds of certain tendencies, were the folktales recited by the Greek servants, and the sea adventures told me by some of the grizzled mariners who had sailed and fought in the fleets of Miaulis, Tombazi, and Saktoori. They often came to our house. One of them I especially remember, his white mustache, weather browned and weather seamed features, and dark flashing eyes fringed with crows feet. He wore a fez with a short blue tassel of the islanders, a half open shirt, vest decorated with embroidery, the worse for wear, and corded buttons, a red band or belt, baggy blue breeches, and scarlet shoes but no stockings. I would listen by the hour, breathless with interest, seated on his knee or on the steps at his side, to stories of battle, shipwreck and storm. These old sea dogs, who were doubtless much like the men of Ulysses, made for me models of brigs and mysticoes until my inbred love of the sea took fire, and I perpetually thought and dreamed of the briny element. From that day to this I have had no stronger passion than my love for the sea and ships, and would "swap yarns" with old seamen on a ship's deck or along shore with as much pleasure as to converse with artists, philosophers, poets, and statesmen.

It was when I was six years old that the celebrated Suliote chieftain, Kitzo Tzavellas, visited at our house with his wife. He was one of the famous band who stormed the camp of the Turks on the night when Marko Bozzaris was killed, he who was the hero of Fitz Greene Halleck's immortal ode. After that event Tzavellas commanded the Suliote contingent in the ill-starred but immortal siege of Missolongi, the place where Byron gave up his life for the freedom of Greece. After the most heroic defence,

when the supply of rats and mice began to fail, and Ibrahim Pasha, the Turkish general, was on the point of storming the place, the garrison determined to cut their way out, hoping that some at least might thus escape from the inevitable horrors of a victorious assault. At dead of night the Greeks sallied from their works in two columns, attended by thousands of famishing women and children. On one wing the sortie failed, but about 1,500 of the besieged succeeded in hewing their way through the enemy's line and evaded pursuit in the mountains. At their head was Kitzo Tzavellas; his heroic wife marched at his side, her infant on one arm and brandishing a scimitar with the other. Of such stuff were the women of Suli! I well remember this illustrious pair, as they sat in my father's study, while we all listened with the keenest interest to the thrilling story of the escape.

Study and educational influences were no more indispensable for the Greek men of action and affairs than for the barons of feudal times. Learning, and generally not much of that, was for the priests in those days, but the sword, and shrewdness, craft and will-power sufficed for the rulers and the men of war, and genius was as much in evidence with the one as with the other. The celebrated Mehmet Alee, who founded the existing dynasty of so-called viceroys or khedives, and held Egypt in his fist, could neither write nor read. But he could do what some bookmen cannot do—he could read and manage men, and had insight and nerve equal to every occasion.

Opposite our house was the Konak or metropolitan residence of Petro Mavromichaelis, known as the Petro Bey of whom I have spoken, feudatory chief of Southern Greece or Sparta under the Turks, and one of the most

prominent characters of the Hellenic Revolution. A group of palikars or irregular soldiery and retainers always loitered in picturesque listlessness about the entrance. They wore the brilliant national costume, and most of them were armed with huge flintlock pistols and long silver mounted dirks stuck in broad red belts decorated with gold thread, while scimitars were suspended from the waist by red sashes. Long barrelled "tufeks" or flint locks of the old Albanian type were leaned against the wall, and two or three shaggy wolf dogs slumbered on the steps with half an eye open for intruders. These combined objects, this romantic effect, daily visible under our eyes against a background of storied mountains melting into the cloudless sky of Attica, suggested thoughts in severe contrast with the orthodox puritanism which my parents were trying to instil into my soul.

I visited the palace several times, but never saw Otho, the King of Greece, except on public occasions. My father met him officially when acting as American chargé d'affaires. Naturally such a striking event as the popular rising against the King in September of 1843, in order to wrest a constitution from the despotic rule of that monarch, was exactly to the taste of a man of Griziotis' type who was one of the leaders. His tall figure with that of Makriyni or Long John, was everywhere apparent, and received due prominence in the rude illustrations of that event, designed by local artists. I well remember many of the incidents of this brief and successful uprising which was managed so well that in less than twenty-four hours a complete change in the character of the government was effected without the loss of a single life. This is more than can be said of most of the revolutions Europe has seen for a similar purpose.

No one slept a wink the night before, for the clatter of horse hoofs on the pavement, and the rush of excited multitudes. Cannon were pointed toward the entrance of the palace and an immense crowd was gathered in the royal square, armed and ready to act, if necessary, but in the meantime quietly chatting and smoking as if watching some ordinary occurrence, while the delegates of the people were arguing with King Otho to grant the constitution and legislative chambers demanded. Men had no force to depend upon, but a few companies of Bavarian guards, who would have been slaughtered in the first onset. The telegraph did not exist then. No appeal could be made to the powers. The diplomatic corps stood aloof, confounded by the suddenness of the coup. The people's delegates were respectful but inflexible, and as his Majesty felt no enthusiasm to re-enact the tragedy played by Louis XVI and the Swiss guards, he yielded every demand before the close of day. Russia, which sometimes loses her self-control and drops the disguise by which she conceals her aims and policy, instantly recalled her envoy at Athens and relegated him into permanent retirement for not asserting Russia's claim to quasi suzerainty, and commanding Otho to remain firm at whatever cost.

The following night the entire city was illuminated. However disposed, no one would have dared to leave his windows darkened. Our own house, therefore, was lit up with candles and tapers floating on olive oil in tumblers of water, a common method of lighting in those days, before the discovery of petroleum or gas. The crack of flintlock, muskets and pistols rang all over the city—a noisy *feu de joie* that continued until the local supply of

sakee and rum was about exhausted. For days after that, whenever people met, they would greet each other with the exclamation, "*Zeto to Syntagna!*" "Long live the Constitution!" Everyone wore a bit of red ribbon in his buttonhole, often with an iron or silver cross attached to it. Although a mere lad of six years, I was carried away by the universal enthusiasm and insisted on having a ribbon of genuine scarlet ribbed silk, and an iron cross sewed to my blouse.

It was one of the proudest days of my life when my mother took me on one of our delightful morning strolls to the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter Olympus with that red ribbon and cross glistening on my bosom. On that day, at least, I was more of a Greek than an American.

While the excitement was still at its height, my father met a crowd of school boys in the street vociferating with unusual glee. "What is the matter now, my boys?" inquired my father. "Oh," replied their leader, "it's just this; our teacher has been flogging us overmuch lately, and carrying on altogether too lively for us. And so we all rose today and just gave him a flogging in return, and kicked him out of the school: '*Zeto to Syntagna!*' 'Long live the Constitution!'"

The Duchess of Plaisance, an eccentric French lady, who died in 1854, had a country place in the mountains near Athens when we were living there to which she sometimes invited guests of note, for she effected to patronize intellect and culture. On one occasion Dr. King, the noted American missionary, together with a number of savants, literati, and diplomats, were invited to her villa. The ride up the rough mountain road was long and exhausting, and the racy air whetted their appetites until

they looked forward with keen impatience to the hour when they should gather around the smoking board and enjoy a sumptuous dinner by the capable chef of the Duchess. They reached the house at last; it was long after sunset, and they were hungry as wolves. Judge then of their stupefaction and horror when the noble hostess, on reaching the dining salon, announced the menu in these blood-curdling words: "Gentlemen, I can easily understand that when men of scholarship and intellect like yourselves meet together it is not with the grosser pleasures of the table that you enjoy each other's society, but by the pure interchange of thought. I have, therefore, arranged for a light meal that would be in harmony with the character of the occasion." She then invited them to partake of the glass of milk and the slice of sponge cake that were laid by each plate. Language failed to describe the mingled chagrin and wrath of those philosophic souls as they partook of the slender refreshments, which they hastened to supplement, on retiring to their rooms, by bribing the servants to smuggle up to them a supply of eatables.

Among the distinguished travellers I remember to have seen at Athens were Sir John and Lady Franklin, and Stephens, the noted author of *Travels in Central America Chiapas and Yucatan*, one of the most entertaining books of travel ever written. I also remember well the Rev. Joseph Wolfe, a guest of Dr. Leaves while at Athens, on his way to the far East on an errand which attracted much attention at that time. He was a converted Jew connected with the British Bible Society—florid, red-haired, corpulent, quick and nervous in his actions, but possessed of some ability which procured for him a mar-

riage with an English lady of quality. He was then *en-route* on a mission for the British government, having nobly volunteered to go in search of tidings of the ill fated emissaries, Captains Conolly and Stoddart, who had been sent to the Emeer of Bokhara. The East India Company and the British Foreign Office, notwithstanding the general ability displayed in their dealings with Asiatics, have sometimes committed stupendous blunders in India and Central Asia, that might almost bring their sanity into question, and such as Russian astuteness never would allow.

As I had been very feeble in infancy, and had had several ill turns in successive years, I was kept back and did not learn to read in any language until my seventh year. Strange to say I could not learn to read in the ordinary way—by beginning with the alphabet—but by the sight of a word in its entirety. For this reason it was many years before I could write English with any certainty that the words would be spelled correctly; in fact, not until by the study of Latin and French, and general etymology was I able to perceive the logical processes by which a language is built up or evolved from other tongues.

Owing to the fact that I had so few associates of my own age I was almost constantly in the society of those much older than myself—my parents and their acquaintances. I was not only permitted but often encouraged to accompany them when making or receiving visits.

Two of the most striking figures to be seen at Athens in those days were the daughters of Kitso Bozzaris, brother of Marko Bozzaris, I recollect seeing them several times, their intense black tresses superbly set off by the

scarlet fezzes they wore. Mere child though I was, I was not too young to observe the beauty of scenery, or the beauty of women. I also just remember seeing Byron's famous "Maid of Athens," who was at that time a portly matron, the wife of an Englishman prosaically named Black.

In speaking of Byron I am reminded that among the people we met was a Mr. Noel and his bride. He was a nephew of Lady Byron and was travelling in Greece. In our parlor they alluded to the unpleasant story about which Mrs. Stowe, many years later, published a highly sensational article in the *Atlantic Monthly*. She gave it out as a great secret which she felt it her duty to reveal in order to diminish the pernicious influence of Byron's poetry. When her article came out as a new "find" in literary life, I was amazed as I had heard the story in my boyhood and so openly alluded to, as to leave the impression that it was anything but a secret. It is now known that it was a fiction evolved from an over excited brain, and that Lady Byron, a monomaniac on the subject, confided it as a dead secret to many of her friends.

My father was well acquainted with Petro Bey, the white-haired hero of Sparta and not infrequently took me with him when paying his respects at the Konak. Petro Bey was then quite advanced in years, and his spirit had been broken by the terrible domestic sorrows he had experienced, such as the execution of his two sons, who after bravely fighting through the Revolution, assassinated the President, Capodistria, for secretly promoting Russia's designs. But outwardly Petro Bey still presented a very handsome appearance, his ruddy com-

plexion and keen falconlike eyes contrasting with a splendid mustache white as the driven snow. If I remember rightly, the penmanship of Petro Bey extended no farther than the ability to scrawl his name illegibly at the foot of letters and documents dictated to his secretary. I have in my possession several letters and papers signed in this way.

One occasion that made a very great impression on my memory as a child was the funeral of Kolakotroni. He had been one of the most turbulent and unscrupulous, yet brilliant generals of the Greek Revolution. It was the first military funeral I had ever seen and had elements of picturesqueness sometimes lacking in the obsequies of soldiers elsewhere. The procession passed directly under our windows. According to the custom of the Greek Church, the body was not enclosed in a coffin, but lay on the bier as if he were asleep, the head slightly raised on a pillow. He was dressed in the white fustanella or kilt, scarlet fez, and gold-embroidered vest, white frilled shirt of silk and cotton with open, flowing sleeves, many colored silken sash and pistol belt, red embroidered buskins and red shoes, and the scimitar lay at his side—the one he wore in battle or on state occasions. The pallor of the old warrior's features contrasted strangely with the gorgeousness of his military trappings, as he passed slowly to his grave. A throng of priests, acolytes, and incense bearers in gorgeous vestments attended the bier, chanting a solemn requiem; and the Bavarian troops then at Athens, contrasted their European uniforms with the pictorial national dress of war. Scarred, white-haired veterans followed their old general to his last review.

Hadji Christo, hero of the Revolution and comrade of Kolakotroni, was another of the interesting figures occasionally seen at our house. As I remember him, he was of medium height, spare and wiry. Hadji Christo was noted for the hardships he had endured at the hands of the Turks. One of his adventures was his captivity in a noisome dungeon so dark that he could not see his own hand distinctly. After being there for weeks he felt something warm, some living creature, nestling under his jacket when he awoke one day. Greatly alarmed, he still remained perfectly quiet and awaited developments. It proved to be a serpent that sought a snug bed in his bosom, but whether poisonous or not, the captive could not tell. Day after day the reptile returned to the same place, growing as tame and familiar as the mouse of Baron Trenck. In the meantime, Hadji Christo himself began to find even such companionship a relief in a solitude that he expected would end sooner or later with torture or famine. This strange friendship continued for months, until the prisoner was unexpectedly released by the triumph of his compatriots.

One of the most familiar characters at Athens, who might be seen any day stalking with a band of choice spirits like himself about the Agora or the Stadium where Alcibiades stalked two thousand years ago to the detriment of his native state, was Griziotis, a noted, or rather notorious palikar of the Revolution. He made as much noise during his military and political career as some who accomplish much more for the good of their country, being in fact a selfish, egotistical, turbulent schemer, a demagogue in military garb, a modern Alcibiades, without his genius. He represented a type unfortunately too

common everywhere, especially among democracies, and above all those that are characteristically Greek. Kleon, who swaggered about Athens during the Peloponnesian war, was a prominent example of this undesirable class that has always abounded in Greece, greatly to her injury, and is coming well to the front in the United States today. Not all the Greeks are of this sort; far from it; there are Greeks and Greeks, but this type has flourished with especial success on Hellenic soil.

I saw Doctor Wolfe again at Trebizond, when returning from Bokhara, and the change in his appearance was something I shall never forget. From being a man of self-importance, jovial, frank, restless and loud-voiced he had become sly, suspicious, fearful, wary and careless of speech. If he had passed a year or two in a den of cobras and rattlesnakes, he could not have become more changed. During his entire stay within the limits of Bokhara he had been conscious that his life hung by a thread. He was thousands of miles from a friend; his purpose was more than suspected and he was watched as a crocodile watches the child playing on the bank. What did it matter to the brooding fanatic on the throne of Bokhara whether there was one infidel dog, more or less, in the world? He had but to say the word. Ostensibly, Dr. Wolfe went there to gather information about the Jews of that *khanate*, and hence, immediately on arriving there, he placed himself in communication with the Rabbis of the place. But so closely was he watched that he was forced to converse with them by means of the Psalms of David which have invocations and responses. With the manuscript open before them, they would chant apparently one verse, and he would chant the response, as in the

English Litany. But what they actually did, was to interchange questions and replies in Hebrew regarding the two last envoys, their horrible sufferings and cruel execution. Dr. Wolfe learned by this means that he was threatened with the same fate, probably by poison. For this reason for weeks he ate only eggs and watermelons, and what with this and the constant alarm in which he lived, he nearly died. The Emeer himself finally gave Dr. Wolfe his own version of the reasons that caused him to murder the two envoys, and then, with a strange freak of mercy, permitted or rather expelled the victim of his power from his dominions. Wandering through vast desert wastes Dr. Wolfe fell into the hands of a band of cutthroats who stripped him to the skin. The Rajah of Lahore, learning of his desperate condition, sent him assistance. He was found in the desert completely naked and so nearly starved that he seized the jars of preserves sent to him and dug out the sweetmeats with his fingers. Dr. Wolfe returned home by way of Persia, and we saw him at Trebizond while he was waiting for a steamer, thin as a rail, and woefully subdued in manner, as I have already observed.

When Mr. Perdicaris, our excellent consul at Athens, resigned, my father was appointed acting consul, practically a diplomatic agent, in his place and continued to serve as such until he left Athens. Evidently he fulfilled the duties of the post with such credit that no formal successor was named for several years. But this office, while it greatly added to his influence and extended his acquaintances, also added distinctly to his labors; his correspondence, as missionary and consul, was very large. Envelops were then practically unknown, and large square

sheets were used even in private correspondence, folded to receive the address on the back, and sealed with wax or wafers. All documents entering Greece from the east and south, were thoroughly slashed and fumigated, owing to the prevalence of the plague in the Levant. The quarantine was the most effectual means known to prevent its spread, and it meant forty days of seclusion in dead earnest. In the year before I was born, 107,000 people died at Constantinople of bubonic plague, when my father attended the annual meeting of the missionaries at Smyrna in 1841, he was obliged to remain one month and ten days in the lazaretto at Syra before he could be permitted to land at the Piraeus, or Port of Athens. In the apartment my father occupied at Smyrna a man had been previously confined who actually had the plague and was one of the few who ever recovered from it. Impelled by some morbid motive, before leaving the quarantine, the man hid a fragment of his underclothing in a niche near the ceiling of the room. Sometime later he happened to be assigned to the same room, having in the meantime been travelling in regions entirely free from the pest. A fatal curiosity led him to see if the rag was still in the niche; it was there; he took it in his hand, caught from it a second attack of plague and in a few hours was carried out in his coffin.

My father was capable of accomplishing a great deal with more ease than most men. His faculties were thoroughly disciplined and perfectly at his command. He mastered modern Greek and translated several works into that language; at the same time he instructed classes of young men of whom several eventually completed their studies and acquired professions in the United States;

and he carried on a large correspondence with the clergy and public men of Greece, besides showing every courtesy to the American travellers, more numerous at Athens then than now, who called on him, whether as fellow countrymen or as consul. Amid his varied duties, however, he never forgot his devotion to his family nor neglected the wife and children he loved for the engrossing cares of his profession. Thoughtfully remembering how few boy companions I had, he often took me with him (when accompanying American tourists) to the classic spots of the neighborhood and especially the Acropolis and Mars Hill, and the immortal antiquities that cluster about those hallowed localities. Young as I was, I still gathered enough from what I heard and saw, to have my fancy stimulated by the atmosphere of Greece and the throng of its legendary and historic associations. And there never was a time in my memory that my mind was not open to the influences of nature; my heart has ever thrilled since infancy with a sense of the beautiful. Even then the ruins of the Acropolis and the noble plains of Athens, covered with exquisite grey-green olive groves, and the superb peacock-blue expanse of the Aegean beyond, gemmed with roseate isles and sheened with snowy lateen sails, overarched by the dreamy azure of heaven, filled my soul with a vague yet unspeakable rapture. I well remember, too, the beauty of the fragrant wall-flowers that grew out of the crevices of the ruins, and the quaint hoot of the little owls, who as the special favorite of Minerva, haunted the Parthenon and made themselves heard as the shades of twilight yielded the purple vesture of the classic land. I confess that I am myself surprised that I remember so vividly after more than a half century the

emotions I felt in the presence of those immortal prospects.

We passed several seasons at the village of Marousi which, mere hamlet as it has always been, is yet mentioned in classic literature. There, we occupied a plain tiled cottage of three rooms, situated in a fruit orchard, through whose shaded sod, babbled a mountain brook. The peasant women of the neighborhood came there to wash their clothes, like Nausikaa and her maids, singing and chatting the live-long day under olive and mulberry trees, on whose boughs the cicada droned from morn till night. My first essays in navigation were made in one of the *skafés*, or oblong wash-tubs of these barefooted damsels. The garden walls were skirted by bright colored brambles and sweet scented flowering bushes whose romantic fragrance often comes back to me although I cannot recall their names. My sister's nurse, a typical Hydriote woman with the eye and profile of a Juno, used to repeat to me on those dreamy summer days, tales of the old folk-lore which held me like a spell.

The drive to Marousi from Athens in a calèche, was quite romantic over a rough road speckled with the shade of olive trees. On one occasion when I was going out there with my father, we met a tall peasant striding to town with the long swinging gait peculiar to that class of yeomanry, half shepherd, half palikar. His figure was enveloped in a capôte of undressed sheep skin, worn with the wool outside. On his shoulder rested the long barrelled flintlock then common to the East and still to be seen in out of the way nooks. His left elbow was crooked as if he were carrying something heavy and bulky. When he came up with the carriage he stopped and drew from

under the capôte (and held out at arm's length,) the head of an immense wolf dripping blood the tongue hanging between the gaunt jaws. "What do you think of that?" he exclaimed; "I killed him an hour ago over yonder, and now I am going for the reward." The wolves of Europe and Asia are much larger and fiercer than the American species, and this one especially had done great mischief to the flocks. One summer we passed at an old monastery on Mount Hymettus, famed in Greek poesy for its honey flavored with aromatic thyme. The monastery was centuries old, almost like a fortress, and clinging fortress-like to the rocky side of the mountain in a glade among the forests of olive. The bearded, long tressed monks were genial, jolly good fellows serving the Lord apparently with great zeal of mind and body, solid and dignified characters.

When I was six years old my mother's health failed. The question was, how was she to get the needed change of scene. To take the steamer for Smyrna (several small steamers had then been plying in the Levant for a short time) was not to be thought of, for it implied a long, depressing quarantine at Syra on her return. To go to America was even more difficult, if she went alone with her children by sailing ship, (the way in those days.) My father could not accompany her, without permission from the American Board, which probably could not be obtained under five or six months. He decided, therefore, to charter a small Greek vessel, and send my mother and her two children, respectively six and three years old, on a roving cruise about the Aegean-Mane, the extreme southern district of Greece. This was to be the objective point, for an American missionary was already sta-

tioned there with his family. At his house she would remain with children and servants, until my father could come after us.

Behold us then on an inexpensive Greek goletta of barely fifty tons, sailing out of the Piraeus with a fair wind, to cruise in the wake of Ulysses. Our party included besides my mother and her children, a Hydriote nurse, the one mentioned on a previous page, and faithful Constantine, a tall, grand, old veteran of the Revolution, one of those retainers one may still see sometimes in the old countries, who identify themselves with the interests of their employers, and can be depended upon to stand firm and true whate'er betide. A *goletta*, is the Greek term for what we call a brigantine. The Greeks had *feluccas*, lateen rigged fore and afters, the forerunners of our schooners, and other odd rigs, but for the most part they favored square rigged craft, or vessels with yards and square sails, even when very small. They required more watchfulness and larger crews than in the case of sloops and schooners. Often a brig or goletta was owned and sailed by a family, the father or oldest brother acting as captain, and the others making up the crew. Naturally, the Greek democratic spirit found vent in these domestic arrangements; all spoke or argued together or bawled contradictory orders. Fortunately this apparent insubordination rarely went beyond words, and accidents were less common than in Yankee craft because the Greek mariners had learned prudence and caution from cruising among the squally islands and headlands of the Archipelago. The *polacre* rig they used, was also an element of safety for permitting the square sails to be closed down quickly while the spanker or fore and aft

mainsail was brailled to the mast, instead of lowered. Seamen will easily understand these technicalities.

The cabin of our little goletta was so small and close and so swarming with cockroaches and fleas that my mother preferred the hold; our mattresses were therefore spread on the gravel ballast. The hatch being left open in good weather, the ventilation was reasonably good. We jogged along under easy sail and I was soon on good terms with the crew who showed me how the sails were worked and how to steer with the tiller. There was a droll young lad on board, the nephew of the skipper, ten or twelve years old, who considered me in a sense as his protégé. We were not on a racing voyage; speed was not insisted on, in the articles of the charter, but safety and comfort were. Hence, we touched at a number of ports, chiefly among the islets. Of these I remember three or four. The captain hailed from Hydra, and naturally found it convenient to cast anchor in the snug harbor of the tight little island which showed such naval activity and heroism during the Greek Revolution. The sides of the harbor spring steeply from the blue water and the white and yellow walls and the red tiled roofs of the city, closely packed from water's edge to crest, and fringed by rows of white-sailed windmills, produced an indelible impression. The captain took us on shore to visit his sister, who was married to one of the leading priests of the island. Priests of the Greek church are not only permitted, but required to marry once, but not twice. Thus it may be supposed that they take good care not to be left widowers. The lady received us cordially and after the usual refreshments of coffee and preserves, took us to see her husband's church which adjoined the house. He was officiating at vespers to a small congregation.

From Hydra we followed our devious way from isle to isle, until we arrived at Cape Malea or St. Angelo, the southern end of the Grecian peninsula, and the limit of ancient Laconia. It has a very bad name for puffy, dangerous squalls. For many years a monk has lodged in a cave at the extreme end, who has been supposed to have an influence over the weather. For this reason Greek sailors have been in the habit of heaving to, and sending a boat on shore with provisions to propitiate and stimulate his prayers, when the weather allowed them to do so. As this fat ecclesiastical berth has never seemed to be vacant, it may be inferred that the first incumbent has had successors to fill his place. We came off the Cape at night, and probably because we were unable to send our quota of provisions to the old monk at that hour, we did not escape the caprice of the *genius loci*. About midnight the goletta was nearly thrown on her beam ends by a violent squall. The crew instantly fell to their knees and vowed the customary tribute of candles and provisions to St. Nicholas the protector of ships and sailors, and then went to work to shorten sail. It was a wild and grotesque scene not a little terrifying to those of us who were below in the hold. But old Constantine did his best to quiet our alarm, ever and anon putting his head down in the hatch to assure us that there was no danger and that all would soon be well. But for all that we had a smart shaking up, rolled down to leeward over the single ballast and against the creaking timbers of the natty little ship, through whose planks the dashing water sounded very near.

The following morning proved serene, and after breakfast, a simple, primitive meal, as may be imagined, we an-

chored in the haven of Elaphonisi, the isle whither Paris and Helen first sought an asylum when they fled from Sparta, at least so the ancient bards assure us. Accompanied by Constantine, who carried my little sister on his arm, we landed and called on the governor, who received us with that graceful affability Greeks and orientals alike display, when they have nothing to gain by an opposite course. He presented us with a basket of fresh figs and prickly pears, and a throng of islanders, not one of whom had probably ever before seen an American lady and child, flocked to the beach to see us go on board. The next morning our romantic little cruise ended safely, when we and our effects were rowed to the mainland of Laconia, at the village of Marathonisi, on the rocky peninsula of Kakavoulia or Evil Council. There, we expected to be met by Mr. Leyburn and taken to his house at Areopolis, a few miles from the coast. The day was very warm and sultry, and we gladly sought a cool shade under some rocks by the shore. Few trees were anywhere to be seen; nothing but the azure sea and sky, the yellow gray rocks bluish in the distance, the scattering little town dreaming by the water, and a few fishing boats and coasters swinging idly at their moorings. The scene is plainly impressed on my memory because we were very hungry, and could hardly wait for Constantine to return from the village with a loaf of hard black Spartan bread and some smoked herrings. How good they did taste. I shall never forget them. From that day to this I never smell a smoked herring but that I instantly see before me that scene where my mother and sister and I sat on the shore in the south of Greece so many long years ago, and waited for Mr. Leyburn. At last we heard the

clatter of hoofs on the stony road, and saw his white umbrella moving above the wild cactus. We were speedily mounted on mules, and in a couple of hours were welcomed to an American home in Sparta, and the only one in Greece outside of Athens.

Being whole souled Virginians who for years had lived in that remote place without seeing the face of a fellow countryman, the Leyburns were as delighted to welcome us, as we were to see them. What was a great pleasure to me, they had three children, two of them, Elizabeth and George, near my own age. The Leyburns lived in a tower called by the natives a *pyrgo* or fortalice. It was a type of many such structures found all over the province Mane or Laconia. It consisted of three lofty stories, containing originally one large square room to each story, reached by ladders and trap-doors. But the Leyburns had caused stairs to be built to the second floor, and divided it by partitions. They occupied that with their family, the first or ground floor, which was eight or nine feet from the ground, being used for dining and common sitting room. The third story, with its ladder, trap-door, and large single apartment, was assigned to us. Each floor was lighted by small windows, intended to serve also as loopholes for muskets.

Some have considered these *pyrgos* of Mane to be of comparatively modern origin, imitated from Italian towers when the Venetians and Genoese occupied Greece. But I think they began to be used at a far earlier period with possibly some later modifications, for allusion to such structures is found in classic writers, and especially in "The Morals" of Plutarch. He states that Aristodemus, during the Messenian War, used to make furtive

visits to his mistress, who would meet him with the utmost secrecy at his mother's tower, for his life was earnestly sought by his deadly enemies the Spartans. Now, it is categorically related that he would climb a ladder to an upper room and close the trap-door. His mother would remove the ladder, as if no one was up there, and restore it when he was ready to leave before dawn. That was a long time before the Christian era, and hence the tradition evidently points to such towers at a very early period. In the time immediately preceding and following the Revolution, the people of Mane were cursed with vendettas like the Spartans or Corsicans or the Kentuckians of later days. They were only safe when abroad if carried on the backs of women. Their enemies were constantly on the lookout to pick them off. Within their *pyrgoes*, however, they could in turn keep a constant watch with their own muskets ever ready at the loophole to shoot down an unwary foe. This vendetta system is not abolished altogether even at this day in southern Mane.

Adjoining Mr. Leyburn's *pyrgo*, was a smaller building for the kitchen and servants. A high wall surrounded the premises, and a large wolf dog of uncompromising ferocity was chained there during the day and turned loose at night. From our four small windows we commanded a superb prospect over the distant yet grand mass of Mt. Taygetus and the rocky landscape of Sparta in the north, while in the south spread the blue expanse of the Mediterranean. Our mattresses were laid on the floor at night and rolled up in the day time. My sister Frances slept in a genuine Doric cradle, doubtless the same as those in which infants slept whom the "Doric mothers bore" in the days of Lycurgus. It consisted of a small hammock of

red leather decorated with tinsel, and suspended by long ropes from the rafters of the roof above. She was tied into it, and the nurse rocked it, as she sat in the window knitting, by a rope attached to her foot and bent over her knee. As the knee swayed back and forth the cradle swayed to and fro, and thus the Hellenic nurse rocked the little American girl, and crooned to her a cradle song in the long drawn, plaintive notes of oriental peasant melody.

At the end of three months my father arrived to take us home. He came in a Greek corvette that was cruising in those waters. I well remember the bright day when the nurse called me to the window with a cry of delight, and bade me see the white gleaming sails of the ship of war as she approached the port.

We returned to Athens by land, which meant on horseback or muleback, the luggage and indispensable bedding we required being carried on mules. During the first stages of our journey the muleteers were Spartan women who held the tails of the mules to steady them when descending steep declines and did the same when climbing to assist themselves. I have but a faint recollection of Mistra which occupies the site of the ancient Sparta but which, famous as it is, left but comparatively few antiquities. The civilization of Sparta did not favor the fine arts. But I have a vivid recollection of the ridge of Taygetus rising snow-capped beyond the town, and some recollection of revisiting Argos, my birthplace, and of the neighboring antiquities of Tiryns and Mycenae where Helen and Clytemnaestra, Menelaus and Agamemnon, lived and are buried. At Argos we visited at the house of General Gordon, one of the most noted of the Philhellenes

who gave their money, their labor, or their lives to the liberation of Greece. His history of the Greek Revolution is an invaluable record of that struggle.

After nodding for several stages, my memory becomes bright and clear again as we entered Arkadia. I have a keen recollection of the shepherds we passed tending their flocks in the Arkadian valleys, and piping wild, sweet, simple ditties on rude flutes of reed such as were used long before the days of Theocritus. Another feature of the country which took my fancy but which is rarely alluded to by travellers, was the masses of wild oleander growing luxuriantly by the bank of streams, brightening the landscape and lading the air with perfume. The recent scare about the poison of oleander fragrance is bosh. One of the most vivid memories of my childhood is the terrible climb to the village of Ahoori in the storm. It was at noon that we stopped to lunch under the olive trees near a roadside guard house. The weather looked very threatening. But as it was Saturday, we were anxious to reach a lodging where we could pass a quiet Sunday. At one o'clock, therefore, we were again in the saddle. One of the muleteers and two of the military escort furnished us by the government, (my father having a certain consular right) and who accompanied us as a protection against brigands, led the way; then came my father holding me on the saddle before him; then my mother and after her, the nurse, old Constantine, holding my little sister, and finally followed the other two guards, the muleteers and the sumpter-mules loaded with baggage and bedding. Our way led along a tortuous, stony bridle path zig-zagging up the mountains, through the heart of a rock-ribbed gorge and along the edge of steep precipices.

What was worse, the winding road often crossed a torrent whose bed followed the turn of the ravines. It is called the *Saranta potamos* or forty-fold river because it has forty windings or bends, that travellers must cross in going to the road's end. We crossed it many times on that single afternoon!

The rain began to pour soon after we struck the bed of the torrent. At that time the stream was a mere whimpering rivulet like a silver thread over the sand in the centre of the bed, whose full width was many yards across. Soon the rain increased to a regular cloud burst, a deluge appalling in its volume and lasting most of the afternoon. The wind blew down the gorge in blasts that well nigh stopped our progress; the incessant blinding lightning seemed to strike the rocks all around us, and the steady peal of thunder rebounding from cliff to cliff, far surpassed the continuous roar of battle. Of course, we were all completely soaked in a few minutes, except as our heads and shoulders were only partially protected by capôtes of felt, for such a hurricane was hardly expected so early in the season. But there was no shelter to be found, and our only course was to proceed. What added a distinct element of danger to the horrors of the day, the bed of the torrent began to fill up until the crisis came when we had to ford it over and over again through a raging, tumbling, tawny flood reaching over the horse's girths, rolling down roots and rocks, and threatening to sweep us to destruction. Happily, towards night the tempest began to abate. Cold gleams of livid light broke sullenly over the mountain tops in the west, and after dark, we finally reached a plateau sodden with rain, and

saw a few lights twinkling in the gloom. This was the hamlet of Ahoori, where we were to pass Sunday.

After the usual searching and chaffering, a small upper room was obtained for us in one of the best hovels in the village. It was reached by an outside ladder, and was directly over the only other apartment of the dwelling which was in fact a stable for horses and cattle. Our room had the advantage of a chimney and fireplace, and a roaring wood fire was soon kindled. We sent out for eggs and goat's milk, brewed a pot of tea, and with these meagre provisions supplemented by cold chicken and black bread from our soaked bags, sat down on the floor to a meal seasoned with Spartan sauce if it had no other merit. In the meantime we children were weighed down with sleep, and as soon as our appetite was satisfied, we were rolled up in a rug and laid away in a corner, while the bedding was dried in a perfunctory manner before the fire. The smoke from the chimney and the fumes reeking through the floor from the stable below produced an atmosphere that would paralyze some of the over fastidious, ultra refined bacteria and microbe-scared travellers of the present day. Dress suits and diamonds were not on the *menu* of travellers in Arkadia in those days!

But we had your genuine traveller's nature, and trifles did not disturb our capacity to take life as we found it on the road, and enjoy it because it was not exactly like the home we had left behind. Since that eventful day I have encountered numerous scenes more or less resembling this, and therefore, can say emphatically, that all the so-called improvements and comforts of modern travel have added nothing to the real pleasure of touring; on the contrary they have taken away from it a keen zest, a gamy flavor,

a wild indescribable, blood-stirring joy that only those who have tried it can understand and appreciate.

Ever impressionable to the effects of nature, I well remember the prospect when I was dressed the next morning soon after sunrise, and went out to get fresh air. The sun languidly breaking through the banks of glowering clouds with a watery glare, shone full on great pools left by the rain and skirted by mountains. The pools were red as blood. The sullen silence of the morning, the sanguine reflection on the water, conveyed the impression of the reaction that follows after a great battle, when the combatants have retired, and the bloody field is left to the dying and the dead, like Cannae or Chalons, after Carthaginian, Hun, Roman, and Gaul have hewn each other to pieces and the survivors are brooding over the doom they have given or escaped. It is a curious mental idiosyncrasy that whenever since that day I have read the account in Genesis of Chedorlaomer and the slaughter of the Kings and how the water looked like blood, that scene at Ahoori appears before me.

From Ahoori we passed northward through Tripolitza, still unrecovered from its dreadful siege and the awful outrage and slaughter when the Greeks carried it by storm. We kept on through Corinth and Megara, finally reaching our pleasant home at Athens without further serious adventure.

When I was about eight years old the American Board, having already lessened its force in Greece, decided to reduce its efforts in that country still further, perceiving the inexpediency of undertaking to convert the Greek Christians to Protestantism at that time. Dr. King and my father were soon the only missionaries of the Board

remaining in Greece. As the Armenian field seemed to promise better results, the Board was wisely seeking to enlarge its influence in Turkey where most of the Armenians lived. My father was, therefore, soon directed to proceed to Trebizond, at the eastern end of the Black Sea. It was no small effort and sacrifice to move that distance in those times with a wife and several small children and household goods, and to abandon a field where he had mastered the language and understood the people. It implied an arduous journey of 1400 miles with several breaks, settling among—to us—new peoples, and the acquisition of another, perhaps two, entirely distinct languages—Armenian and Turkish. But my parents cheerfully acquiesced, and in due time we took passage on the American steam packet for Constantinople.

CHAPTER II.

FROM TREBIZOND TO AMERICA.

THE day after we sailed from the Piraeus I became keenly aware that I was entering on a distinctly new and stirring phase of life. The steamer reached Syra in the morning and remained there until sunset. My father took us to the residence of the Rev. Mr. Hilner, an excellent German missionary, who lived near the top of the steep slope on which the white stone houses of the city are closely packed. Mr. Hilner had several sons who studied under a private tutor. A holiday was granted them in order that we might enjoy a few hours of sport together. They were full of enthusiasm for the Greek heroes they read of in their classical studies and were fired likewise by the recent German military spirit. Accordingly their chief amusement was to imitate the combats of the Greek and Roman soldiers with shields, helmets, and swords of pasteboard, wood and tin. Nothing would do but I must encase myself in one of these awkward suits of armor and fight. For a boy who had been tied, as it were, to his mother's apron strings until that day, this proceeding was sufficiently novel to mark a distinct turn in life. But, considering the circumstances, I think I took to the change with unexpected spirit, and acquitted myself creditably with these jolly young Teu-

tons, for I remember giving and receiving some hard knocks, becoming wonderfully excited, and finally leaving those bright lads with regret. I may add that as their language was German and mine was English, we were forced to converse in Greek, a common tongue for us both.

Proceeding from Syra to Smyrna and thence to Constantinople, I was fairly in the land of the "unspeakable Turk." While awaiting the completion of his arrangements for continuing the journey, my father with his family visited the neighboring city of Brusa, in Bithynia and the first capital of the Turkish empire, for it was essential to consult the missionaries stationed in Brusa. Of this little trip three facts are especially impressed on my memory; the exceeding beauty of the plains of Brusa, flanked by the snow-capped range of the Bithynian Olympus; the mode of travel, for my sister Frances and I rode in *kadjavehs* or basket seats slung one on each side of a pack horse and balancing each other; and lastly the fact that the children of the American missionaries in Brusa spoke Turkish altogether among themselves in preference to English. Accustomed to hearing English, Greek and French, the sonorous Turkish tongue was comparatively new to me, and to hear American boys chattering in that language when at play affected me somewhat as the ignorant Greek priest of Scio was impressed when he heard some English lads speaking their native tongue; "Why, the little devils actually speak English!" he exclaimed, never imagining that it might be otherwise than an acquired language, like Latin in our day.

The distance from Constantinople to Trebizond by sea required a week, for the weather was boisterous, the

steamer was small, the line being but recently started, and we touched at Sinope and Samsun, both open roadsteads. The port of Trebizond was also an exposed road, very dangerous and often impracticable in winter. Goods and passengers had to be landed in surf boats and carried on shore on men's shoulders. We were received cordially by Rev. Edwin Bliss and Mr. Stevens, the British consul, who conducted us to the house engaged for our occupancy. It was a typical Turkish dwelling common in Asia Minor, massively built of stone for the first or ground floor, and of wood for the second story, which overlapped the first in such wise as to form a broad covered veranda on the ground floor. The apartments were large and lofty, the windows of the lower floor protected by strong cross bars of iron like a prison, according to the law of the land. The red tiles of the roof, overgrown with green mosses, harmonized well with the weather-worn red of the sides of the upper story; the lower was iron grey, the natural color of the stone. The house stood in a neglected enclosed garden, the part near the house paved with cobblestones, the remainder divided off by a rickety espalier fence overgrown with untrimmed jessamine and syringa vines, and fruit trees. The orchard included a few untrimmed apple, cherry, plum and pear trees, in a state of neglect. The kitchen, quarters for the servants, and stables, were in a group by themselves, and a high massive stone wall, whose upper edge was bevelled to a sharp ridge armed with savage bits of broken glass set in the mortar, enclosed the entire premises, and shut us out from the world. Of course this establishment was too spacious for our very modest ménage, but it was obtained cheap and was in fact the only sort of thing to be had unless we occupied one

of the rickety and mean dwellings huddled in the lower town for the poverty stricken *rayâhs*. The entrance was small, just large enough to admit a horse. Small street gates are the rule in Asia, even for mansions of wealth, for obvious reasons of safety from mobs or government rapacity. The entrance opened on one of the chief residential streets of Trebizond; yet that street or *sokâk* went up and down and this way and that, without a window opening on it, and barely wide enough for two loaded horses to pass each other. The grounds on the north side directly adjoined the edge of the precipitous rocky ledge that, as a natural barrier, protected the city from the inroads of the surges. From our second story we had an unobstructed view of the roadstead and the wild expanse of the bleak, boisterous Euxine stretching north and east. Many a time did I see water spouts in the lowering offing, sometimes several in a row like a colonnade supporting the sky; and when the storms blew, the roar of the surges was indescribably grand and melancholy. One black stormy night an ill-fated brig and her crew were dashed to pieces on the rocks only a few yards distant from our grounds. Naturally our house was exceedingly bleak and inclement during winter. The natives in the cold season wore fur-lined robes and cuddled around *mangals* or braziers containing charcoal. Sometimes a pan of live coals was placed on a raised platform under a table lined with tin and called a *tandoor*. Over this a cover resembling a heavy comforter was thrown, reaching in massive folds to the floor. The family would thrust their feet and legs under this, and so manage by the aid of furs, pipes, coffee, knitting and embroidery, and books to worry through the winter. American air-tight stoves

had begun to be introduced into Turkey; the missionaries at Constantinople already had them. Mr. Bliss, our associate, had brought one from America, but could only make it draw by putting the pipe out of the window. We were obliged to resort for the most part to the native method for keeping warm, and so managed to see the spring sunshine and flowers return. But as may be imagined, a delicate woman like my mother suffered severely from such hardships during our life at Trebizond.

Our social advantages were sufficiently restricted in that city in those days, but, of course, for a missionary that is a minor consideration, a mere detail. The Rev. Edwin Bliss, a new missionary of the Board, his young wife and their infant, were the only Americans besides ourselves at Trebizond. Mr. Stevens, the British consul, and his sister, Mr. Charnaud, the Belgian consul, and family, and the German physician, comprised, so far as I can recollect, the sum total of the European population of Trebizond. Of course my father was closely occupied studying Armenian and Turkish, and my mother had four young children to care for, to clothe, to teach and to nurse.

Thrown once more on my own resources, I passed much of my time watching the movements of the ships, whose various models and rigs I tried to imitate with my jack-knife. I also built in the yard a rude sort of hull, out of boxes; my mother gave me old sheets which I cut into sails; and I would sit in it by the hour about as much alone as Robinson Crusoe, sometimes furling or setting the sails, occasionally catching a harmless capsized and fancying myself at sea in a ship. At this time, also, I kept a rude sort of a journal, one of the few relics of those days

of the long ago, that I have preserved through all my wanderings. But its brief, naive jottings ended when I left Trebizond. This solitude also led me to cultivate a love for books, and I read enormously for a lad only nine that winter. There were few books written in those days for young people that were not of the flabby religious sort. Such as were in our house were happily of a class to stimulate the growth of the intellectual spine, such as "Pierre and His Family," "Decision Makes the Man," and "Robert Dawson," all healthy reading for the young mind. Practically and fortunately I was forced to take up whatever came to hand. Among the literature I then read I especially remember Morier's "Hadji Baba,"—the Persian Gil Blas, (little imagining I should ever live in Persia) and the "Eclectic Magazine," that time honored periodical, which lived so many years, for solid usefulness and readableness has never been surpassed or equalled. It contained nothing frothy, yet it was not heavy. It gave the cream of the British reviews when such writers as De Quincey and Macaulay were in their prime, and each number was embellished by a copy of some noted picture by Wilkie, Eastlake, Leslie, Landseer, and the like sufficiently well engraved in mezzotint by John Sartain. I began to read the "Eclectic" at Trebizond and devoured almost every article with avidity. My father gave us much amusement winter evenings imitating with his hands Wilkie's inimitable "Rabbit on the Wall," as rendered by a plate in the "Eclectic."

But the book that made the most instantaneous and lasting impression on my mind, proving, in fact, a turning point in my intellectual development, was *Peter Parley's History of the World*, attributed to Goodrich. It

was actually written by Nathaniel Hawthorne, a fact now well known. I came across a greasy, well thumbled copy of that book in the room of Krikor, a poor, young, Armenian protestant who was sheltered from persecution at our house. He was trying to learn English in the interval, and "Peter Parley" had been put in his hands by another Armenian who had received it from the missionaries at Constantinople. I had never seen the book before, and it proved a genuine revelation of style and subject to my boyish mind. I was captivated from the very first page; I could hardly leave it for my meals. And when I had finished it, immediately read it again. From that day to this no branch of literature has held a greater fascination for me than history, or has had more influence in shaping my life, character, and opinions.

Krikor, the Armenian youth already alluded to, having been much influenced by the instruction of the American missionaries, had been terribly scourged by his people, then cast into a noisome dungeon on a trumped up charge, and left there to rot. He was rescued thence through the kind offices of the English consul, Mr. Stevens. The Armenians were good persecutors in those days and many of them thoroughly hated the American missionaries, as some of them do still. When we crossed the *meidan* or public square by the governor's *konâk* and the bazaars, the rabble of precious Armenian *pezevenks* or hoodlums used to hurl stones at us, and revile us for Free Masons, which, in their opinion, was even more opprobrious than the obscene epithets that generally issued from their lips. As I look back to those scenes, although they were not unattended with danger, I am amused rather than indignant. Those poor fellows did simply as they had been taught;

they knew no better. We are all in the same predicament. The best of us act only according to our lights, and the light of even some Americans is pretty dim. The Armenians have never been backward in trying to rival other Christians in the gentle art of shaping religious opinion by open violence, or endeavoring to steer souls into heaven by resort to quasi legal means. If the Turkish authorities have sometimes yielded to the urgent appeals or bribes of the Armenians and aided them by furnishing authority and means for destroying each other, let us not too hastily blame them, for these Christians (who have received from them a toleration hardly permitted even now in some Christian lands), have maligned them for ages throughout Christendom.

A curious incident occurred during our residence at Trebizond corroborating a statement in Xenophon's "Anabasis." My father's Turkish teacher, an affable gentleman of middle age, failed to come one day. We supposed him to be ill. But when he appeared on the third day, he said the explanation of his absence was that he had eaten copiously of some wild honey which a peasant had brought him from the mountains. It had operated like a powerful narcotic. He was thrown into a deep sleep which had lasted more than twenty-four hours. Xenophon relates that after coming in sight of the Euxine, the Ten Thousand found some wild honey of which they all partook freely, and very soon the whole army fell into a long, heavy slumber. It is evident that in both cases it was the same kind of honey that was eaten, and that the bees had imbibed the juice of some unsuspected narcotic flowers.

Of the natives who visited my parents I learned much of Oriental life and character, and gained further glimpses

of it strolling through the bazaars or markets with my father or watching the curiously built ships stealing into port, oddly rigged and decorated with quaint colors and elaborate carvings. Sometimes the deck of those vessels were partitioned and protected with awnings for the Circassian girls proceeding from the neighboring shores of Circassia to the slave markets of Constantinople or other Turkish ports. Much unnecessary sentiment has been wasted over the sale of fair Circassians for such purposes, considering where they were born and brought up. If they had remained at home they would have been bartered to some peasant as poor, perhaps, as themselves, and as effectually separated from their kinsfolk. Family ties and moral obligations are and always were, as loose as they could be in the Caucasus among all races and classes. But by being taken to Constantinople these waifs of destiny were sure of reasonable treatment lest their charms be impaired, and they would be purchased by wealthy Turks who offered them more comforts than they would have had in Circassia, raised them to be wives and companions, and bestowed on them more attention than they would ever have found in their native home. It has often happened that these quasi slaves, when elevated to position and influence in the harem, have remembered their parents and sent them costly gifts. Everything, to be rightly judged, must be considered in relation to its environment, a fact which is constantly forgotten. Things are too rarely viewed in their proper perspective, hence many of the harsh condemnations in which Christians often indulge regarding Orientals. In any case slavery in the Orient never has been as cruel, as heart-rending, as it was in the southern United States, and the *marriage de convenance*

prevalent in Europe and not unknown in America, and the heartless state marriages of the nobility and royalty, notwithstanding that they are sanctified by the church, have been entirely for policy and as pitiful and demoralizing to society as the marriages of the East, and probably less happy. These observations are made by one who has had opportunities for observing life alike in the East and the West.

Trebizond was picturesquely built on a steep slope springing directly from the water. It was surrounded by ivied walls dating back to the period when a branch of the Byzantine imperial house held sway on the Black Sea. The decaying but once noble cathedral of Santa Sophia and other venerable structures, some of which I still remember, bore evidence of former splendor. Doubtless in time we should have been won by these attractions and acquired a feeling of home among the steep, narrow streets, crumbling towers and gaily painted buildings, tarnished and faded though their colors might be, like the glory of the dominion to which this old city belongs. My mother's health in 1847 demanded a change more radical than any yet attempted. My father decided, therefore, to send his resignation to the Board, and started for America, a matter easy enough to record in a few words, but no easy task for him and his family, either physically or mentally. We made directly for Smyrna via Constantinople on the small Austrian steam packet, whence we sailed for America and home.

In those days there was a steady trade carried on entirely in sailing ships mostly American, between Boston and Smyrna. The vessels would be considered small in these days, averaging 250 tons, but many of them very

smart, sailed by smart men, and they made smart voyages with the right slant of wind. The smartest yachts turned out by Herreshoff, Fife or Burgess never did better than the run of the lovely little bark *Susan Jane* from Boston to Smyrna, 5200 miles in twenty-nine days! Usually, however, the voyage was long, and to some people tedious, as must be the case with sail for motive power. Still I would not exchange it for steam, so far as my own pleasure is concerned.

We embarked about the middle of May in the bark *Stambul*, Captain Alfred Kendrick, a sister ship of the *Osmanlee*, commanded by his brother. The ships were thoroughly armed and built expressly for the Smyrna trade, which required expedition, as they were expected to race home in the fall with the first figs and raisins for Thanksgiving and Christmas. The voyage took us sixty-five days, and was far from lacking in wild and romantic incidents such as were common in those days. The *Stambul* was just under 300 tons, although less by modern measurement. She was painted black with a white stripe and imitation port holes to resemble a man-of-war; and she had the figure of a Turk at the bow, all quite in the style of those days. There was a small raised poop deck with a low rail or bulwark, altogether too low for a vessel carrying passengers and children. The neat, cosy cabin was entirely below deck. It contained six staterooms, the size of ward robes, and was painted white picked out with gold. That was the height of marine style in those days. The forecastle or quarters of the crew, instead of being on deck as it is now, was right in the eyes of the ship below deck, and a very close, noisome unventilated hole it was indeed. The *Stambul* carried two good sized brass cannon amid-

ships that were meant for business, and an armory of muskets, pikes, cutlasses and pistols was handsomely arranged in the cabin around the mizzen-mast. Pirates were not yet extinct in the Mediterranean and about the "Straits," and one never knew when a band of ruffians might steal out from behind a romantic Greek island or from the coast of Barbary. It was not very long after that an English schooner was boarded in the Archipelago, plundered, and every soul on board murdered. The *Stambul* was heavily sparred, which was most important before steam crippled sail competition, and she carried all the kites customary until recent years, sky sails, studding-sails, from top gallant yards down, and ring-tails. Double top-sails were then unknown; any sailor can judge of the amount of work laid out for the crew of this taut little bark in the matter of making sail alone. The deck was likewise scrubbed with so-called "holy-stone" and "prayerbooks" on Sunday; and sail mending, painting the hull inside and out, setting up and tarring the rigging, scraping and slushing the masts helped to occupy every waking hour, for iron spars and wire rigging were unused in those days.

An interesting fact of this voyage was that captain, officers and crew were all Yankees, sturdy Cape Cod men and Marbleheaders, except the cook and steward, who were mulattos from the south, and John the Swede, one of the men before the mast. It would probably be impossible to find any vessel now floating the Stars and Stripes having any such a homogeneous crew. John was a clever craftsman and a good hearted fellow. Like the rest of the crew he took a liking to me as I was already a sort of sea-dog in miniature, never feeling seasick, and loving

everything about a ship instinctively as a duck takes to water. John's interest in me took tangible shape when he made me a beautiful model of the *Stambul*, very carefully executed. It was long kept in the family as a much cherished souvenir. Captain Kendrick was a member of the Universalist Church and in good weather often indulged in a lively tilt with my parents on predestinarianism, eternal damnation and other kindred topics about which they probably agree better now, in the other world, than they did then.

The voyage was on the whole uneventful, although a number of characteristic incidents occurred illustrating the nature of sea life before the fifties. Of course to one who loves a sailing ship, voyaging that way can rarely be said to be wholly uneventful. There is always some incident to sustain interest, to quicken curiosity and expectation. In those days, when ocean traffic was conducted almost entirely in sailing ships, a large fleet would sometimes collect near the Straits of Gibraltar, waiting for a favorable shift of the wind. It happened thus in our case. We were in the midst of a crowd of eighty sails, when the breeze came out of the east, each presenting a cloud of canvas and flying all her colors as we glided past the mighty rock fortress brooding over the entrance to the broad Atlantic. Every stitch was set aloft and aloft. It was one of the most thrilling scenes in my recollection. One after another our gallant bark passed them by. At last the race lay between the *Stambul* and a British brig that was slightly larger, the *William Cary* of Dundee. For sometime the two vessels, leading the fleet, glided along swiftly side by side, so near that we carried on a conversation and the sough of the wind could be heard rushing through

the sails and rigging and between the two ships when they rolled toward each other on the heave of the sea. Then the *Stambul*, as if putting forth a final conscious effort, began to forge ahead an inch at a time, and then looked out towards her port in the west three thousand miles away, with seventy-nine sail following astern, the queen of the race.

Some days after this stirring scene a bark hove in sight bound eastward, and passed some three miles from us. Signals were exchanged, and she proved to be the *Osmanlee* the consort of the *Stambul*, commanded by the brother of our Captain Kendrick. This was the first greeting the brothers had exchanged for years and might be their last!

We passed the Azores on a clear day with a top gallant breeze. It was very fortunate for us that this happened by daylight otherwise, I should not now be alive to write these pages; for, as we held our regular course after passing Santa Maria, Captain Kendrick was astounded to discover tremendous breakers, tumbling over a reef he had never seen there before and which was not marked on the chart. He had sailed many times directly over that spot. As we had a fair wind we were able to steer clear of the breakers, but if this incident had occurred at night the ship would undoubtedly have gone to pieces on the reef and her fate would have been unknown forever. The Azores are of volcanic origin, and at the southern end of the group, reefs and islands are sometimes thrown up above the ocean, and after a few months or years vanish out of sight. It was on such an unexpected terror that the *Stambul* so nearly met her fate.

On the Fourth of July, when near the Banks of Newfoundland, the atmosphere suddenly became sharp and

wintry. When the sun arose in a clear sky the entire horizon flashed like the gleam of bayonets of an army. We were surrounded by ice, both field ice and bergs. Good luck was it for us that the weather was clear and that we had a working breeze to give us control of the ship. As the day wore on, a day of wonderful awe and splendor, the ice closed in around us and at sunset the scene was magnificent, the glittering crystal far and near being of malachite and ultramarine hues in the shadows, and a deep glowing rose where smitten by the sun, as if we were floating literally amid pearl and gold. One iceberg less than half a mile from us was four hundred feet high according to the Captain's calculation; it was certainly twice the height of our mainmast; and above its topmost pinnacle gleamed the evening star. Such a spectacle as this, so extensive and superb, is rarely seen in that latitude. Child as I was, it yet left an indelible impression on my memory. But it was an hour of keen anxiety as well as wonder. The utmost watchfulness was required to keep clear of these floating masses. But about midnight the wind freshened in our favor, and by careful steering under press of sail we cleared the last of the ice by day-break.

Soon after we struck into a dense fog and then we had to keep a sharp lookout for we were on the fishing banks and liable to run foul of bank schooners at any moment, far more numerous in those waters then than now. As the fog thinned a little for a short time we actually found ourselves close aboard of a fleet of these craft riding at anchor; we had already heard the spectral blast of their foghorns mingling with the swash of the sea. Captain Kendrick stood by the mizzen-rigging hoping to catch a

glimpse of his boy, who was mate of a Cape Cod banker. Suddenly a halloo came over the water, and there indeed he was waving his hat. Rapidly father and son exchanged a hurried greeting, the latter sending a kind word to his mother, then the vessels separated, fading away in the fog, and years might pass before they would meet again! Such was the life of the hardy sons of the New England coast in those days. Enterprise, thrift, separation, and adventure. There were Yankee sailing ships roaming the high seas in that time, and they were manned by Yankees, the best sailors the world has seen since Noah cut adrift for dry land and a port.

A day or two after this, we took a northeast gale that carried us straight to Boston Light staggering over the mounting billows under a press of canvas. Sail after sail blew away and others were bent in their place. It was one of those wild, maddening races when no effort or risk is spared to economize every breath of a favoring wind. The salt tempest infused a fierce exultation into our veins as we flew for port or destruction, until one grey, dripping dawn a pilot schooner hove to, under our lee. She was painted green, like all our pilot boats then, and I distinctly remember the pilot stepping on the deck of the *Stambul* with a package of newspapers, and shaking hands with the Captain and my father. But my delight on reaching my country for the first time was keenly embittered by the fact that my little dog, Malo, a beautiful King Charles spaniel, given me by the King of Greece, and who had accompanied us on our travels, lay dying in the cabin below.

In those days there were no tugs to tow ships to the wharves, and so the *Stambul* slowly worked her way up

the tortuous channel under sail and warped up to her berth at Long Wharf, just sixty-five days out from Smyrna; and here occurred one of those curious coincidences of life that confound one. A vessel going to sea got in our way, and her bowsprit became entangled with our mizzen-rigging over the quarter deck where my father was standing. Among the men who swarmed out on the jib-boom to separate the ships was her captain; and he proved to be Captain Drew who had taken my parents to Smyrna, and this was the very vessel in which they had sailed.

We went from Boston to North Adams by rail. This was the first time, I think, that my parents had travelled that way, and the part of the line from Pittsfield to North Adams had only been open two or three days before our arrival. At North Adams our friends met and took us by carriage to Williamstown. After visiting various family friends in New York and New Jersey I was left to pass the winter with my good grandmother and attend district school under the shadow of Williams College.

An incident which occurred soon after we reached Williamstown is worth recording, as indicating how much some customs have changed since then, in this country. Dr. Hopkins invited my father to preach in the church where the students of Williams College and the townspeople then worshipped together. My grandmother looked forward again with maternal pride to seeing her youngest and favorite child in the pulpit. But there was one obstacle in the way, and until it was overcome she must forego the anticipated pleasure. My father had allowed his mustache to grow during the voyage. A chin beard he had

worn for years. The former he now found to be not only a convenient but also a becoming addition. Having likewise, seen the mustache universally worn in the Levant by good as well as by bad men, my father had become accustomed to regard it as without sin. He was resolved therefore, to keep his mustache. This required some courage, for in America at that time the mustache was considered the attribute of sports, gamblers, and bold, bad dragoons, of all that class, in fact, who defy public opinion or lead reckless lives. My grandmother vowed that she would stay at home when her son preached, which she had not done from infancy, except in illness, unless the obnoxious mustache came off. What is more, she meant every word. And so the mustache came off!

My grandmother Benjamin was a most excellent, kind-hearted woman, and I am sure that sometimes she must have suffered keenly between her natural sympathies and the strict sense of duty required in those days of one who had been brought up in Puritan orthodoxy. I carried her foot stove to the meeting-house on the hill, and did my best to keep from falling off the high pew with drowsiness during the long disquisitions from the pulpit, in a building so cold that the breath seemed to freeze before it could float the aspirations of the pious to the upper sanctuary. The famous Saturday evening meetings held in her parlour for many years, and well remembered by many Williams graduates who became ministers and missionaries, were my distinct and pet aversion, because I was quite too young to appreciate them, and the entire evening I would be tortured with a drowsiness horrible enough to have been sent by the Evil One himself, a torment poorly compensated by the savory tidbits

that steamed on her hospitable table. To this day I also look back with amazement to the ghastly New England custom, which my good father never observed except when at Williamstown, out of respect to his mother, the custom of beginning the sabbath on Saturday evening directly the sun dropped down behind the hills with a sort of parting malicious gleam, as it seemed to me, as though he would say, "Now, small boys, look out!" Saturday afternoon was a half holiday, the only one during the week of long school hours. Imagine then what double-dyed misery it was to keep in mind during the whole of that short afternoon that I must be home before sundown. Although doing the best I could, it yet happened several times that I reached home a few seconds after the carefully watched sun had dipped below the rim of the hills in the west. I am convinced, on reflecting over the matter in later years, that I was occasionally on time, when seemingly late, because my grandmother's house, being nearer the hills, caused the sun to seem to set earlier than it actually did. But no mercy was shown, no possible palliations were considered on account of my extreme youth or prior ignorance of the custom or absence of a watch in my pocket. The sabbath had to be kept holy whatever the hour when it began, and hence, if late, I was immediately sent supperless to bed. This severity I am willing to believe went "against the grain" with my grandmother; she merely acted according to her training and conscience; but in my case, at least, such a course naturally aroused a deep sense of injustice and wrong, which I was too young to analyze exactly or to resent with safety, but which gave me a permanent aversion to strict Sabbatarianism and all attempts to hound souls

into heaven by violence or law. "More flies are caught by molasses than by vinegar!" From that day to this, I have been strongly and unswervingly opposed to sumptuary laws, to controlling men by man-made interpretations of scriptural laws, to forcing one's opinions on others, or having laws except for the protection of life and property, or to severity in administering penalties except for deliberate and unnecessary crime.

I am reminded in this connection of an incident that occurred to me in the winter of 1846. Dr. Scudder, the famous missionary to India, visited Williamstown that season, conducted services for young and old, and attracted much interest by the fervor of his manner. Learning my parentage, he put to me the pointed question, "Do you wish to be a missionary?" It came as a shock to me, for I was a mere lad, ten years old, fond of sport and reading, but having never given a thought to my future vocation. As I was probably so constituted as never to be fitted for missionary work, this question put me on my guard, and for years I actually suffered from dread that I might be influenced to become a foreign missionary! I never had a desire to be one and I may frankly say that I have never been able to believe that the men and women and youth I met and associated with in the East, were so very much worse than the people at home as to require to be raked and disturbed. According to our light and advantages, I cannot perceive that we are much better ethically, as a people, than they.

About that period I remember meeting Mrs. Sigourney, the poetess. She resided in Hartford, and she and my mother were life long friends. They corresponded for years, and most of Mrs. Sigourney's works, with her

autograph on the title page, found their way to our parlor table. Mrs. Sigourney's prose and verse enjoyed a wide reputation in America at that time. Much of it was commonplace; but some of her occasional verses had gleams of genius, like her ode on the return of the body of Napoleon, which contained some thrilling passages, and was justly honored by the gift of a gold necklace from Queen Amelie. As I remember Mrs. Sigourney the last time I saw her, standing on her portico, and the lights and shadows of the vines playing on her figure, she was rather a handsome woman. Her complexion was a warm, clear blonde, and her ample white brow was wreathed with brown ringlets. Her manner was ladylike and refined, although slightly formal and decidedly self-conscious. Poor woman! she had her sorrows as well as triumphs. It is worth stating here that my mother in those days and sometimes at a later time wrote some beautiful poems which had considerable circulation.

After his return to America, my father proposed to settle down as pastor of a country parish, and in due course received a call that was satisfactory. But during the interval my mother's health, greatly strengthened by the long sea voyage, had been still further improved, and apparently entirely restored. My father's ability, experience and knowledge of foreign languages were acquisitions the Board were anxious to retain for the missionary field. At the last moment, therefore, it was decided that we should go back to the Levant. I think my grandmother was pleased with this decision; for, although it was a sore trial to relinquish her son again, probably forever, she felt about the question much like a patriotic Spartan mother, who, when the call to arms summoned

the citizens to fight for their country, was proud to see her son foremost among the brave, living or dead. It is difficult to realize in this rushing, material generation what a tremendous energy the foreign missionary spirit once was, what zeal it displayed, what sacrifices were involved for those who went and for those who remained at home. Perhaps this did not imply that there is less earnest altruism now than then, but more avenues for the expression of religious benevolence have opened at home and, the seed having been sown, there is less need for active missionary pioneering abroad. Hence the manifestation of the missionary spirit has taken another form adapted to other fields, and in any case is attended with far less sacrifice than formerly.

Before sailing we went to Williamstown to say farewell to the numerous members of my father's family living there. The last reunion was at the home of my aunt, Abbie Sabin, wife of Dr. Sabin, a trustee of the college. We dined around one large table, twenty-two in all.

We took passage at Boston in the bark *Harriet T. Bartlett*, Elisha Baker, master. Why we should have selected that season for such a voyage is beyond my comprehension. On the day of sailing the secretary of the Board and a number of Christian brethren came down to the ship to bid us Godspeed. A brief service of prayer and praise was held in the small cabin, more or less interrupted by the shrill orders of the officers, the chanty songs of the crew, the quick stamp of feet, and the creak of blocks and slatting of sails. If Providence hears petitions for material benefits, then we certainly needed praying for, in view of the perils we were about

to encounter. The snow lay cold on the roofs and wharves of Boston and on the islands in the harbor; the water looked like molten lead, and the sky lowered grim in the offing as we slipped away from Long Wharf under canvas. The law of storms had not yet been codified by Maury, Thom, and Fitzroy, and no official warnings guided the movements of shipping.

Not a moment was lost after sailing to put everything to rights in the cabin before the winds and waves should bring on the seasickness that would make it impossible for many of the crew as well as the passengers to do anything but lie groaning in the berths. What sort of a task my parents, and especially my mother, had before them may be inferred from a description of the ship. The *Harriet T. Bartlett* was a bark that measured only 190 tons, a little more than half the tonnage of the *Stambul*.

She was a trim, staunch little ship, a trifle longer than a New York pilot boat, but more full, deep, and broad. The cabin and forecastle or sailor's quarters were on deck, a recent Yankee innovation in the direction of economy, the space they had formerly occupied being devoted to cargo; naturally such a vessel would be loaded deeper than one with the cabins below. At that time this innovation was considered a doubtful experiment, and I remember that my mother hesitated about going in this vessel on that account. Our cabin, to the best of my recollection, was about thirty-six feet long, with an average width of about eighteen feet. Out of this space, in order to judge of the size of our own quarters, must be deducted the two small staterooms of the captain and his wife, and the two mates and the steward's pantry and the bath closet diagonally opposite. This left an irregular saloon

about fifteen feet long and sixteen feet at the widest. On each side of this saloon were four berths in two tiers. In the centre was the common table where we ate, screwed firmly to the floor, and having a settee on each side with a movable back, cushioned with a slippery hair-cloth and also clinched fast to the deck or floor. As there were no staterooms for the passengers all the privacy we could obtain was by fixing brass rods a foot and a half from the berths, on which curtains travelled by means of brass rings. In this contracted space, shared partly with others, my parents and four children, the oldest ten years, were expected to brave the rigors of winter on the raging Atlantic and scarcely less boisterous Mediterranean. That was the way missionaries went to the East then, but it is not the way they go now! I have no recollection of any stove in the cabin. It is my impression that we were to keep warm on hope and faith until we struck the Gulf Stream, and after that blow on our fingers and continue to cuddle around the hearthstone of hope and faith. This, mind you, was in the sweet month of December, 1846.

The menu was the same as on the *Stambul*, salt meats, and coffee and tea without milk and strong as lye. Two items of improvement should be mentioned. Captain Baker had his wife along with him, a genial, refined lady who always accompanied her husband and did her best to smooth his irascible temper. It was due to Mrs. Baker that we had pie for dinner—she made it herself—and hot biscuits and steaming apple sauce for supper. It was only in the heaviest weather that these dishes were omitted. How well I remember the apple sauce of those wild winter evenings on the bark *Harriet T. Bartlett*, as we all sat around the cabin table, the dishes kept from

slipping off by heavy racks, and the dim, swinging lamp lighting up the faces of old and young as we chatted merrily together in our floating home, while the wind wailed in the rigging and beat the ropes against the masts.

CHAPTER III.

SMYRNA AND EARTHQUAKES.

My father was designated to the Armenians and Greeks of Smyrna, numbering about three-fifths of its population. Whatever that city may be now, under the influence of modern innovations, it was then a charming residence for those who enjoy the blending of Oriental life and scenery with semi-European society and customs. The port was always enlivened by shipping coming in, or by vessels which lay at anchor. Smyrna was an important naval station, and men-of-war, sometimes entire fleets, lay there. I remember seeing a fleet of eight French line of battle ships, five frigates, and several vessels come in under scudding sails before a staving breeze, their black sides bristling with long tiers of guns, and every sail bellying to the wind, white and gleaming as driven snow. Suddenly the boatswains' whistles piped shrilly from ship to ship, every sail came in at once, and as the stately fabrics rounded to their anchorage simultaneously, the crews swarmed up the rigging by thousands to furl the sails. Say what you will about it, I am bold to affirm that such a magnificent naval spectacle will never be seen again by mortal eye.

The quarter of Smyrna occupied by the Turks, the dominant race, was effectively massed on the slope of the

elevation called Mount Pagos, from the water to the ruins of the old Roman citadel. In this part of the city were included the tomb of Polycarp, the bazaars, barracks of the garrison, water batteries, mosques and minarets and palace of the governor. It was flanked by the vast procession of dark, towering cypresses which mark a Turkish cemetery.

Along the water front of the Frank quarter ran the marino, or sea esplanade, where picturesque boats were constantly seen as well as the launches of foreign war ships whose crews sang in melodious chorus by moonlight while the officers were playing billiards or attending balls. This was the favorite promenade of the Franks; but if one was in search of feminine loveliness it was in the Greek quarter that he would look, rather than among the nondescript foreign and eurasian population known as Franks. The Greek and Armenian quarters lay north and east, and it was among the former especially that one looked for the famed beauties of Smyrna.

The Frank quarters of Smyrna had one remarkable feature. For a good part of a mile, between Frank Street, its main thoroughfare, and the Marino, there was an unbroken row of parallel lanes or courts connecting those two streets. Each court belonged to one proprietor, be it an individual or a company. For the most part these courts were open at both ends during the day, and one could thus pass through from one street to the other except with caravans. But at sunset they ceased to be thoroughfares, and were firmly closed with massive iron bound gates, yielding access only to actual residents within and their guests. Each court had two or more porters, who carried burdens by day, and mounted

guard by night. They were invariably Turks, as being by far the most honest, courageous, and reliable of all the native populations. Magnificent fellows they were, large, massively built, powerful, trained for the business. The porters' lodge was just within the Frank Street gate; many a time have I seen them at nightfall, saying their prayers devoutly on the prayer rug, or preparing the evening meal on the *mangal* or earthenpan of live coals, or quietly smoking the *tchibook*. These sons of Anak wore large turbans, baggy trousers, and heavy beards, and were provided with formidable yataghans and flintlock pistols. Whoever attempted unlawfully to enter the court at night met with scant mercy at their hands. And yet they were proudly deferential to their superiors, affable in their manners, and, like all genuine Turks, fond of children, gentle and almost playful with them.

Such precautions were necessary because the neighborhood abounded with desperadoes, the police force was crude, and these courts contained the consulates and the counting houses and magazines of wealthy merchants engaged in foreign trade. The offices were on the ground floor. On the floor above were one or more dwellings or flats, occupied by the owner and by respectable tenants. These dwellings, overlooking Frank Street or the Marino, could be reached only by the gates at either end. They were built of stone and sometimes each apartment was roofed with a dome as a protection against earthquakes. Naturally such buildings were made to last for ages; they were as strong as fortresses. A portion of the roof of the ground floor was invariably not built upon; thus a flat terrace or roof garden, protected by a low, massive parapet was left for the occupants of the dwellings. On

those terraces the family promenaded at twilight or slept in warm weather when they were not at the country resorts, while the boys, by no means the least important members of the community, flew their kites from them and watched the incoming ships.

Smyrna was in those days the world's chief emporium for the market in dried figs. There being no railway in Turkey then, during the fig season the fruit was brought to Smyrna by vast caravans of camels. For weeks the bells of the camels were heard day and night as these living freight trains marched into the city. At the head of each train rode the camel driver, encased in a huge sheepskin cloak, that served a variety of purposes, and mounted on a donkey scarcely larger than a St. Bernard dog, but whose toughness and strength were in inverse ratio to his size.

Smyrna, in the forties, was like a sieve through which passed the current of European travel in the East. There were no railways, and comparatively few steamers, and most of the latter touched at Smyrna as a distributing point for travel as well as for commerce. In this way many tourists and sightseers passed our way, whom my father, with native hospitality, invited to his house. Among them, a German baron, who soon requested the favor of a small loan, with apologies that his drafts had been unexpectedly delayed. Baron Friedel had shown a number of his drawings, indicating a good artist in black and white, or pencil drawing, and my father with some shrewdness suggested a way to relieve the Baron's embarrassment, by his giving to the children of the family bi-weekly drawing lessons in return for his board. Thus began my first education in art. Everything was rosy

for awhile, we children took hold with zeal and our instructor seemed interested, but this soon waned, as time elapsed, and the so-called baron failed to fulfill obligations, and my father was obliged to decline longer to entertain him. Up to this time I had shown no marked vocation for art. What I had done had been in the direction of an artisan, rather than an artist. My father had given me a small set of tools (he was always mindful of my welfare), and I was extravagantly fond of using them, making pigeon cotés, flagstaffs, kites and ship models, some of them were elaborate and executed with technical observation of nautical distinctions in shape and rig. One of these models was a frigate made to a scale with every sail fitted to hoist and lower, anchors, guns, and the like. But the first lesson I took with Baron Friedel acted as decisively as the first chapter of Peter Parley's history which I read, as already stated, at Trebizond. From that day to this I have been passionately fond of my brush and pencil, a passion that has sometimes slumbered only to awake with renewed vigor. My father bought me a sketch book, and wherever I went I sketched from nature, ships, landscapes, old picturesque buildings and figures.

As the potential events or incidents in our lives come in groups, it happened soon after Baron Friedel departed, that I became acquainted with a local Armenian lithographer named Tatikian. He was but a middling artist, but he knew far more than I did, and his subjects, drawn from street scenes to sell to travellers, attracted me. He was willing that I should visit his studio and see him work. From his patience in representing detail I also learned patience and care. Then followed another source of suggestion for shading, the expression of foliage and rapid

sketching from nature. The hints I received from these latter points were given me by the Van Lennep brothers, who, when they saw my interest in drawing, very kindly looked over my sketches, encouraged me to proceed, and showed me how to put into practice the rudimentary principles of drawing.

The Van Lenneps were an old and wealthy family of Dutch descent, engaged in business and consular duties at Smyrna for over a century. They had intermarried with English and French families, but continued staunch protestants, and for respectability and integrity were among the first families of the European colonies of the Levant. The Dutch consular chapel was at the disposal of the American missionaries, and Jacob Van Lennep, consul while we were there, and at the time quite aged, was one of the noblest gentlemen I have met. The family owned a large tchiflik or farmstead some hours out in the country, where the brothers would take a rational relaxation from business in sports of the chase. They kept their gamekeepers, dogs, falcons, etc., at the tchiflik, and often brought down leopards, wolves, or wild boar, not to speak of hare, partridges or other feathered game. They kept two large books of record, and in the evening, after an exciting hunt, one of them would record the incidents of the day with his pen, while another would, in the other book, sketch with his pencil the most pictorial scenes of the hunt.

My other studies were pursued in a rather desultory manner much of the time, although when I did study it was done in earnest and I have no recollection of trying to shirk or prepare my tasks in a slovenly manner. But I learned with facility and that gave me the more leisure

for reading and sport. French, ancient Greek, and Armenian I studied with inexpensive tutors who came to the house, a common method with the European youth of Smyrna. Latin I pursued with my father. It came so easily that I soon reached Virgil, with facility, and to this day the Aeneid is one of my favorite poems.

One summer that we passed in the suburban village of Bournabat I attended the so-called Smyrna College to acquire a closer discipline in Greek and French. This institution resembled what we called a preparatory school, and included youths of any age. It was under English auspices, although Roman Catholics and Greeks and one or two Turks attended it as well as English boys. The principal was an Englishman named Turrell. He was tall, handsome, athletic, well built, a Cambridge man, a good scholar, a capital shot, and a brutal disciplinarian. He had the manners of a captain of the Dragoons, and indeed he was aid to Lord Raglan afterward in the Crimea. Flogging was frequent and severe, and his habitual weapon was a lash of rhinoceros hide, which brought out howls of pain. Greatly differing from Mr. Turrell was my French teacher, M. de Cours, who was drowned while bathing, and his body never recovered. The day before he had been explaining to me in his winning way, the sarcastic humor of La Fontaine's Fables, and now his voice would never be heard again! I remember that it seemed passing strange to my young mind that the sky could be so blue and cloudless, the sun so bright, the song of the birds so merry, when such a terrible drama threw a pall over the heart, and while all about me, and I myself, were moving inevitably to the same unseen bourne of which no one knows and from which no one returns. I

walked home quite overcome by these reflections, nor do I yet see any adequate explanation of these mysteries.

When Mr. Turrell sundered his connection with the Smyrna College, the Trustees, before sending to England for another principal, came to my father, although an American, and urged him to accept the vacant chair. It was a great compliment to his modesty, scholarship, and judgment; he appreciated it as such, and therefore held the question under advisement for several days. Undoubtedly the position was one not to be hastily declined. The salary was quite in excess of a missionary's; the office gave the incumbent a foremost rank not only in the European colony but in the Levant as well; in the hands of the right man it offered a growing sphere of influence, similar to that subsequently won by the famous Robert College at Constantinople. If my father had accepted the place, with his exceptional qualifications he might have antedated the enterprise of Dr. Hamlin in a similar direction. But having decided once for all to be a missionary in the strict sense of the term, he felt it to be his duty to decline this flattering invitation.

But I have not yet spoken of an educating factor which in those days had as much to do with my development as tutors and textbooks. Although as passionately devoted to sport as any boy that ever lived, I was equally fond of reading. Strange to say I was more interested in solid matter than in fiction. A history of a true narrative of adventure had greater attraction for me than a novel pure and simple. For this reason *Robinson Crusoe*, usually more interesting to boys than men, held my attention less at that time than it has done in later years when I have learned to see the matchless quality of its style

and the verities of life and character which teem in its fascinating pages. The educating factor to which I alluded above was the library of Mr. Adger. My father took the place at Smyrna which had been vacated by the resignation of Rev. John B. Adger, who was a scion of one of the first families of South Carolina.

When Mr. Adger left Smyrna he generously donated his valuable library to the mission station. It contained several thousand volumes of miscellaneous literature. The missionaries had no leisure to devote to it, or were sufficiently supplied already. The library was therefore kept locked in a dark room and apparently forgotten. I learned of its existence accidentally, and it was not long before I had the key with permission to browse among the books at will. It proved a perfect mine. Many a precious hour did I pass in that room alone, pouring over books of every description in English, French, Greek and Latin. Of course I was yet too young to fully appreciate everything that I read there, but still it was an education to me, for what one reads under such circumstances, when the attention is undistracted and the tablets of the memory are fresh, is not only remembered but becomes incorporated into the very fibre of one's being.

One of the American missionaries at Smyrna was the Rev. T. P. Johnston. Frontis, his oldest son, was a bright talented youth, who later became a prominent southern clergyman. He was three years my elder, but as we associated together pleasantly, that fact proved of use to me, as he led me on and served as an exemplar. He started the first youth's newspaper ever issued in the Levant. What inspired the idea I have forgotten; but it was almost like an inspiration of genius, for nothing of the

sort had ever been heard of before in that region, since they flashed the news of the fall of Troy across the Aegean with bonfires. It was called *The Smyrna Star*. William, his next oldest brother, afterwards a Skull and Bones man at Yale, and I, were associate editors. This was my first connection with any periodical. I was then thirteen years old. Our model was *l'Impartial*, a French paper published at Smyrna. Like most French newspapers it had its feuilleton or original romance across the lower third of the pages. There was also a digest of home and foreign news, local gossip, shipping intelligence, including notes about the movements of men-of-war, missionary intelligence, correspondence from Constantinople and a pot-pouri of anecdotes and riddles. It filled a compact folio sheet, and, of course, was entirely in manuscript, for we could not afford the public press; and typewriters, hectographs, and the like were then unknown. Dividing the work among ourselves, we contrived to make several copies of each number, which were creditably executed. They were readily subscribed for, and the proceeds added materially to the indispensable pocket money required for the colored paper and twine for our kites, paint for our boats, and *katemarias* at the pastry cooks, the latter being one of the special luxuries for which Smyrna was famous. The success of the *Smyrna Star* led the missionary boys at Constantinople to start a rival sheet called *The Bebek Messenger*. I was placed on the staff of that paper as Smyrna correspondent, and eventually became one of its editors. What with one thing and another, my time was fully occupied in those days!

As may be surmised by the foregoing pages, I associated at Smyrna with the native boys far more than

when at Athens. My parents, while strict within certain limits, were anxious that I should learn self reliance, and gain culture from observation and experience no less than from books.

My companions were therefore of mixed and various characters, English, Greeks, Franks or Levantines, Armenians, and occasionally Turks. I saw a great deal of every variety of Oriental life, and obtained an insight into more phases of national character and customs than often falls to youth. There were many English boys of my own age, some of them fine, wholesouled fellows, good fighters but at the same time straightforward and manly. We were very chummy together, more than with boys of other nations, for after all blood is thicker than water, and the use of a common language was a strong tie. But the national sentiment was also strong in us, and each stood up stoutly for the land from which his parents came. We chaffed each other, and often came to blows, but this only led to mutual respect and esteem.

Sometimes, during the summer in the country, we English speaking boys would unite to beat off the gang of Greek rowdies who would make a dead set at us. Forming in a line, the opposing forces fought with stones in the open or behind trees when possible. If our side gained on the enemy, we would make a combined rush with sticks and switches, and give them a sound thrashing. Sometimes severe bruises were received, and it is a wonder none of us lost our lives in these dangerous bouts.

The suburbs of Smyrna were indescribably Oriental in character, and hence rural and picturesque in the extreme. The mountains, closing around the lower landscape like an amphitheatre, mountains haunted with classic legends

of the long past ages, were bare at the summit, revealing a rich scale of color. As they descended they became draped with heather, thyme and lentisk, which was gradually replaced by olive groves, tufts of mysterious stone pine sighing over the cliffs, vineyards, orchards, and grain fields. The latter were crimson for miles and miles with wild poppies or white with daisies, vast masses of color, until the wheat grew high as one's head, swaying in the breeze like billows of the sea over which flew the fleet shadows of the clouds. Here and there in the clearing the flocks were seen browsing under guardianship of the shaggy wolf dog, while the sandalled shepherd under an olive tree ate his bread and olives, knit his coarse stockings, or piped on his reed flute. The memory of those poetic landscapes of Smyrna sometimes lulls me into the illusion that life is worth living.

Other incidents suggesting the nature of some of the phases of life in that romantic city of Smyrna occur to me. But there must be a limit to these records, especially as I was now about to turn my face towards new scenes and conditions. It was greatly to my regret at the time, that I heard of the decision of the American Board to concentrate at Constantinople the work of translating and printing religious publications for the Turkish empire. That this move was not decided earlier shows the tentative character of the missionary campaign. It was only after years of scattered labor at various points that American religious enterprise was able to discover the points of effective action and to systematize the distribution of its efforts to produce the best results. Dr. Riggs and my father were transferred, therefore, to Constantinople, Mr. Johnston seized this occasion to retire permanently

from the missionary field. In passing I may add that before relying on the English and Greek printers at Smyrna, the Board had already sent an American printer to Smyrna. This gentleman had preceded my father to that city and left for home before we settled in Smyrna. His name was Josiah Brewer, and he was the father of the late Justice J. Brewer of the U. S. Supreme Court, who was born at Smyrna the year that I was born at Argos on the opposite shore of the Aegean.

As adding to the interest of my Smyrna days I may mention two or three noted persons I met there. One of them was Louis Kassuth with his family and suite, when on his way to America in the United States steam frigate *Mississippi*, which was subsequently burned in the Civil War. We went on board the vessel, and I well remember the distinguished Hungarian and his generals. We were also visited by Captain Pigeal, who afterwards won repute as the commander of a French line of battle-ship in the Crimean war. He was one of those rare birds, a French protestant naval officer, and a strict and pious one at that.

Captain Ingraham, commander of the *St. Louis*, likewise called on us, and we in turn visited his handsome corvette and were cordially entertained. His manners were polished and agreeable, like those of many old time southerners when sectional questions were kept out of sight. It will be remembered that Captain Ingraham unfortunately lived long enough to turn against the flag which he defended so well in the Bay of Smyrna.

Another character whom I met there was General Walker, who was afterwards shot in Nicaragua for filibustering. He was, as I remember him, of medium height,

spare but symmetrically built, had small, well shaped hands and keen blue eyes. Like many distinguished men of action and daring, his voice was low and his ordinary manner quiet and gentle. I went with my father when he accompanied General, then Captain, Walker on board the steamer that was to take him to Trieste. They talked long together on the quarter deck, before the signal for departure was given.

Near Smyrna a number of pretty villages nestled in the valleys under the green gloam of the mulberries and lindens. Their population consisted chiefly of small landed proprietors or gentry, mainly Turks, and the unambitious peasantry who tilled the fields and tended the flocks for them. It was truly an idyllic scene when with tinkling bells, the sheep and goats returned to the folds bleating towards evening and crowding each other in the narrow lanes, while the shouts of the shepherds were not unmelodious blended with the other sounds of that magical hour. The tops of the tall sentinel cypresses at the gates shone rosy in the last fading glow of the setting sun, and purple shadows drew a veil over roof and garden. Then all became still except the dashing of the torrent down the streets, whose waters were used for irrigating the gardens.

My father breakfasted in summer precisely at six, taking with his family a light meal of coffee, eggs, and cool figs just plucked from the trees. He then rode eight miles on horseback to the city, for his daily duties, returning at evening in season for dinner. During the day my mother taught her children and took us to walk among the fields. She was exceedingly fond of walking, and in this respect I have taken after her. In the evening my father

heard my Latin recitation, and we enjoyed a delightful home hour of singing, conversation or reading aloud, until bedtime was announced for the young folks.

I think it was in the same summer that I had rather a disagreeable adventure. This region about Smyrna, as in most warm climates, is infested with venomous insects and reptiles. Scorpions, centipedes and deadly asps were not uncommon, although less numerous than at Trebizond, where we were obliged to have a canopy over our beds and sweep it every morning, and always shook our shoes and clothing before putting them on. Serious accidents sometimes occurred from this source but on the whole the people gave little thought to the matter. One evening we had an unpleasant reminder, however, that the vermin were by no means extinct. We were at supper. According to my custom the greater part of the year in that climate, I was clad in pumps, short, light socks, duck trousers, shirt with open Byron collar, and a middy's blue jacket. Suddenly I felt something creep from the stone floor on my foot and then start up my bare leg. I knew at once from the sensation what it must be; a centipede it was indeed. It had not an hundred feet, but it had enough, a dozen or more on each side. To utter a sound would have precipitated a panic that might cost me my life. I therefore kept perfectly quiet, the creature meanwhile deliberately crawling up my shin, and scratching the skin with its sharp, horney feet. To move would be to startle it into burying its foreceps into my flesh and depositing the poison. To allow it to pass my knee would also make it impossible to act with it effectually. Moving with the utmost caution, I clasped my hands across my knee to prevent the insect from passing that point; then

saying to myself, one, two, three, I shook my leg suddenly. The centipede dropped to the floor, and I crushed it with my shoe. It measured six inches. The bite of the centipede is always exceedingly painful, and often proves fatal.

One of the most delightful families of Smyrna was that of Rev. Mr. Lewis, the British Chaplain. We were invited to their country house for Christmas festivities. During the evening a violent gale of wind had been blowing. The sky was clear, but I distinctly remember that the atmosphere was hazy. This phenomena was not unimportant. I slept in a room alone, and was kept awake half an hour by a cat hunting mice. After sleeping an hour I was rudely awakened. The first thought was that it was the cat and mice. But the next instant, trained by experience, I perceived to my horror that we were in the midst of a sharp earthquake. It took but a second to spring to the floor and rush into the drawing room, which adjoined my room, and was probably the safest apartment in the building. At the same moment from all parts of the house, by one door or another, the family rushed in pell-mell into the same apartment. There was just light enough to notice white figures of every age and sex, flitting like ghosts through the doors; little feminine shrieks, faint exclamations of surprise and alarm, showed that it was not ghosts but beings, very human beings indeed, who were gathering thus unconventionally in their *robes de nuit*. After the first hard shock was over, and we found the house still standing minus a chimney or two and some plaster, and while we waited for the next shock which invariably follows a smart earthquake, the sexes instinctively arranged themselves in groups in opposite corners,

and began to compare notes. Then followed a succession of side-splitting giggles and convulsive tittering.

When the clattering subsided a sense of awe succeeded, and we waited with the suspense and apprehension only they who have lived in earthquake lands can understand. I then noticed that the gale of wind had entirely stopped and that a deathly stillness had followed. This is an invariable phenomena of earthquakes, according to my own observation. An earthquake never occurs while the wind is actually blowing. After the lapse of fifteen minutes, we heard the howling of dogs and cackling of fowls renewed, and within a few seconds a second shock quivered through the land. We stood breathless until it passed; as it was feebler than the first shock, a favorable indication, then we stole back to our couches.

Smyrna has been an earthquake center for ages, and was several times almost destroyed. The shocks spoken of above were simply what were expected every two or three years; not unusually severe but alarming because of the dreadful uncertainty that attends any seismic phenomena. But during the fifth year of our residence in that city a protracted period of earth-shaking occurred that was most extraordinary and completely demoralized the nerves of the community. Habit made us acquainted with the signs of approaching agitation, and we young people regarded earthquakes with the awe that children fear ghosts. Slight shocks often quivered by in the night. If there was any doubt about it it was settled by the simple seismometer used in Smyrna. Between the wall and a ball suspended from a nail was a piece of paper. The least tremor caused the paper to drop. The houses were very solidly built of stone, no wind could shake them

and earthquakes were windless; we proved that no walking or jumping could shake our house enough to remove the paper; and there were no carriages or railway trains in the city or neighborhood. It was clear that only an earthquake could be the cause when the paper was found on the floor.

The earthquake season I have alluded to was preceded by an unusual phenomena that could hardly have been a coincidence, particularly as haziness in the sky often accompanies earthquakes, showing a certain relation between the two. It was in the spring, the kite flying season, and it was while flying my kite at midday that I first observed this phenomena. The usual sea breeze was blowing fresh from the west, but the cloudless sky, instead of being as usual a clear blue, shaded into a copper hue and a vast halo appeared around the sun like the ring around the moon that precedes a heavy snow in America. I spoke of this to my father, who was surprised and alarmed, and thought it foreboded some great atmospheric disturbance like a hurricane; and so thought the sailors and boatmen, for this coppery haze and ring continued into the second day, and aroused general superstition and dismay. Well, on the second night about twelve, the whole city was brought to its feet by a long, violent shock, followed by another in a very few minutes. The walls of the strongest buildings were cracked, chimneys and weak buildings were demolished, and the dwellings gave forth their people as the children went forth after the piping of the "pied piper of Hamelin." Men, women and children crowded the streets by scores of thousands shouting in agony "Lord have mercy!"

I remember my first instinct was to stand under the cross-piece of my bedroom door, that being considered safer than under the ceiling. After the first shock I saw my father and mother, my brothers and sisters, gathered in the hall hastily putting on such clothes as they had been able to snatch on the instant. Doing the same I joined them. When we heard the second shock coming we rushed down stairs into the court; of course we were not safe even there; for we might be crushed by falling walls or the earth might open under us, a contingency not uncommon with Smyrna earthquakes. It happened at several places in the outskirts at that very time. The earthquake continued trembling for two weeks. I do not mean by this that shocks were occurring at intervals during that period, but that there was actually a continuous vibration intensified with shocks of more or less violence at frequent intervals. For two weeks the paper indicator of our seismometer could not be kept in place! That told the story. One could hardly imagine to what a degree of demoralization the community arrived. Business was practically paralyzed. Forty thousand people deserted to the suburbs and lived in tents and booths. It was scarcely possible to sleep at night. Any moment might bring the final collapse. At length the missionaries with some of the lay Protestant element, appointed a day of fasting and prayer. It was a very solemn occasion. The next day the ground stopped quaking, and not another shock was felt for a year, and that quite harmless. What connection there was between the fast-day prayers and the cessation of the earthquake visitation there seems to be no means of knowing. It might have been more than a coincidence. But who shall decide? Anyway it had a re-

assuring effect on those who believed it a direct answer to prayer, forgetting what an excessively small percentage of prayers are directly or affirmatively answered.

I took two short sea trips when in my fifteenth year. The first was unattended with special danger or adventure. A missionary lady needed an escort to Constantinople, the Station at Smyrna decided to send me. I was to have two weeks at Constantinople for visiting, and then return home alone. My father gave me four or five dollars beside my ticket, with which, after delivering Miss Harris in safety, I did some sight-seeing and returned home quite satisfied to accept earthquakes and centipedes if I could have Smyrna.

This trip was the fourth time in six years. I had traversed the Hellespont and looked on the straits where Leander swam to meet Hero, and on Mount Ida, the plains of Troy and the tombs of Ajax and Achilles. Is it any wonder, that these scenes impressed my mind, and led me to write two books on Troy later in life?

The following summer, owing to the activity of brigands in the villages about Smyrna and my mother's ill-health, we were forced to look elsewhere for change of air. We decided on the island of Scio. The Austrian-Loyd boat only touched at midnight, stopping out side of the port, (with no landing in bad weather) and we considered ourselves in luck to be able to find passage on a small schooner-rigged, iron-screw tender of the Turkish navy, bound to Scio direct. The deck, we found was crowded with Turkish troops going to Scio and Samos. My mother and two sisters were the only females on board, and the first engineer the only European besides ourselves.

All went well until we came to weather Cape Karo Bournoo at the entrance of the Bay of Smyrna. There we encountered a fierce wind blowing from the southwest in furious blasts with a very wild cobbling sea. The sky was blackening rapidly and almost every one but the crew became deathly sick. As usual, my stomach was exempt from *mal de mer*. Sails were furled, topmasts and yards lowered, and altogether we were in for a very nasty afternoon. The Turkish captain, with a courtesy we could never forget, insisted that my father should take his family below and occupy the captain's stateroom. After seeing that everything had been done to make us comfortable, he ordered the steward to bring us coffee, placing his services at our disposal, and then hastened to resume his post on deck. It was high time. The wind was blowing great guns, the waves, the steep walls with deep green hollows of the Mediterranean, rolled over the bow with thundering crash, the spray flying in sheets to the stern and completely drenching the poor soldiers to the skin. It was such a storm as they have occasionally in summer in the Aegean, disturbing the regularity of the elements, such a storm as Falcaner describes so graphically in his "Shipwreck." It became evident by the middle of the afternoon that not only should we fail to reach Scio that day, but also that we were likely to go to Davy Jones' lockers, if we did not succeed in making a safe lee before night. The propeller engine was practically a new invention in those days, and the slightest stoppage in the machinery at this crisis would have foundered the vessel or cast her on a lee shore. In a word, the condition of affairs was serious. So unexpectedly do crises and perils arise in life! When we sailed in the early morning not a

soul dreamed that such a tempest was brewing, so even is the summer weather in those waters. Watching for a lull, our plucky captain, a Turk, whose handsome face, so far as I could see, did not show the quiver of a muscle during the furious blasts of the storm, put his ship before the wind with admirable coolness, and headed for Phokis. It was almost dark when we arrived off the entrance to that port; the only member of our family who was not seasick, I stood on deck holding fast to the companion way, ducking my head as the seas poured over, and watched with keen fascination the delicate manoeuvring through the unbuoyed channel. On one side stood an ancient Genoese castle, our chief landmark, for there was neither lighthouse nor beacon. A tremendous sea was rolling on the bar, and the flying spoondrift made the grey twilight thick and almost impenetrable. Some fishermen dimly discerned on the point bearing close on the starboard, waved directions for our course. It was touch and go, with us. But we made it, and then it seemed but a moment ere we were out of the storm, the lights of the town twinkling in the fast gathering gloam, and our cable rattling in a safe, snug haven. The violence of the weather may be judged from the fact that we found a French and an Austrian steamer, each several times larger than our little steamer, lying at Phokis, where they also had sought refuge from one of the heaviest blows felt in the Levant for years.

Our servant was sent on shore to procure provisions, our slender supply being exhausted. He returned with eggs, a chicken just killed for us, goat's milk and sour leavened bread. They were eaten with a relish. The captain slept on a settee under the transom and turned over

the remainder of the cabin to us. The following day, as it still blew hard, my father took his family for a stroll among the narrow streets and antiquities of the little town, which twenty-five centuries ago was one of the chief ports of the eastern Aegean. Her mariners founded Marseilles and were the first to pass the Strait of Gibraltar.

The third morning broke serene and clear. I was aroused by the clicking of the pawls of the windlass, and the shouting of the crew, "Yah, Allah!" as they bent to the handspikes and brought up the anchor. I sprang on deck instantly. Although a mere youth, my young fancy was fairly entranced by the magical beauty and quietude of the hour. The dawn was a deep orange hue melting into throbbing purple where gleamed the pure splendor of the morning star, whose rays quivered on the smooth water like a silver falchion. Far and near rang the shrill crow of chanticleer. As the sun neared the hilltops the solemn, melodious chant of the *muezzin* floated from the white minaret in cadences long drawn out and slowly dying away like a mystical voice from past ages, out of the fantastical vagueness of the realm of dreams. The soldiers, who had already carefully performed their ablutions, knelt in silent rows on deck, and with devout aspiration offered their orisons to the Author and Ruler of the universe.

We reached Port Kastro, chief port of Scio, at three p. m. The mole, and the old fort opposite, with its masonry of variegated tints, its pepper-box turrets, fosse and drawbridge, were very interesting, surmounted by the scarlet banner of Turkey, all faithfully reflected in the *lapis lazuli* surface of the sea. The market

booths on the quay in front of the town presented a picturesque animation in contrast with the long row of wind-mills crowning the hill on the left, and whirling their white canvas sails with a drowsy regularity that was as delightful, as applying poppy seeds to the eyes.

The captain of the steamer politely but firmly declined the slightest compensation for giving up his cabin to us, for three days. Not to be outdone in courtesy, my father on landing, hastened to purchase a quantity of the famous conserves of Scio, mastic, rose, cherry, and quince, and sent them aboard the steamer with his compliments to this noble mariner and "unspeakable Turk."

A house had been already engaged for us in the Campo, a rich, sloping plain between the mountains and the sea. The magnates of the island, the chief landed proprietors, had their estates in the Campo. Mr. Petrokokino, a Greek who had been rescued from the Sciote massacre of the Revolution and educated in the United States, but who subsequently settled again on his paternal estate in the Campo, met us at the pier, escorted us to his town house where we were treated to refreshments by the ladies and then conducted to the modest dwelling he had rented for us five miles from the city. Although it was modest compared with some of the stately mansions of Scio, yet our quarters were comfortable, and commodious, and commanded a fine prospect. We had entirely to ourselves the whole of the second floor, the porter's lodge and terrace and the run of the grounds. For this we paid the munificent equivalent of four dollars a month! But they calculate in Turkey by the *piastre*, and prices and expenditures are generally based on the monetary

unit. In France a franc goes nearly as far among Frenchmen, as a dollar does among Americans.

Our *pyrgo*, although less ornate than many Sciote *pyrgoes*, (especially as to the colored stones and grand stairways), was typical in general style and arrangement. It had two floors with flat roof parapeted, the second story reached by a grand stairway terminating in a spacious open portico, the windows and doors strong enough for a castle, the second floor paved with figured marble and sandstone, the ceilings arched, and everything built to last for ages. The natives slept for the most part on mattresses laid on the floor and rolled up by day; but we used light cots. A graceful open gallery led to the porter's lodge over the great entrance gate, used also as a reception room. There was a trellis supported on massive pillars covered with a dense grape-vine fairly purple with clusters of grapes, and under its shade, was a deep well whose water was drawn by a huge creaking wheel with buckets turned by a mule. The water was used for irrigating the garden and orchard. Around all, after the oriental fashion, ran a lofty stone wall. From our porch and roof we looked over one of the world's loveliest landscapes. A mile from us spread the blue Aegean skirted with historic isles, and beyond, the Teian shore where Anacreon sung, and where Diana's famous temple stood. Nearer on the left were the mountains where nestled the old, old village of Valisso, which existed away back in that misty age, and where Homer is said to have lived and sung.

The life we led there was even and uneventful. It was a subjective existence, if one may use the term, when impressions are made that are scarcely noticed at the time

but which incorporate themselves with our being and unconsciously shape the character and hence perhaps one's future. We read, we talked, we strolled on foot or on mules, and we dreamed. We were imbibing health for body and mind as the plant draws sustenance from the sun. What I remember especially about those Scian days was enjoying so much of the society of my mother. She was entirely with her children during that summer. She interested herself deeply in their amusements, read or sang to them, and repeated the legends and story of the island. She could be decided when necessary, but she ruled chiefly by sweetness and affection. I was old enough then to begin to appreciate the resources of her mind, as could not have been the case, if I had been younger or had companions of my own age. As I look back to my mother and venture reverentially to analyze her character, I can see that one of her qualities was a thoroughly sane and well-balanced nature, swayed equally by practical common sense and by warm and demonstrative affections, and withal thoroughly feminine. I cannot imagine her endeavoring to win influence, power or fame by invading the domain of masculine faculties or disdaining the sphere in which destiny had placed her. She was proud to be a woman, and to exert her talents and opportunities as such first in the domestic and second in the social or public line of duties.

One of my recreations in Scio was to accompany our Armenian servant Takvore on his foraging expeditions among the plantations or to the market at Port Kastro. We rode on sleek and well-trained mules. The saddles were flat and broad, intended both for loads and for riding, and we generally rode sidewise like the natives. In

this way I saw much of the people, and picked up their patois, a branch of the Doric. As we ambled along the country roads, by leafy lanes up the mountain side or by the sea, the various rural sounds blending pleasantly in the drowsy air, Takvore manifested a vein of sentimentality thoroughly oriental. Allowing the mule to choose its own pace, he beat his heels lazily against the sides of the beast, and launched out into erotic ditties, rendered with quick rising inflection, then passed into a long drawn-out monotone, tapering away to silence. Those eastern songs cannot be said to be musical in the western sense, but they certainly excel in the power of expressing passion and firing the blood. Takvore was a character. Faithful in his duties, trusty to his master, and yet with a certain galliard deviltry about him that was highly amusing. He was versatile and clever, lazy or industrious, at will, and I fear a sad fellow with the girls, in a word, an oriental Sam Weller, or Gil Blas. He followed our fortunes for several years until we returned to America. After that he went to London, changed his name into its English equivalent and became Mr. King; he also adopted the European dress, opened a pastry and confectionery shop in that city, and prospered.

One of our entertainments at eventide was listening to the tap of the *semandroes* or sounding boards used to summon the people to vespers. The subject Christians in Turkey, although allowed many privileges, were not at that time permitted to use church bells out of Constantinople and Smyrna. Accordingly they substituted the *semandro*. There were many chapels in the island, and it was curious to hear the quick *tatao* beaten on the boards far and near, by the seashore, in the valleys, on the moun-

tains. Then night came on and we securely closed the doors and shutters with massive bars, according to the custom of the land. There was no police, the dwellings stood far apart generally, and I have often thought my mother very courageous to live there alone for months. Once, indeed, she had a very serious and mysterious alarm, and perhaps it was owing to this that my father took us home early in August, instead of leaving us there until the heat of September was past.

The exploits in the environs of Smyrna of the banditti to whom I have alluded, together with their confederates in and out of the city, and the desperate character of some of the Frank residents at that time, naturally added greatly to the events which most interested me during the closing years of my life at Smyrna. But as the story is a long one, and I have already related part of it in another work, I can only allude to these facts in this work. These fellows, about whose characters there was little of the romance which some writers have associated with the profession of brigandage, were *Christians*, drawn from the horde of desperadoes who had flocked hither from every thieves' rookery in the Mediterranean, chiefly, however, from Italy, Malta, and Greece, fugitives from justice or adventurers ill-satisfied with their luck, but invariably "good Christians" who would sooner cut a throat than eat meat on Fridays. Turks were not permitted to join their fraternity, nor did they yearn to do so, firstly because they scorned the Christians, and secondly because the Turks, whatever their other faults, have rarely included brigandage with their national pursuits. These Christian ruffians actually forced one of their number to hurl from a cliff a Turkish woman and her daughter whom

he had taken to the rendezvous (after murdering their husband and father) before they would admit him to membership in their band. The splendid nerve this worthy exhibited on that occasion eventually raised him to a pinnacle of fame and power in the Clan that won for him the doom of a brigand chief.

The consternation created throughout the city by such events as the successive capture of the vice consul of Holland, of an English physician, and other prominent individuals, the barely frustrated attempt to steal the eldest daughter of the British chaplain, and the like, can hardly be described here. No one knew when he was safe. No one dared to ride in the suburbs nor felt safe even in the heart of the city. The Turkish government, however, was forced to bestir itself, although the Moslems doubtless enjoyed seeing the Christians thus harrying each other. But the business prosperity of Smyrna and the remonstrances of the foreign envoys made it necessary to crush these disturbances; and soon, the results of Turkish military courage and enterprise began to be evident. The brigands were forced successively out of their dens, and driven to smuggle themselves out of the country in coasters; some were shot, some captured and executed, sometimes by summary hanging in public places, sometimes by methods which they doubtless deserved but which modern civilization condemns. One day I was thrilled by hearing a friend of ours describing to my father a most interesting interview with a noted captain of brigands in his dungeon the day before he was to suffer a lingering death. On another day, as I was thoughtlessly strolling near the bazaars, I was stupefied by seeing a robber hanging by the neck from the eaves of a house. In the East, they do

not perhaps stab a man's reputation and success, by means of the newspaper press as *we* do, but when they strike at his life, they strike to kill. They follow all the forms of law, but the law does not sleep nor dawdle over a case. Whether administered justly or otherwise, it acts with directness and speed. That the Turkish authorities stamped brigandage so thoroughly out of the region about Smyrna speaks well for them, when one considers how it lingers still, a perpetual festering social sore in Italy and Greece, and especially as the efforts of those gentry were directed against Christians, and not Turks.

The condition of things within the city corresponding with the bold outrages in the suburbs, was indicated in no uncertain way by various serious incidents, of which I can mention here only a single typical example. We occupied for a year, a house on one of the *Khans* or courts which I have previously described. This happened to be one of the darkest and most narrow courts in the city, and the dwelling we occupied was an uncanny sort of a place, which had lain empty for years, because it was reputed to be haunted, and it was so shut in, that if there had been ghosts among its dreary corridors we should have escaped from them with difficulty. It was said that a gang of counterfeiters were the real ghosts. They had worked at their trade in the dark magazines under the house, and in order to be able to carry on their schemes safely had derived means to frighten away the occupants. This may have been an explanation contrived to reassure tenants, and there may have been ghosts there, in very sooth. We saw none, but that proves nothing, for we might not have had the "seeing" eye; but we saw and heard abundant rats, and felt earthquakes and heard and saw other matters

enough to make our life there memorable to us. The entrance of the court was guarded by two magnificent Turks with green turbans. But we were one hundred yards away from them at the other end. Over dark dungeon-like magazines, we came to an *entresol*, off the stair-landing, and then passed to a hall, one hundred and forty-four feet long and eighteen feet high; at one end, was the parlor, at the other the dining-room. The former overlooked the Marino, and the latter a winding passage that led to the kitchen. The bedrooms were ranged in a row on one side of the hall, not communicating, and a line of small square windows near the ceiling, pierced the opposite side of the hall. This corridor was reached from the court by a broad stairway. When anyone desired admittance he banged a huge knocker that could be heard half a mile; before opening the door we invariably looked out of the window to see who was there, and then raised the latch by pulling a rope. You can imagine what an awesome kind of a dwelling this must have been. I well remember how lonely and solemn it seemed one gloomy day, when an earthquake shook the city, and made all our bells ring. And that reminds me that this was one of the few residences in Smyrna supplied with bells, placed there probably, by its former tenants, the counterfeiters, to add to its other mysteries. It was while we were occupying this house—that one night, every soul in that part of the city was awakened by appalling shrieks, and the rapid crash of pistol shots, which in those days of huge flintlock horse-pistols, were much louder than the feeble crack of a modern revolver.

When morning came—and it was as fair a Sunday morning, as ever dawned—we heard all about the dread-

ful tragedy that had occurred but a few doors from our house. I relate it here, because it illustrates the character of some of the European colony at Smyrna. There dwelt in that city a well-known Italian of wealth. He was an importer of macaroni and other Italian edibles—and so far as the public was aware, he enjoyed a good repute. On the Saturday evening when this event took place he gave a handsome entertainment to some of his friends. While the banquet was at its height, and the wine was flowing freely, and the merry guests were toasting the bejeweled charms of the fair hostess, his wife, word was whispered in the ear of the host that someone desired to speak with him a moment. He stepped into the ante-room, and instantly returned to request the company to excuse him for half an hour, as he was unexpectedly summoned to attend to an item of business, a mere trifle that would detain him a brief half hour. Turning to Madame, he added that he was sure that *la signora* would do her best to entertain their guests during his absence.

Passing to his own room, the merchant donned a business suit, armed himself, threw a Spanish cloak over his shoulders, and hastened to the Marino gate of the court or Khan which enclosed the office and magazine of the Austrian consulate. Tapping lightly he was softly admitted into the court where five confederates were waiting for him. Evidently there was a seventh who was missing. They were all armed. Without waiting for the seventh, although disturbed by his absence, they proceeded, under cover of the dense shadow of the court, to the office of the consulate, unlocked the iron door with a false key, and immediately laid hold of a massive chest containing

many thousands in gold that was to be shipped Monday on the steamer. The chest was heavy, but the confederates managed to lift it into the court without perceptible sound, and carry it almost to the gate whence they proposed to put it on board a stout boat waiting in the shadow of the pier close at hand. At that moment a troop of Zaptichs or police officers armed to the teeth, together with the porters of the court, sprang on them as it were out of the ground. These guards had been waiting there since early in the evening. A horrible battle ensued. But the robbers were taken by surprise, and although fighting desperately were overpowered by numbers, and in a short time were massacred to the last man.

All of the following day, the six corpses, hacked and mangled almost out of shape and recognition, lay stark naked in a row, on the pavement of Frank street, a ghastly exhibition for the gaping crowds.

This was not the only instance of men of means and apparent respectability, who at that time were in league with bands of miscreants in Smyrna. Brigandage broke out in the neighborhood of that city soon after the incident just narrated, and extended its operations by means of confederates into the very heart of Smyrna. Wealthy residents received anonymous letters, which it was useless to disregard, demanding sums of money to be left at a specified place, at a certain hour. To attempt to have officers on hand to watch or seize the scoundrels was also worse than useless as it would simply lead to the assassination of anyone who resisted the demand in such manner. The regular brigands were, of course, all Christians, raked together, from the scum of the Levant, including some mountaineers, several of them had some

education, but all were drawn together by desperate fortunes.

One day Mr. Richard Van Lennep, the Dutch vice consul general, was seized at the very gate of his grounds and whisked off to the mountains where he was held until the ransom of 65,000 piastres was paid. This capture created an uproar from all Smyrna, and his thrilling account on his return home of his sojourn in the brigand's stronghold, produced a prodigious impression on my youthful fancy. The Turkish government refunded the ransom, I believe, and the Sultan sent Mr. Van Lennep a superb gold snuff-box, set with diamonds, as a salvo to his feelings.

From motives of self-interest the Smyrna brigands allowed no deviation from their code of blood and iron. As Christians they would admit no Mussulmans into their fraternity, and therefore when Yami Katchiky joined them with a young Turkish girl and her mother, who had robbed and murdered their husband and father, they forced him to slaughter the women before they would admit him to fellowship. Nerved by such an imitation Yami, eventually worked his way to the chieftainship. In the same way every agreement or threat made to a prisoner was carried out to the letter. If the ransom money arrived at the appointed time he was instantly released. If there was delay, one ear was sent to the family, with the limit of time stated before the other ear or the head followed. If the brigands were captured they were executed, generally by hanging from the eaves of a house in some prominent place. I remember how startled I was one day to see the body of one of them suspended in

that way, near the gate leading from the Yaliathika into the bazaars.

My seven years of life in Smyrna were full of interest. Aside from the earthquakes, the insubordinate character of the various peoples, the great variety of the Levantine colonists, the numerous sailing craft that swarmed in the port, the picturesque brigands who imperiled the neighborhood, and especially the rare loveliness of the scenery, all gave infinite attraction to my days in Eastern Asia Minor. Chief perhaps, among these, I recall my two months in the superb Island of Scio and the vivacity of the little newspaper called *The Smyrna Star*. These details, however, would be unattractive probably to most of my readers—hence I turn my face to Constantinople, whither my parents were now directed to move, by the American Board.

CHAPTER IV.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

IN 1853 my father and his family were transferred from Smyrna to Constantinople, an event of decided importance to me. A considerable colony of missionaries lived there, including of course, numerous sons and daughters, all of which proved of great interest, although less to me than it would have been to some missionaries' sons; for I was less in sympathy with the missionary work than my companions. Why this was so, I cannot tell, unless it be because of a decided difference of temperament. But on the other hand, I was very soon almost intoxicated by the inexhaustible and bewildering beauty of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn. How can I ever forget the effect of those scenes on my young imagination, just beginning to expand and to respond with fervor to whatever appealed to the eye and the senses. How shall I ever forget the impression then made of the picturesqueness of the groups thronging the streets, the floating bridges and the wharves; the curious rigs of the swarming coasters; the artistic bits that met the eye at every turn; the legend-haunted towers and battlements and the forest of gilded, tapering minarets; the carved caiques skimming like swallows over the turquoise colored waters

of the port, the superb coloring of sky and sea and town; the barbaric splendor of the court-pageants; the entrancing and voluptuous charms of the Circassian women thinly veiled by gauzy *yashmaks*, the piquant beauty of the Perioté girls combining the traits of Hellenic and Latin races, and the wealth of historic associations that pervaded every nook and corner, like the subtle perfumes lingering about a lady's boudoir after she has left for the ball; it hovered over the domes of the imperial city like the lavish glory of the setting sun fading into night. Such were the objects, the scenes, that fired my young enthusiasm and captured my heart forever.

It was at that critical juncture of my life that another of those decisive incidents occurred, which have a distinct influence in shaping one's course in later years. I had begun sketching with pencil and chalk up to the time of leaving Smyrna. But I had reached a point where a thorough discipline in the rudiments of art practice had become indispensable, otherwise, probably, I should have become irretrievably mannered, have lost interest, and entirely abandoned the pencil. One of the first things I asked of my father, therefore, on reaching Constantinople, was to find me a good drawing master, if such there was in the place. As it happened there were several good artists then in that city, who executed excellent sketches of local scenery and *genre* which they often lithographed. Prominent among them were Schranz and Presiozzi. But by far the best artist for my purpose at Constantinople was a young Italian belonging to the Frank colony of the European quarter, called Pera (or the Beyond,) by the old time Byzantines and still known as such. His name was Carlo Brindesi. He was a master in perspective, pen-

cil drawing, fresco and aquarelle. For appreciating the essence of the picturesque, and suggesting it with a few telling strokes of the pencil or brush, whether an old building or a figure I have never seen his superior. If he had settled in Paris instead of in his native city I am sure that Brindesi could have achieved a fame approaching that of Fortuny whose style he suggested. As it was, he preferred to remain at Constantinople, and accumulate a fortune by dashing off telling bits of *genre* in water color which he sold to tourists for good prices. His power of production was great, and while he had all the avidity of a Levantine, he also took enthusiastic pleasure in his work, like the true artist that he was. No one could be more faithful and thorough as a teacher than Brindesi. He often made me copy a drawing several times, and he did not hesitate to slash and criticise; but he also gave judicious praise when deserved. This is an excellent quality not only when imparting instruction, but in every department of effort. Appreciation or praise judiciously but heartily bestowed usually does more good than harsh or indiscriminate censure or cold, sullen assent. This fact is often forgotten even by well meaning people who by withholding a kind, encouraging word at the right time do more harm than good. Several of Brindesi's methods were unusually valuable, and I often thought they might be followed profitably in some of our schools. He insisted, for example, on my using only one pencil, and that a soft No. 1 of prime quality, both for drawing outline and for every variation of finish and shading. The degrees of accentuation were to be expressed by graduating the pressure and often sharpening the pencil. He insisted that only in this way could one represent an even tone and gain full flexi-

bility of the fingers and wrist, and hence complete support between hand and brain; that the fewer mediums one uses the larger his reserve force. He was entirely right. I have proved it by considerable experience both with pencil and brush. I followed this principle when I took up oil painting at a later period, and have always set my palette with fewer colors than most artists, and have confined myself to fewer brushes. This method has been advantageous at least to me. I do not speak for other artists; each, if true to himself, must practice his own method and style. Another of Brindesi's methods, which is only possible when the master has but two or three pupils in the class to copy the same drawings, was to draw the model picture in the pupil's presence. Having seen how the drawing was executed, the pupil was then to copy the style as well as the subject. This required devotion and patience on the part of the master, while for an advanced student it would be undesirable, as tending to check the initiative, the originality of expression, of the would-be professional artist. But up to a certain point, nothing could give the pupil a clearer perception of art methods than such a plan. Few teachers of art, however, have the facility or inclination to follow this practice. Whether Brindesi employed it with other pupils I am not aware. But I do know that he liked my severe application and enthusiasm, and foretold my success, if I should devote myself to art as a profession. He advised me to go to Rome or preferably to Paris, which I ought to have done. Sometimes Brindesi showed his friendly interest in me by inviting me to a stroll in the outskirts of the city, pointing out the picturesque effects and suggesting how I should draw them. Full of the galliard spirit of early

manhood and conceited like a true Levantine, he yet never lost sight of his art, which he loved with all his heart. He was an ideal instructor to whom I owe a lasting debt of gratitude, as to one whose influence in shaping my intellectual tendencies was among the very first. I studied with him over two years steadily, and when I left him had become well grounded in pencil drawing, with a fair knowledge of linear perspective, I had considerable notion of the principles of light and shade, and had made a fair beginning in aquarelle.

Water colors have never altogether satisfied me. If one intends to paint only sketchy effects of color or rapid studies, of course nothing can be more brilliant or telling than a pure wash. But if one desires to represent power, depth, and subtlety, such as the movement of great billows in a sea storm, then oil colors are the medium that most appeals to me. Impressed instinctively by this feeling, during my last year at Constantinople I found my way to the studio of a French painter in oils, Favier by name. He was a short, elderly man, with ruddy complexion, blue eyes, whose fire kindled when he spoke of his art, and iron grey hair, mustache and imperial, having a somewhat military aspect. He received me, although a mere youth and a total stranger, with urbanity, was interested to learn of my artistic aspirations, and seemed to take it as a compliment that I should visit his studio. He talked freely to me of the art of painting in oil, showed me the canvases attached against the wall, and spoke of them with mingled pride and pathos as children of his heart which a busy, capricious public has not yet learned to appreciate. "*Mais que voulez vous, Monsieur; c'est le bon Dieu qui arrange le sort de chacun,*" he said, with

a shrug of the shoulder. He invited me to call again, which I did repeatedly, finding great fascination in that dingy, cob-webbed studio on the hill of Pera, near the Russian legation, and overlooking the entrance to the Bosphorus. I have often harked back to that little known artist, who represented a character that Hawthorne would have lovingly portrayed with his quaint and inimitable pen, one of the multitude of artists and writers whose taste and ambition have exceeded their talents or their luck, but who have still plodded on until old age, loving their pursuits, and nourishing in their bosoms a tiny spark of hope.

I contrived out of my little savings to buy from this artist a canvas, a palette, and some oil colors and brushes. An easel I made in secret, and in secret began to paint a composition representing the ill-fated steamer *San Francisco* fighting her last battle with the storms, a subject about which I also wrote a poem at the same time. I painted privately because I wished to be sure of myself before incurring criticism or censure for neglecting my other studies. But scarcely had I finished my first canvas when my father's death occurred, and years passed ere I attempted again to paint in oil colors.

It is a curious fact illustrating how difficult it is to turn a vigorous mind from its natural bent, that although Brindesi's instruction was wholly in linear and aerial perspective and landscape was subordinate figures thrown in, and although I was completely captivated by the picturesque scenes about me, and often sketched them with great care, and although I had some faculty for seizing a likeness, yet whenever I undertook an imaginary scene

it was almost invariably about ships and the sea. And so it has been all through life.

After the opening of the Crimean war I sent a number of drawings to the *Illustrated London News*, representing scenes connected with the marine operations of that conflict. They were accepted and published. Alone with a Turkish boatman, I skirmished about the Bosphorous and stored my memory and my sketch book with many interesting and attractive scenes. On one occasion, in my seventeenth year, I followed the example of so many newspaper illustrators, and sent to the *London Illustrated News* an "original" drawing of the wreck of an Egyptian Line of battleship on the coast of the Black Sea. It was a wild night scene, the doomed vessel in the foreground, her spars partly gone and her foresail flying in the gale as she plunged madly towards the breakers. The picture received the place of honor on the first page of the paper. I well remember my father's delight. I was busy in my room, turning over my "Liddell and Scott," when I heard him stepping quickly across the hall. The next moment he entered the door, his face beaming and holding out to me the *Illustrated News* which had just arrived by mail. I am sure that he was more elated than I.

Strange to say, when I intimated to my father that I wished to become a professional artist, devoting all my energies to that pursuit, he kindly but strenuously opposed my plan. The singular fact in this case was, that my father acknowledged that I had a distinct turn in that direction and that he had given me every opportunity available to emphasize it, even to drawing on his prospective patrimony to pay for my art instruction. But it

seems that he had merely intended it as an accomplishment to enlarge my mental scope and add to my happiness. He knew little about the condition of art in America except that it had yet to win solid achievement and recognition, in other branches than portraiture for which I had less inclination. To send me to encounter the temptations of Paris was beyond his own intentions and means. It was his cherished wish that I should enter college, where both he and my grandmother hoped that I might be influenced to study for the ministry and become a missionary, but this phase of the question he discretely refrained from pressing. Possibly he already discerned what I had always felt, that that was the very last vocation for which I was fitted. Then I urged him to allow me to go to sea or to enter the naval academy. A sea life or the life of a sea painter was what I desired then with more urgency than anything I have ever wanted to do. But they both felt so earnestly on the subject, that after serious deliberation I agreed to enter college, with a saving clause that I should follow my own choice of occupation after graduation. I was seventeen at the time of this decision and it was settled that I should shortly proceed to America and enter college. Having formed a definite resolution, I wasted no vain regrets on the subject, but with a sort of fatalism decided to do my best, and leave the opportunities or results to destiny. Even at that early age I began dimly to perceive that man's so-called free agency is a fond delusion. His fate depends largely on causes outside of his volition and power, although the theory of free agency may serve to encourage him to persevere, from his sense of individualism.

One of the best instructors I ever had was Madame Brun, who gave me considerable advancement in French, at Constantinople. She conversed admirably, and I learned in that way as much as by exercises and text books. She had lived in Russia and Poland, and the facts she gave me about the Russian government and the relation of nobles and serfs did much to enlighten me at the time of the approach of the Crimean war; this influence was likewise of assistance to me, along with other clues, for arriving at the practical knowledge of Russian character and policy, which proved useful to me when I had official dealings with Russian diplomats at a later day.

The missionary colony at Constantinople was distributed over three districts, of which one was in the European-Greco quarter called Pera; another in the Armeno-Jewish suburb of Hasskeuy, and the third at Bebek, one of the most exquisite spots on the face of the globe. The year before we left the East a lodgment was also effected in Yeni Kapoo, the Armenian quarter of the old city within the walls, hitherto closed to European residents. It was the custom of the American missionaries to hold what was called a station meeting every Saturday at some one of these places to discuss business and advise regarding their Christian labors. The families generally accompanied them. We went sometimes in *arabas* or curious native coaches drawn by oxen and long since extinct, squatting on the mattress spread over the floor as people go when taking what is called a straw-ride in New England. But generally we preferred the fleet Constantinople wherries called *caïques*; they were rowed by athletic oarsmen whose costume consisted of a white intermixed silk and cotton shirt open at the neck and bosom, and with

loose flowing sleeves which exposed the brawny arm. The leg was bare below the full white breeches which reached to the knee. The rich sunbrown of the skin, the grey or black mustache, the scarlet fez and blue tassel, the variegated silk girdle and the red shoes added harmonious notes of color in keeping with the vivid tints of sea, sky and landscape, and the black hue and gilded carving of the boat, the *tout ensemble* presenting an unsurpassed effect of physical manhood decorated with consummate, even if unconscious artistic result. Thus we skimmed by garden, tower, and town, minaret, cypress, grave, kiosk and palace between the romantic shores of the Bosphorus, so composed by nature that never was it seen in its whole extent, but the eye was carried from point to point, and the fancy was ever stimulated by reaching out to what was beyond. Art can no farther go than to kindle enthusiasm and quicken imaginative curiosity by the supreme power of suggestion.

Sometimes with my brother and two companions of our age, who were especially associated with us in active sports, I walked to Bebek on the occasions mentioned above. We followed the string of villages that skirted the shore. The distance there and back was ten miles. We carried short, stout clubs to defend ourselves against the famous groups of dogs that often lay in the middle of the street at cross-ways, or prowled about the meat shops. Singly they were not dangerous, being a low-down lot of curs, but a dozen flying at us at once, required us to bestir ourselves. We were liable also to be insulted or have stones thrown at us, for we were "*Franghis*" or foreign devils. As we went about metaphorically speaking, with chips on our shoulders, somewhat rash,

haughty and proud of being Yankees, it is a wonder that we never met with any serious adventure. When I look back to my life in the East, I am amazed at the immunity we enjoyed, and the general good nature and courtesy of the natives, and especially the Turks, who certainly had no reason to love Christians or Europeans.

Once a year the annual meeting of the missionaries of the American Board resident in Turkey was held at Constantinople. Of course all could not come the same year, but they alternated in representing the stations. As their families usually accompanied the delegates, these occasions served for a change and perhaps a rest. On reaching the capital the delegates were quartered on the resident missionary families. These visits lasted two or three weeks. They were enjoyable to the young people whose companionship in a foreign land, especially in the interior of Turkey, was limited, while their school books were closed for the time being. But my impression is, that these occasions made a large draught on the storage of Christian feeling, brotherly love and physical strength of their elders. The services were conducted with a melancholy fervor that seemed to suggest the complete isolation of the missionary community in a distant, foreign land.

I remember that on one occasion Dr. Schauffler, after some very affecting words, paused, looking over his audience with dread solemnity, said, "My brethren and sisters, we too may say, like the old Guard when summoned to yield, we too may exclaim, that whatever betide us, 'The Old Guard dies; the Old Guard never surrenders!'" To them, all the teeming millions about them were proceeding with headlong speed to eternal suffering

and damnation, and how few had been gathered into the fold of salvation. If they could but have seen their position, as we see it, how their souls would have rejoiced! Although the number of genuine converts to the faith taught by American missionaries was yet small compared with the total population of the Turkish empire, the net result was important in view of the fact that the men and women who had first broken ground there were still living in the full enjoyment of their powers. The converts not only numbered thousands already but were sufficiently numerous, intelligent and influential to be formed into a separate community like that of the Greeks and Armenians, represented at the Grand Porte by an official head who cared for their secular and religious rights. But far more than this, the missionaries had sown the fields with seed that they forgot required ages to produce full crops, but which could not result in crops unless first it be sown. In the evolution of religious thought during the last half century, it is now generally considered that men here and hereafter are to be weighed and tried by a common standard, to wit that they are estimated by the degree in which they endeavor to do their duty according to their environment, according to the conscience produced by that environment. If this conclusion be sound the highest result so far reached by the missionary enterprise it would seem, has been to stimulate altruism and thus to enlarge the standard of ethical or spiritual effort among *our own people*—and this is no small gain.

To descend from important to unimportant matters, I may add that the work of the mission, and especially the annual meetings, were advantageous to me both pecuniarily, and because they stimulated habits of careful

application. Many of the missionary documents required to be copied. There were no typewriters at that time; and these papers were turned over to me. I did the work for much less than an adult, but the sum total was of material value to a youth who had so little spending money. Envelopes were just beginning to be used. Obtaining samples here and there, I laid them on a sheet of paper and drew the outline around them. This I cut out with scissors, folded and pasted. I sold such rough and ready envelopes among the missionaries and the English, and so added to my savings that at sixteen I bought myself a brand, new, silver, hunting watch, hand made of course, which did good service until it was picked out of my brother's pocket while he was absorbed gazing at a picture in a window on Broadway, New York, just before he was commissioned for the Civil War.

Our house was situated in the heart of Pera, opposite the grounds of the British embassy. It was two stories above the ground floor, the latter of stone being devoted to the kitchen, stable and offices. The two upper stories were of wood; above them was a large attic. There was a small backyard, and the cellar, which was closed with windows, leading to a flight of stone stairs damp with mould, was intended for the storage of furniture in case of fires, for which Constantinople was famous.

The Board paid part of the house rent as the greater portion of the second floor was used as a chapel, the partitions being removed. Armenian, Greek and English services were held there every Sabbath.

We met many people of distinction during our residence at Constantinople. The proportion of American

tourists who visited the East in those days was larger than it is now, partly because Algeria, Sweden and Norway, Japan and other now oft visited regions, had not yet filled the popular eye, while the enthusiasm aroused by the Greek Revolution and the poetry of Lord Byron had not altogether waned. There was no one who visited our house at that time whom I remember more vividly than General Williams, the celebrated defender and hero of Kars. He was a typical English soldier, tall, squarely built, erect, with a sort of leonine aspect in his bearing, yet modest withal. His keen blue eye was frank and honest, his florid complexion was mellowed by exposure and emphasized by a trim, iron grey mustache, and his resonant voice was full and hearty. Altogether General Williams seemed a man who could be gentle to his friends, and terrible to his enemies. The illustrious Sir Stratford Canning, later Lord Stratford de Redclyffe, was at that time British ambassador near the Grand Porte, one of the few diplomats who have thoroughly penetrated and understood Russia's unscrupulous and devious policy, or rather her undeviating deviousness, and never flinched from his duty of resisting her plans for panslavic extension. I saw him often and recollect him as of spare habit and pale, but masterful features, a nervous manner, and quick, incisive speech. It is said that he not rarely swore abundantly when his rage was aroused. Of this I have no personal knowledge, but I did see him preside with impressive dignity at a memorable meeting convened at Miseri's hotel for prayer and conference by the missionaries, the Protestant members of the diplomatic corps, and other residents at Constantinople during the Crimean War. Many of them felt with sound reason that one of

Russia's aims in forcing the war on Turkey was to check the progress of the missionary work, which would tend to liberalize thought and religion in a country she herself proposed to absorb in good time.

The Crimean War broke out in 1853. I do not propose to go into the origin and causes of that war; the miserable business of the Holy Places in which Christian nations display the childish and pitifully human side of the majestic creed they profess, nor to narrate the chicanery, arrogance and duplicity by which, under the guise of religious zeal, the Czar of Holy Russia proposed to gain the whip hand in the control of the Turkish empire; nor would I describe the events of the great war that followed. But I may narrate here as succinctly as may be some of the characteristic incidents that came under my own observation.

I well remember the day, in May of 1853, when Prince Menschikof, the fiery and haughty envoy of Russia, took his departure from Constantinople, baffled in his mad attempt to bully the Sultan into making a new treaty in time of peace, and practically abandoning to the sovereignty of the Czar, the Greek subjects of Turkey, legally subjects although members of the Greco-Russian church, as legally the subjects of the Moslem as the Cossacks were subjects of the Muskovite. The courageous firmness of the Turk, which has so often stood him in good stead, backed in this case by the astute firmness of Sir Stratford Canning, thwarted the treacherous designs of the Slav, and out of mortified pride, issued war. The palace of the Russian embassy was a pillared pile of yellow stone situated on the Grand Rue de Pera, and on the brow of the steep slope commanding from the rear windows a

superb view of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn, the Seraglio Point, St. Sophia, and the Sea of Marmora beyond. It was one of the first objects to meet the eye as one entered the port. The grounds were protected on the street side by a high iron fence with gilded gates surmounted by the two-headed eagle of Russia. (Thirty years after that day I passed through those gates to call on the Russian ambassador when I in turn was on the way to establish the United States legation in Persia.)

Menschikof departed in a towering rage. His diplomacy was discredited, and he demanded his passports, ordered his carriage, and went aboard the Russian steamer with the entire suite of the embassy. A dense crowd packed the Grand Rue de Pera, and every window was filled with eager faces, when the colossal descendant of all the Menschikofs issued from the embassy and strode to the coach. The coachman cracked his whip, a cloud of uniformed outriders followed, and the iron gates snapped together with a clang that was soon to be echoed back by the roar of guns on the Euxine and the Danube.

It was not long before news began to come from the northern frontiers, where the Turks were making heroic efforts to resist the advance of the Russian armies. The greatest excitement prevailed at Constantinople; but admirable order was preserved, notwithstanding that the fanaticism of the Moslem and Christian populations might have been expected to lead to bloody collisions. But the latter for once showed the good sense to keep their religious passions from effervescing, while the former were enjoined by the authorities to reserve display of their ardor for the battlefield. Still, there was naturally a certain explosive, volcanic quality in the atmosphere of which

every one was apprehensive until the arrival of the allied forces brought a sense of relief. When we consider the wanton and perpetual intrigues and attacks to which the integrity of the Turkish empire has been subjected for centuries, the forbearance the Turks have usually shown to the Christian populations must be admitted even by those who can see only one side to the Turkish character, rights and polity. For my part, I marvel at their general good nature and moderation, and the greed and duplicity of those who profess to be standard bearers of the Cross and all that Christianity implies but does not always display. The unforewarned and treacherous destruction of the Turkish fleet at Sinope by a far more powerful Russian force, and the slaughter of 4,000 Turks, produced a tremendous sensation at Constantinople, and was qualified to arouse a justifiable fury of the Moslems against the Christians; but not a soul was injured on that account.

This event, however, hastened the arrival of the war fleets of France and England in the Bosphorus, followed by transports bearing troops and munitions of war. There is one fact connected with the Crimean invasion, which I do not remember to have seen mentioned by any of its historians. This was its theatric character. Kinglake, partly an eye-witness, practically exhausted the diplomatic and military aspects of the subject with his marvelously analytical style and his minutely detailed descriptions of scenes, persons and events, but what Kinglake failed to give, was a broad, vivid sketch of that war in its entirety, an impression of the conflict as seen in the mass, rather than in detail. There have been but few great wars of such concentrated effect as that of the

siege of Sebastopol; as one who was on the spot, so to speak, it was quite natural that it should appear to my young mind as unusual and stupendous. But as that great movement has receded, and I am able to look at it in its right perspective, and in the light of a maturer experience, and observation, I find that instead of losing, it gains in relative magnitude, while the simplicity of its plan enables the mind to grasp more readily the picturesqueness of its details and the concentrated grandeur of its operations. It exhibited certain features never exhibited before or since, on such a colossal scale, and which aided to make it unique in the records of war. For example, there have been many wars in which far mightier hosts have been employed, and in which the fame of far greater captains has been made or lost; but none, at least since the invasion of Xerxes, excepting, perhaps, the recent war in South Africa, in which shipping was used on such a vast plan (or was more vital to the prosecution of the enterprise), and none in modern times in which by common consent effort was, from the outset so completely and decisively directed to one point. From the first, the eyes of the world were focused on Sebastopol. It was like a desperate game in which both sides played out their trump cards at the very beginning. At Sebastopol, Russia massed the energy of her hosts; to Sebastopol the fleets of England, France, Italy and Turkey bore the allied armies to concentrate their guns on the vital spot, for two long terrible years to dig, to fight, to suffer, to storm, and within the space of a few miles to shape the destiny of Europe for ages. All the other operations of the hostile powers in that war, the bombardment of Odessa or the ports of the Baltic, the at-

tack on Kertch, the siege of Kars, were mere side shows, subsidiary episodes, in the great drama whose stage was the Crimea, the chief character and victim was the Czar Nicholas, crushed, broken-hearted, to the grave, and the grand climax was the fall of Sebastopol.

The naval fortress of Sebastopol with its extensive dockyard was of course created as a menace to Turkey. The sailing ships of the Russian fleet on the Black Sea could easily make the short distance to Constantinople in two or three days with a fair wind, and, with or without wind, dropping down the Bosphorus by the aid of the swift, unremitting currents that shoot from the Euxine to the Dardanelles. A few sailing line of battleships would have placed the Turkish empire at the feet of Russia if it were not for apprehension of the fleets of the powers. But it was quite otherwise with the allied fleets. Sailing vessels going northward to the Black Sea cannot breast the currents of the Bosphorus except with a strong fair wind from the south. Hence, whenever the south wind set in, vast white winged fleets of merchant men, averaging 10,000 annually, were seen gliding through the azure strait. It is plain that no such expedition as that of the allies could have held together, or manoeuvred efficiently in concert, or even kept the army in supplies, if they had been obliged to depend wholly on the capricious breezes from the south. It was precisely at the period shortly preceding this, that the priceless invention of John Erickson of the screw-propellor began to be supplied to men-of-war and merchant vessels of magnitude. Economy of space and fuel were obtained by this means, while during the early years of the use of the propellor little or no change was made in the sail plan, and hence

such magnificent steam transports as the *Himalayah* and the *Black Prince* were about as imposing as simple sailing vessels, and ships-of-war fitted with screws like the *Agamemnon* and the *Jean Bart* were still in appearance like the old line of battleships. By the aid of these steamers provided with steam power and by smaller steam tugs, the mighty fleets of the allies were able to stem the currents of the straits and reach the destination in the Euxine within measurable time and with calculable concert of action. And what a spectacle it was to watch these vessels, either under sail or their own steam or following the tow line, moving day after day, and month after month, over the blue waters of the Bosphorus, by castle, palace, minaret, village or foliaged cliff, to the stormy waves of the lowering Euxine and the bloody theatre of war. Magnificent and imposing beyond anything one sees now in our day were the gathering of stately line of battleships with their triple rows of guns, or lithe, saucy frigates anchored at Beycos on the Bosphorus. Many an hour, spyglass in hand, did I watch these thrilling spectacles from my window, or, rowed by some picturesque Turk, in a swift caique, among the anchored or moving fleets, and hear the merry whistles of the boatswains which trilled over the water like the music of birds, while the crews practiced at the guns or swarmed aloft like bees.

In this soft atmosphere, the blending of the red of the standards, the gleam of the bayonets, or the burnished corselet of a *cuirassier* merged in an harmonious pattern with the dazzling red and gold uniforms of the chief officers, all made up to my boyish fancy a veil of roseate gauze. The romance of war, never more emphatically displayed than at the review of Ramee Tchi-

flik, so soon alas! to be transformed into the cruel heart-rending tragedies of Inkerman and Balaklava.

The Turks looked on with calm surprise, except when soldiers attacked their cherished customs or prejudices, especially where women were concerned. Two French sailors approaching a native carriage on the bridge of Galata, boldly raised the veil of the lady riding within—no one may do this, with impunity, even if the woman be a prostitute or the wife of the man who does it. The two sailors were sabred on the spot, and no farther notice was taken of the matter. Foreign ambassadors never interfere in such cases.

One day an incident occurred that struck me like an electric shock; I seemed to see the great Napoleon in a figure that rode past me on the narrow street. "Who is that cavalier?" I asked impetuously of a soldier near by. "Why! don't you know?" he said, "that is Prince Napoleon, cousin of the present Emperor, and nephew of the great Napoleon." The lower features of the two were very alike, and on horseback with the head covered, they might easily have been mistaken for one another, but the young Prince lacked the high, full, massive brow of his distinguished uncle. I saw at that time the famous "Scots Greys," the cavalry regiment who participated in the charge at Balaklava, and were immortalized by Tennyson in his lyric, "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

The large yellow quadrangle of barracks on the heights of Scutari received many of the Crimean wounded, and it was there that Florence Nightingale bestowed the greater part of her ministrations. It was there that I saw her; as I remember her, she was a tall, slender, gracefully formed, though rather flat-chested young woman. She

was dressed in white, her brown hair arranged in smooth bands over the temples and ears, the style of that period. It suited her oval face which was comely and refined, yet rather lacking in strength. To the casual observer, she seemed a sweet, delicate, typical English lady, and it was doubtless her Christian charity and desire to relieve suffering that developed in her the force of character that took one of her retiring disposition so far away among strangers. As I remember her through the mists of the past, flitting like some white angel through the long, dark corridors of the Scutari Hospital, it is as though I saw some sweet impersonation of the "spirit of self-abnegation," rather than a being of flesh and blood.

While the allied army were in and about Constantinople a great prayer meeting was held in the drawing-room of the Misserés Hotel d' Angleterre. Many of the English army soldiers belonged to a new sect called the "Plymouth Brethren." They were earnest zealots, and were very democratic in their religious affinities—they seem to me to have been fore-runners in a way, of the Salvation Army. They attended the missionary meetings, but meekness was not an article of their creed, they were of the "Church Militant" and argued warmly with the missionaries on the error of their sectarianism, which seemed to me richness, considering all the circumstances. By Protestants, generally, the religious aspects of the war were well understood, viz.: the ever-recurring question of ownership or disposal of the Holy Sepulchre and religious places at Jerusalem.

About this time, perhaps to emulate the life of a soldier, I began to train myself to Spartan discipline. I poured a pail of ice-cold water over myself every morning,

for two winters, in an open room, regardless of exposure. I secretly took off the mattress and slept on the bare boards of my bed, and by the way, I never slept better, and I really believe the process (which my family objected to) strengthened a tenacious, although yielding constitution.

I was full of an enthusiasm and interest in life, and not reserved in the expression of emotion; a maturer experience has taught me that to disguise one's feelings under an impassive exterior is sometimes the wisest policy.

Bebêk is one of the most charming and romantic spots in the world! From the windows of our house, the Bosphorus, shut in by hills and promontories looked like a lake. Opposite were the green groves skirting the heavenly waters and the old castle of Asia. At one side was a village, rising on steep terraces, and on the other side rose the battlemented tower of the castle of Europe, rising picturesquely above a group of cypresses. These two castles were built by Mahomet, preparatory to the capture of Constantinople. At that point was the bridge of boats on which the army of Darius crossed from Asia into Thrace. There was a charm about this beautiful spot and our sweet family life together there, which was soon to be rudely broken. Blow after blow descended upon us. The idyllic life was shattered; we were, so to speak, sent adrift to breast the billows of destiny. Such crises come to all! We are not choosers, and for *happiness* we sometimes have to pay pawn-brokers' price! If there is "no cloud without its silver lining," it seems to be equally true, there is no "silver lining" without a shadow, correspondingly dark.

Owing to the death of my beautiful sister, Mary, in 1854, my departure for America to enter *college* was postponed to the following year. About midsummer I accepted an invitation to become the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Van Lennep, already mentioned in the previous chapter. They were summering in a plain country farm house on the Island of Prinkipo, one of the Princes Islands in the Sea of Marmora. Whatever the cause I became aware in a few days that I was on the eve of a severe illness and hastened home. The physician, one of the best in Constantinople, immediately ordered me to be leeches and bled. This was done by a barber, who in the East, as in Europe in the days of Gil Blas, was also half a surgeon. I am not prepared to decide absolutely against the use of phlebotomy, at least in such climates, although it is the fashion now to condemn the letting of blood as a relic of barbarism. This remedy was tried on me, several times in childhood and youth, for fevers and contusions, and not only did I recover, but no ill results appeared to follow. From the first, my case was pronounced critical. I became so low that no one spoke in the house above a whisper. That was the symptom I remember as the most painful throughout my sickness—extreme sensitiveness to noise. I was conscious throughout, but apathetic. And yet, although apparently so free from pain, I was but a hair breadth from the grave. I suppose this is often the case with the sick. Those who have been rescued from the clutch of the lion's paw have said that after the first blow, dread of the fearful end that impended, seemed to yield to a passive acceptance of doom.

My convalescence was slow. When able to be moved I was laid on the divan by the window where I could see

the white winged vessels passing by. My mother read to me, and they all ministered to my every want as to one raised from the dead, for all hope had been abandoned. As my strength returned I became aware of the sudden unfolding of a new phase of my mind. Although my course of reading had been multifarious, yet I had read less poetry than other departments of literature, and although appreciating Virgil when studying the Aeneid, I had been practically indifferent to poetry, my sense for beauty and the emotions it arouses having found vent chiefly in an enthusiasm for pictorial art. But now I found myself yearning to read and write poetry, and this feeling first manifested itself in a curious way. There was in Dr. Hamlin's parlor a copy of Scott's *Rokeby*, handsomely bound and illustrated. I had amused myself with looking at the engravings while listening to the music of his fair daughters on the piano, but had felt no inclination to read the poem. But it was to read this very poem that intense hunger now seized me, a hunger akin to the convalescent's desire for food. Diffident of letting my mother know of this newly awakened taste, I confided my secret to one of my companions. He smuggled the precious copy of *Rokeby* into my room, and I devoured it on the sly, hiding it under my pillow whenever my mother's footstep was heard. My bashfulness on the subject was needless, for her poetic nature keenly sympathized with mine when the secret at last came out. That settled the matter, I devoured every book of poetry I could lay hold of; and some very good poetry they had in those days. Some of it may have gone out of fashion with the more modern reader, as that of our day will in turn be laid aside, but it was quite up to the best of today,

perhaps better. Being then as now a wide liker, Milton, Young, Cowper, Bryant, Southey, Burns, Campbell, Byron, Coleridge, Keats, Hemans, Scott, Wordsworth, Whittier, Longfellow, and Goethe, Schiller, Camöens in translations, the Brownings, Tennyson, and many others were read with the avidity with which one gathers the glittering coin of a newly found treasure. Shakespeare and the English dramatists I cared less for at that time than for Homer, Euripides and Moliere. I grew up to a fuller appreciation of him in later years, and still measure my intellectual growth by gaining capacity to understand and enjoy the works of that greatest mind in the realms of literature, Homer and Dante completing the triad of which Shakespeare is the head. Of the poets with whose genius I became acquainted at that time and much of whose work I still read with pleasure, Byron and Tennyson maintain a specially strong hold on my fancy. The latter appeals to me in almost any mood as a thinker, a poet, or a literary artist; while the former carries me back to the home of my childhood and youth. I am now able to see the mere fustian of many of his verses. But they contain a residuum of lofty merit that fires certain chords in my nature, and the cantos of "Childe Harold" and "Don Juan" relating to the Levant transport me back to the Greece and Turkey of those years as does nothing else that has ever been put in print. No one has equalled Byron in the power to appreciate, and the genius to describe the picturesqueness, the fury, the languor, in the life, scenery and character of those climes. His "Isles of Greece" is an immortal epitome of the sentiments and emotions they suggest; and his description of Haidee, and especially of her grim sire Lambro, are amazingly truth-

ful portraits of the people among whom my childhood was passed.

The next phase of the awakening of the poetic in my nature was a keen desire for its expression; and I began to scribble verses with a burning fervor that seemed to indicate that this was destined to be my vocation. I would spring from my bed in the middle of the night, strike a light, and scratch off the lines that came to me almost without effort. Between sketching and reading and writing poetry my brain was in a complete ferment. In one pocket I carried a notebook for my crude effusions, and in another a drawing book in whose pages to dash off a picturesque bit of landscape or marine. Once on my feet again, I seemed to have more than regained the vigor, which in spite of my short stature, made me crave athletic sports, for which I trained myself in a fervor to emulate the Spartans. This was done in secret, but one morning I forgot to replace the mattress, the secret was discovered, and I was strictly enjoined to practice this heroic physical training no more.

After our return to the city for the winter, I prepared to leave for America in the spring, when our family was overwhelmed by an irretrievable and apparently final sorrow. Our house was unhealthy, owing to bad sewage, and the gathering of stagnant water in the fire magazine or cellar. Such matters were less understood at that time than now; and our long immunity from disease had blinded us to the lurking perils that were gradually permeating every corner of our house with pestilential air. We discovered our mistake, a mistake born of ignorance, when my dear father was struck down with typhus fever. Although he had a strong constitution, this being his first

serious illness, the physicians pronounced the case hopeless from the outset, as the attack was very severe, and his system had been sapped by a great strain for years, and the reserve store of vitality had been exhausted. He was conscious until within a few hours of his death, and bade us all a calm, affectionate farewell.

Thus, on the 27th of January, 1855, at the early age of forty-two, while still in the prime of his powers, passed away one of the ablest and most useful missionaries ever commissioned by the American Board. My early impression of his character has been confirmed as I have mingled with men and been able to compare him with others who have achieved distinction. He had scholarly tastes and acquired, besides the ancient classics, the Turkish, French, Armenian and modern Greek languages. In the two last he not only preached, but translated many important works, such as Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" and Danbigne's "History of the Reformation." He had a high spirit combined with great modesty, manly courage, warm affections, artistic tastes, a fine ear for music, the refined manners of a thorough gentleman, a well balanced judgment, a keen knowledge of men, and infinite tact. The career for which, in my opinion, he was fitted was diplomacy. If he had been a native of England or France he would have achieved position in that profession. For the last years of his life an enormous burden of labor was laid on his shoulders. The powers of no missionary in the field were so taxed except Dr. Hamlin, who was made of steel and could only exist by keeping his nerves at high pressure. Although broken by chronic neuralgia and the loss of his daughter, Mary, my father rarely retired before midnight, and was in his study again and resuming

his pen after his private devotions, before breakfast. He had on his hands at the same time the work of translation and revision, the writing and preaching of sermons in Greek, Armenian, and English, the editing of the "Avedaper," which he founded and which was the first Armenian newspaper ever published; and to crown all he was the treasurer and shipper for the entire mission in Turkey, which meant the keeping of books, the reduction of exchange, and a vast amount of correspondence. After his death this department was given to a lay missionary, being alone sufficient to occupy the entire attention of one capable man. My father's abilities are concisely but justly stated in Allen's and Scott's American Biog. Encyclopaedia and elsewhere, viz.: Allen's Encyc. Amer. Biog., Lamb's do., etc.

My mother decided to return with the remainder of her family to America as soon as the preparations for doing so, were complete. But I fell ill again with the same disorder that had brought me so low the previous summer. This attack was less severe; I was pronounced out of danger in two weeks, and in another week was able to be about again. Without further delay we took up our quarters under the hospitable roof of Dr. Dwight while we proceeded to dispose of our furniture and pack what we reserved for the home voyage. Dr. Dwight had recently moved to the Armenian quarters called Yeni Kapoo in the old Byzantium or City proper, named by the Turks, Stambul. Greeks and Armenians, subjects of the Porte, had always been permitted to have their quarters there, but this was the first time since the capture of Constantinople in the 15th century, that any foreigner or European had been permitted to live within the walls of Stam-

bul. For Dr. Dwight to do so, was an experiment desirable in order to be in the heart of the most important Armenian community in Turkey, but it is unlikely that it would have been attempted then but for the Crimean War and the presence of the Allies, which caused the Turks to close their eyes on certain infractions of their less important customs and prejudices. Dr. Dwight lived miles from the Golden Horn, near the ancient battlemented walls that face the Marmora Sea. Almost every day I passed from Dr. Dwight's to our house to see to our preparations. I generally walked, but sometimes took a horse part of the way. I had to traverse Stambul alone, and thus obtained a better idea of that famous capital than I could possibly have gained otherwise at that period.

The day for our departure was not far distant when my dear sister Margaret, about thirteen years old, was obliged to take to her bed with the same dreadful fever of which my father had died. The strength of her constitution prolonged her illness and rendered her sufferings very acute. She passed away at twilight. We were all gathered around her bed as she breathed her last sigh. At that instant a most appalling event occurred. A terrible earthquake shook the city to its foundations. Its violence may be inferred from the fact that the city of Brusa seventy miles distant in an air line was partially overthrown, and several hundred lives were lost, while an earthquake wave rolled across the Sea of Marmora and poured over the battlements of the city walls only a few yards from the room where we were standing by the side of my departed sister. In all my experiences I remember no hour so dreadful.

In less than one year my mother had lost her husband and two beloved daughters. Her home was broken up, and she was now to seek her fortunes in what had practically become to her although the home-land, a strange land. But this was no time to falter. Her Christian faith and fortitude, which under the circumstances I was hardly able to understand, and for which I still fail to find adequate reason, was of the most exalted character. With a sublime faith that all was as it should be, my mother bade farewell to her friends at Constantinople, whose tender ministrations in her hour of trial had increased her attachment, and turned her face westward.

YOUTH.

PART II.

*Glad as the song the lark at daylight sings,
When soaring from the dew;
A roundelay of praise she flings,
From the sun-smitten blue.*

* * * * *

*Not always thus! at last arrived the day
When at my side there stood
A spirit form, not like her sisters gay,
But of a graver mood.*

*Low, were her accents, and her face austere,
She whispered "Youth has gone:
Manhood has come: and hush! for draweth near
The hour of sorrow's dawn."*

CHAPTER V.

COLLEGE LIFE.

THE death of my father and of my two sisters at Constantinople, combined with the severe illness I had myself suffered, had given a shock to my nerves, and deepened my native tendency to melancholy. This, for years, required indomitable resolution on my part to resist.

I still loved Constantinople, but it was a relief at that time to find myself with my mother and surviving brother and sister on board the French steamer *Osiris* bound for Marseilles, and a new home in the West. I think my mother was the first American missionary to take passage to America from Turkey, by steamer, although few, if any, have since preferred the slow sailing ship. The lovely scenery en route and the romantic castles beheld in our passage across France, with stops at Avignon, Lyons, and other cities en route to Paris, were very enjoyable and highly educational. Although too young to appreciate all that I saw, still the hours spent at Notre Dame and Versailles, and in the galleries of the Louvre, the Luxembourg and the Salon, made useful impressions. I was especially taken by the examples of the Dutch School, and I remember with satisfaction that Da Vinci's immortal "Mona Lisa" appealed especially to my artistic

sense, and has led me to cherish the genius of that artist with a permanent veneration.

We reached New York in June, and soon after I presented myself for admission to Williams College. In the matter of the classics and general knowledge I was promptly pronounced fitted for admission; but I was weak in mathematics and was advised to give it serious attention during the summer vacation. I had expected this. But it was unfortunate that my tutor was the best mathematician in the graduating class, to whom that subject came so naturally that he could not see how one could fail to understand a problem almost at sight, and he found it hard to lower his explanations to my dull mathematical perceptions. Hence I entered college qualified to acquit myself creditably in some branches and unfitted by mental constitution and training for others, and therefore unable to hope for the symmetrical average of academic acquirement taught and expected in the American college of that period, and in many at this time. My experience and training had been of such exceptional character that what I needed was a course of preparation and intellectual effort altogether different than that of the four years now before me at Williams. I realized this to a certain degree. But having once resolved to carry out the wishes of my dear father, I had abandoned all idea of painting, and an academic course followed by some literary avocation seemed to be my destiny. *Ceteris paribus*, it is also of value, even if one does not shine in his classes, to have the four years of fun, discipline, or democratic intercourse with other minds, such as one can hardly gather in any other way than by the college course. Therefore, although my college life was of far less im-

portance to me than it is to some, yet I would not lose for anything some of my recollections at Williams. The textbooks did me little good, but the general experience was invaluable. Mr. William D. Howells once said to me that one regret of his life was that he had never been through college. Not, he was quick to add, because it would have enabled him to write any better, but because every college graduate, however obscure, had the advantage of him in the possession of a fund of experience entirely special and delightful, to be acquired in no other way, and which made collegians a class by themselves.

I shall not soon forget the first meeting of the class of '59, summoned after our initial recitations, to compare notes, "size each other up," lay the foundations of an *esprit du corps*, and suggest the lines on which we were to maintain class prestige against all, and especially against our natural enemies the sophomores. The occasion was one of unusual interest to me, because it illustrated to a remarkable degree the fact that there is no place where a man finds his level so surely as in college. The oft quoted adage that one is taken at his own estimate, that is, if he holds his head high the world more readily accords him credit, is only measurably true, like many other popular maxims. It holds good only until the world has had opportunity to discover whether one's self valuation and bearing, are borne out by actual merit, whether of brains, money or station. A college is a microcosm whose members are sufficiently mature to exercise, but with less responsibility, the passions, ambitions, shrewdness, meanness, malice, duplicity or nobility of men in the larger world outside. It is perhaps because of his youth and that the comedy of college life is limited to four short

years, that the young collegian more quickly reveals his nature and ambitions, and for that reason is more quickly diagnosed and placed at his true level.

I observed the proceedings of our first class meeting therefore, with great interest and curiosity. The situation was entirely novel to me because I had studied chiefly with tutors rather than in preparatory schools, and was also quite unfamiliar with deliberate assemblies to which every American youth early becomes accustomed. Being diffident, it is likewise my habit, a habit I have carried through life, to say but little or at least to be cautious and non-committal, when with those of whose character or mental calibre I was ignorant. Allowing them the initiative, I would, as it were, draw their fire and ascertain our relative strength. Having measured this I could then either continue reserved, or could launch out in directions in which I felt myself to be equal or superior. In the present instance I also perceived instinctively that my position was especially anomalous, suggesting unusual caution on my part.

My classmates had far more textbook drilling than I, and a better knowledge of how things were done and what opinions were popular in America. On the other hand my general information was far greater than theirs, my reading was larger and broader, and my mind was less interested in what was local and concerned our immediate environment, than in what concerned foreign questions and the world at large. My tastes were more catholic, covered a wider range. But I knew enough of human nature to be aware that to intrude my own tastes or wider information at that time would simply cause me to be misunderstood, and my only course was to maintain silence, doing what-

ever I had to do as well as possible, and leaving results to take care of themselves. This resolution cost me very little, for I was not then and never have been much bothered by ambition. What I have really desired has been to follow my tastes unmolested, unhindered, whether for the sea, for art, literature, or sport. If anything came of it, all right; if not, at least I had the personal satisfaction as I went along. The honors of life have from the first, seemed to me too uncertain, too evanescent, to be made an end, and to money I was indifferent, except as it became necessary as a means to an end. For these reasons I can honestly say that I have never been jealous of others who, without more ability perhaps, but with greater energy and ambition, have outstripped me in the race for wealth, influence and fame.

As matters turned out, my freshman year proved more eventful for me than I had any reason to expect. It was doubtless due to extreme verdancy that I had the presumption to aspire to become a contributor to the *Williams Quarterly*. This was a serious, slightly heavy, but dignified magazine, one of the first college periodicals as it also continued to be one of the best until smothered in later years by more pretentious, ephemeral, and "up-to-date" rivals. The *Quarterly* was essentially an organ of the upper classes, and was conducted by five editors selected annually from the senior class. One of them was supposed to manage the business end as publisher, while the others edited in turn one of the four quarterly numbers. Two of the editors in my freshman year were John J. Ingalls and James A. Garfield. The former became a distinguished member of the United States Senate, and the latter reached the White House. They roomed together. Of course I

was not at that time in the secret of the greatness that destiny had in store for them, but at any rate they were seniors and ranked among the leaders of intellectual ability in college; this was enough to suggest great prudence and circumspection on the part of a freshman in approaching them. It was therefore with some trepidation, that, without breathing a word to anyone of my daring purpose, and actually in my first term freshman year, I knocked one morning at the sanctum of the above mentioned grave and august seniors. Garfield opened the door. He was putting on a clean shirt and Ingalls was shaving himself before the glass. Garfield, considering his powerful physique and seniorial rank, was affable, and good naturedly invited me to enter, while Ingalls contented himself with a cynical glance of scorn out of the corner of his eye such as he employed with such withering force on his political foes, in later years. I modestly declined the invitation, apologized for intruding at such an hour, and placed in Garfield's hand a poem which I desired to submit for admission to the *Williams Quarterly*. Garfield took it politely without the common editorial observation that "they were just then overcrowded with matter, and said this without prejudice to the merits of the article," and replied that he would carefully read my manuscript. There was, however, a quizzical, half humorous look in his eye, as of wonder at the assurance of a freshman who so early ventured to invite inevitable rejection. I thought no more of the matter, however, until the issue of the next number of the *Quarterly*. To my surprise, the entire piece, a poem of some 200 lines in blank verse, the scene on the Bosphorous, was published, and I found myself achieving an altogether unexpected prominence

in the college. A review of the poem was read at a meeting of the Philotechnian Society, and during the rest of the course I think not a number of the *Quarterly* appeared without one of my contributions.

Garfield, as is well known, entered college late and was about twenty-seven when he graduated. He wore a full brown beard, and not only looked but actually was, more mature than most of his fellow collegians. This fact alone, however, would not have sufficed to give him the prominence he held while an undergraduate. His talents and force of character made him easily a leader, whatever his age. If he lacked at the outset, some of the educational advantages of his classmates, which some consider essential, on the other hand his contact with exceptional phases of life, had given him a power which told when he applied himself to his collegiate course. It is experience and observation no less than books that educate and round out the mind. Much stress has been laid on Garfield's unusual scholarship. It was unusual, perhaps, to see an American engaged in the political arena possessing much scholarship for if our public men begin, with some smattering of the classics and elegant literature, it is generally pretty well rubbed off in the rough-and-tumble scramble by which they reach congress or the White House. Garfield undoubtedly had a natural taste for such studies, but I question whether he was entitled to be considered a scholar, except by comparison with most of his political colleagues. He simply did not have time either in war or in politics, to carry his studies very far; and certainly the course at Williams in those days was not qualified to make great scholars, except in mental science. Garfield's reputation and influence in college, so far as I remember, were chiefly

due to other forms of ability more in line with the successes of his career in after years. Garfield was a clear and forcible rather than an elegant writer of prose and verse, he had a logical mind, a powerful way of presenting an argument to an audience, and remarkable quickness of repartee, humor, and sarcasm in debate. His massive figure, commanding, self-confident manner, and magnificent bursts of fiery eloquence, won and held the attention of his audience from the moment he opened his lips. All these qualities were in their prime during his senior year, and I question whether he was ever more eloquent or convincing in congress than he appeared on the college forum, with the faculty of one of the most critical audiences in America to laugh and applaud. He was undoubtedly one of the greatest natural debaters ever seen at Williams College. When it was announced that Garfield was to speak collegians and townsfolk all crowded to hear him. No one enjoyed listening to him more than dear old Prex Mark Hopkins, who, of course, sat on the platform in full view of the audience, his Ciceronian profile clearly outlined against the background. He would sit there doubled up in his armchair with his long thin legs twisted into a knot, and would almost go into convulsions of laughter.

Garfield had a hearty, hale-fellow-well-met manner, apparently the outspoken good nature of an honest, genial, democratic heart, which led many, when he was in public life, to consider him insincere, but my impression is, that there was originally no guile in the "gush" as it was called, which made him enemies at the height of his career because of the fact that his acts did not always tally with his professions. It was the natural manner of a person who was good natured but not very deep. The habit of

promising favors clung to him when he was in affairs, and when it would have been the truer policy to himself and to others, to hold himself with more reserve. Perhaps he did not have the talent so important in social and especially public life, of being reserved in the spoken expression of his ideas, and yet affable in manner. Blaine had this gift, and thus won full as many friends as he merited. Benjamin Harrison lacked it, and thus lost half that he made, or might have had, and also his reelection. Garfield, from conviction or policy, belonged to the anti-secret association at Williams, which was pledged to fight and, if possible, demolish secret societies. While Garfield was at Williams the anti-secrets formed a powerful body, but eventually the organization lost spirit and disappeared. He was also a Campbellite preacher at that time and on Sundays earned a few honest dollars to pay his weekday expenses. I fancy that as Garfield gained scope in war and politics his interest in the pulpit declined. When he was elected President I resolved that at least one of his friends should not use the acquaintance as a lever to office and I asked nothing from him. I wrote him a congratulatory note to which he very cordially replied in a holographic letter. Considering how busy he must have been at that time, and that he had nothing to gain from me, this certainly looked as if he had more sincerity of feeling than his enemies allowed him. My personal recollections of him are wholly favorable.

Toward the close of freshman year I ventured to send a short poem to the *Independent*, at that time one of the great powers of the northern press—entitled the “Arctic Ocean.” It was accepted and published over my initials, and was copied by *Littell’s Magazine* and other

periodicals. During the year I gradually found my affinities in college, arrived at certain opinions on various questions in and out of the institution, some of which I have seen no occasion to revise, and gained fuller courage to give expression to my convictions. I held a respectable rank in Greek and Latin; and gave our excellent, enthusiastic Latin professor, Lincoln, great and unexpected pleasure by preparing metrical versions in English of some of Horace's odes. Unfortunately I have lost every copy of these translations in moving about, and therefore have no present means of knowing what was their actual merit.

But in mathematics my standing was simply deplorable. The professor, to save his conscience and my feelings, called me up to recite as rarely as possible, and then I usually "flunked."

The amount of it all was that my mind was not so much averse to mathematics as that it reached conclusions and solved problems by methods other than those laid down in the books. As occasion has required, since leaving college, I have solved problems I could not successfully tackle there by the textbooks. There was a radical difficulty in my mental make up, which hindered progress in mathematics as taught. The student in that field must take much on faith, accepting formulas, axioms and processes without question, and proceed as if he understood them whether he does or not.

At this crisis, a happy avenue of escape offered itself, which I received with rejoicing. The year before, a student had been admitted to college on a tentative basis which has been quite common since, termed the "university course." It was an experiment not regarded favorably

by the faculty as it might prove an entering wedge for subverting the procrustean system of the American college of the period. The university student was required to choose two of the current studies and attend the recitations in them, it being implied that the course furnished studies which he could pursue congenially. His continuance depended, however, on his standing in the studies he selected; and for these privileges he was obliged to abandon all claim to college honors and degrees. No sooner was this expedient suggested to me, than I accepted it without a moment's hesitation. I cared nothing for the college honors, and never dreamed of aspiring to them. I was in college to please my parents and to fit myself for the inevitable struggle beyond. I felt that at last I was relieved from a crushing burden. I had given much useless time and some health to the mortifying study of mathematics in my freshman year, which had placed me in a false position and prevented me from doing justice to myself and my aims. I had, in a word, been chewing a file instead of meat. Now, at last, I was comparatively free again, and I entered my sophomore year with a sense of relief such as I have rarely experienced.

And yet, when I consider the conditions of life at Williams College in those days I rather wonder what it was that kept me there at all. For one who went there as I did from a genial climate, the picturesque and romantic scenery and life in the Levant, the contrast was harsh and repelling. But as it is my nature to carry to a conclusion whatever I undertake, I kept to my original resolution in favor of the collegiate period to the end.

For various reasons; doubtless the result of applied civilization, the Berkshire climate appears to have grown more agreeable of late years, and the college discipline and regulations have kept pace with nature's increasing amiability. The sons of the wealthy have also invaded the institution in large numbers, often sons of graduates, bringing with them the manifold luxuries of the age; the college endowments have likewise greatly enlarged, and the town has financially become a fashionable resort for permanent or opulent summer residents. The general tone of the place has, in fact, become so wonderfully modified that any description of Williams College, when I was a sophomore, is sufficiently historical to require no justifying plea.

The students and villagers worshipped together on the Sabbath in the Congregational Church on the hill, which was also the site of old Fort Massachusetts. The students occupied the gallery. The spire of this building was razed to save repairs, and eventually the entire structure was levelled as it did not harmonize with the contemplated village improvements. It was a barn-like structure painted white, with green blinds. But it was rich with the associations of many commencements and college entertainments, including many incipient flirtations, and from its plain pulpit had been delivered some of the greatest sermons by the greatest preachers ever heard in the United States. It was a mistake to tear down that old temple. It should have been remodeled and preserved on that commanding site where everyone as he entered the town could see at once the structure which suggested the mental and moral grandeur on which the greatness of New England was founded. The college day began with prayers at six

o'clock summer and winter. This meant that we often had to fight our way in the face of a driving snow storm before daylight, leaping from a warm bed to throw on a few hurried clothes, some even going unwashed and uncombed, and still in night shirts under their shawls or overcoats, facing dense, stinging clouds of driving sleet and snow or burying themselves in great drifts in their efforts to reach the chapel ere the doors were shut, the doleful peal of the bell the while rising and falling on the howling blast. The chapel was bitter cold, but even thus, some under their shawls stole a glance at their textbooks, as "Prof. Al" or "Prof. Perry" offered prayers to which the response could only have been perfunctory under the circumstances. From prayers the three lower classes proceeded directly to recitation in rooms some distance from chapel. Our room was on the ground floor. Most likely we found the member of the class who for a pittance took care of it trying to make the feeble, ill-smelling whale oil lights give out a pale gleam, or blowing the fire in the box stove into a smoky flame. Perhaps the room was already half full of smoke, which obliged us to open the door, when the wind and snow whirled in and made it pleasant for those who sat near it. We had to sit out the recitation for a full hour with empty stomachs and closely crowded on a hard, narrow bench that ran around three sides of the room against the wall. Those who sat near the stove if the fire became fairly ignited, roasted their faces and chilled their backs. Those who sat farther away, froze both their faces and their backs. The recitation was continuously interrupted by sneezing and coughing. That was before the days when people had become so tender that they turned pale at the words microbe or

bacteria. After recitation we were graciously permitted to go to breakfast.

The condition of the dormitories was about on a par with the classrooms. They were heated by box stoves, the fuel being wood. With this feature of the heating there could be little complaint, for there is something rarely cheering in the roar of blazing wood compared with the sullen warmth of coal. Those of the students who could afford it had their beds made and rooms swept by a tall, lank, withered old janitor named Cox, usually dubbed the Professor of Dust and Ashes, but many took entire charge of their own rooms, and the hour after breakfast was devoted by them to sweeping, bed making, bringing in wood and kindling the fire, lucky if they did not have to chop and saw their own wood.

There is no question, however, that we contrived to extract considerable entertainment out of our college life. But after these long intervening years the impression resting in my memory is that the first half of my college days was depressing. This may have been partly due to the state of my own mind at the time. But it was also due to the fact that we were oppressed by a Puritanism of the densest character. I blame no one for this. Men for the most part act or believe as they are educated by precept or environment. If the Faculty had not believed what they sought to enforce by constant pressure and influence they could not at that period have been elected to chairs at Williams.

To be obliged to attend prayers twice a day on pain of serious penalties at a time when my character was practically formed, I resented. To be forced to appear at two long services in a cold church on Sunday without

liberty to select my own place of worship or be expelled, seemed to me an outrage. I was a man and no longer a boy. I felt this duress the more keenly because of the sombre, tremendous, denunciatory character of much of the preaching to which we must listen. But a large proportion of it, I must admit, was of a high order of eloquence and logic. Of course when Dr. Hopkins preached few of us desired to stay away. Even when we could not accept his terms we listened to the march of his logical periods and the peal of his magnificent eloquence as to a matchless intellectual feast. Others of the faculty were likewise good sermonizers. But the universal tone of the preaching to which we were forced to listen in term time was on the whole damnatory, slightly qualified according to the disposition of the speaker, and the bottomless pit was ever yawning before us. The Saviour's love was sometimes mentioned, but what did that avail by contrast with the denunciation of such paintings of Pandemonium? I could never quite understand what I had done up to that time, that was so unspeakably criminal, and deserved such fierce condemnation and penalty; and if I had already become so wicked, wherein lay the goodness or justice of a Creator who would bring me into the world to become a candidate for eternal suffering and perdition before I had barely reached mature years? This thought produced an unwholesome spirit of defiance, but the pressure brought to bear on all of us was tremendous, and the solemnity that pervaded the entire community, funereal.

One of my classmates, who was reputed to be a member of the rapid set, "came under conviction," as the phrase goes, at one of the revival meetings. On returning to his

room, overcome by a spasm of virtue and piety, he snatched up his box of tobacco and flung it with disgust into a corner, exclaiming, "Let the d——d thing lie there!" After the first impulse was over, I believe he resumed smoking.

Sophomore year was marked by yet more strenuous religious effort than my freshman year. But my spirits were rather less affected by it; partly because my course of study was more congenial, and partly because certain elements had come into my life which divided my attention. One of these was the entrance into the Kappa Alpha secret society which brought me into contact with some of the best men in college on such terms of social equality as to prove highly beneficial to me, as many of them were, of course, in advance classes, and their experience was of great service. Some of the most enduring friendships of my life were formed in this admirable association, and I look back with unqualified pleasure and gratitude to the advantages I enjoyed while an active member of the Kappa Alpha chapter at Williams.

It was during the first sophomore term that an amusing incident occurred. There were several of the class, as there are in every class, who stood not in awe of serious things and found a more or less rational diversion in the gentle art of hazing. It is unnecessary to record in this place that various efforts in this direction, which vexed the faculty cheered even the serious students, and gave a temporary notoriety to the chief actors in this phase of the college drama.

One incident I remember seems worthy of being rescued from oblivion. One evening while three of these worthies were devoting their energies to making one of their class-

mates particularly miserable in his room, which was in a private house, a scout reported to the faculty, who were at this time especially on the watch to catch the hazers in *flagrante delicto*, were close at hand. The hazers did not tarry on the order of their going, but hastened to leap from the second story window to the ground just as the advance files of the faculty burst in the door. One of the fugitives unfortunately left his large silk hat behind him. The well known character of one of the hazers, the fact that he was the largest man in college, and one of the very few students who wore such a hat, naturally suggested that W. was the owner of this especial hat. He was therefore summoned to appear before Professor Tatlock, the executive of the sophomore class. After putting various questions which were skillfully parried, the professor took the hat from under his chair, and said, "W., try on this hat." It fitted exactly. This was apparently proof positive, and it seemed as if nothing more remained to be said, when W. unexpectedly turned the tables by saying, "Professor, will you try on the hat?" Professor Tatlock was so dumbfounded that, without thinking, he also tried on the hat, and it fitted him literally to a hair. This stroke of wit was so effective that there was nothing to do but to allow W. to go free with a warning. This incident has repeatedly gone the round of the press in recent years as having occurred at this or that college. It actually occurred at Williams College in my sophomore year.

During my first sophomore term the editors of the *Williams Quarterly*, actuated by a commendable desire to stimulate literary activity among the students, offered a small money prize for the best prose essay of a given

length. The successful essay was also to be published in the *Quarterly*. The Professor of Literature was the chairman of the deciding committee, and the competition was open to every class. I sent in a paper, and gave the matter no further thought until I saw my good friend and classmate Walter de Forest Day coming toward me one afternoon waving his hat in the air. When he came up to me he seized my hand and warmly congratulated me for winning the prize. I confess that I was greatly surprised myself, for there were some vigorous writers and thinkers in college, and I hardly supposed that a sophomore in the first term could win over the heads of juniors and seniors. The essay was crude in thought and decidedly sophomoric in style, but in common with other articles I wrote in college, it had an affluent flow of language and the warmth of sincere unaffected enthusiasm which came from the heart.

CHAPTER VI.

COLLEGE VACATIONS. RALPH WALDO EMERSON AND DR. HOPKINS.

My college vacations were partly spent at my maternal grandfather's place at Concord, Massachusetts, whither he passed the summers after leaving Trenton. He was descended from the Wheelers who, I have been told, received two centuries and a half ago a grant from the Crown of the tract now covered by the town of Concord.

My grandfather, moved by these traditions, was led to purchase an old place for a summer residence from one of the Wheelers still resident in Concord. The Concord River ran through the grounds at a point where it was crossed by a venerable stone bridge with three arches, that was noted in the early history of the Revolution. Becoming impaired by age and weather, it has in late years been replaced by a modern structure. Happily I made a careful drawing of the old bridge during one of my visits to Concord. The mansion stood on rising ground at the top of a lawn that sloped to the River. It was a rambling but not inelegant structure erected in colonial times, and had an added and appreciable value because it was occupied by Harvard College during the period when the hostilities between the old country and the

colonies obliged the temporary removal of that institution. There was a good library of standard literature in the house, and it was one of my favorite habits when at Concord to read in bed an hour before rising in the morning. Through the open windows I heard the haymakers whetting their scythes and the lowing of the cattle, and breathed in the fragrance of tedded hay and honeysuckles. How long ago seem those magical days of my youth! Sometimes I took a gallop over the good roads of old Concord, or let the horse saunter at will by Walden Pond and Thoreau's Cabin in the woods, or by the old Manse immortalized by Hawthorne. He was not there at that time, I think, at least I never saw him. But I met Emerson repeatedly. My uncle, who was a man of fine culture and literary tastes, a valedictorian at Williams at seventeen, and a clear headed lawyer, was well acquainted with the sage of Concord, and they sometimes walked together toward evening. But I was then too young or too immature fully to appreciate the calibre of the tall, slender, serious, homely but kindly faced philosopher who did so much to give character and fame to our national literature. I met Mr. Emerson years later, on the occasion of my being invited to read a paper before the Literary Club of Concord. He was present and sat near to me. When I had finished my reading, he put a number of questions, and a pleasant conversation ensued, apropos of the subject of the lecture. In the course of the conversation, Mr. Emerson said, "I think that American authors are more modest or reticent in speaking of themselves and their work than European authors. I remember a curious example of this fact that happened when I was abroad. At an entertainment which I attended when I was in Lon-

don I was introduced to Mr., afterwards Sir James Ferguson, the architect and writer on architecture. As I was thinking of visiting the Continent, I asked him to inform me of some work that would give me such descriptions of the chief buildings as would enable me to study them with intelligence. He answered, 'Mr. Emerson, I know of no work that will answer your purpose better than my Hand Book of Architecture. I would advise you to get it.' Now," continued Mr. Emerson, "I can conceive of no American author who would think of recommending any of his own books so unblushingly."

This incident, so illustrative of Mr. Emerson's simple, unaffected modesty, seemed to me rather as an evidence of certain traits peculiar to himself rather than applicable to American authors as a class. It is quite conceivable that outspoken egotism may be found among American men of letters. Certainly every one can remember native authors whose manner if not their speech has plainly indicated a self appreciation quite equal to those of Europe.

During the latter part of sophomore year I sent an article describing my trip to Brusa accompanied by several illustrations of my own, to the *National Magazine*. This periodical was published by the Methodists and held a respectable rank at a time when *Harper's Monthly*, the *Knickerbocker* and *North American Review* were the only really prominent magazines. My article was accepted and published by the *National Magazine*. The illustrations were very well engraved considering the state of the art in America at that time. But to my surprise I received no check and heard not a word from Dr. Porter, the editor. Being densely ignorant of business matters, and especially as to the relations which not uncommonly

obtain between author and editor or publisher, I wrote to the editor of the *National Magazine* that if the check has miscarried it should be looked up. The blood curdling reply which I received should have proved an eye-opener that ought to have effectually diverted me from any intention of making a livelihood by the pen. The reverend editor stated that he did not propose to pay for my article; it ought to be sufficient compensation for a new writer, a young collegian at that, to see his article published and illustrated in a periodical like the *National Magazine*. The reputation thereby acquired would bring other opportunities which might in time lead to pecuniary rewards. Doubtless according to the ethics of some periodicals the Doctor was acting within his rights. But I did not know of the fact then. Hence, instead of accepting the pious editor's reply as final, I was so unsophisticated as to renew my request for a check. Of course no attention was paid to my reply. Happening to be in New York some weeks later, I called on Dr. Porter. He received me civilly; he was handsome, courteous, dignified, clothed in the conscious integrity of his Christian profession. But he firmly though blandly declined to pay me a cent for my article. The next day I wrote him that if I did not receive a check by return mail I should place the matter in a lawyer's hands. The check came, and a liberal one too for those days!

Notwithstanding my success on this occasion, I would on no account advise a young writer to follow my example in a case of this sort. It is poor policy in the long run as things are constituted in the literary world. Write for nothing in the form of money until your reputation is sufficiently established to create a demand for your work.

Write because, like the "Ancient Mariner," you have something to say and must say it or die.

While recording this disagreeable incident in my early literary experiences it is only fair that I should mention an experience of an opposite character which occurred about the same time. Theodore Tilton was then managing or literary editor of the *Independent*. I sent poems to that paper several times while in college, and occasionally after that. He published them promptly, writing me kind, pleasant notes about them. Although I never asked pay for them, entirely satisfied to find such an excellent medium for publishing them, yet he sent me checks ever after the first publication of my poems in his columns. This modest success did not delude me however, into the preposterous hope of making a living out of writing poetry in this age and country. And the poetry I may have composed since those days and published at long intervals has been solely for the gratification of personal emotions regardless of public acceptance. On one occasion Mr. Tilton performed an act of editorial courtesy altogether unique and which I can never forget. Not having space for one of my poems on a timely subject, he actually took it to another periodical and had it published there within a fortnight.

In the summer of 1858 I took a walking expedition with my friend Day such as were quite the vogue with students of our country colleges in those days. Now they go on bicycles or automobiles or devote themselves to aquatic and athletic sports. I had already taken a number of tramps around Williamstown proving that I was naturally a good, enduring pedestrian. We carried knapsacks on our backs and averaged twenty-five to thirty

miles a day. Our last stretch, from sunset until nine o'clock the next morning was thirty-five miles. This trip with my good friend Day was one of the most enjoyable excursions of my life. I was enchanted with the scenery of Vermont through which we passed, and perhaps the impression made upon me at that time had some influence in taking me back to that State later in life, and passing my summers for many years with my dear wife and daughter, on the shores of what seems to me the most picturesque sheet of water on the continent. Eventually we built there a long, low bungalow, about one hundred feet above the lake on the shores of a beautiful bay, about fifteen miles from Burlington. The site commands one of the finest views of the Adirondack region, on the Vermont side of the lake, and off in the east are seen the rounded summits of the Green Mountain range.

We struck north among the lovely intervals lying west of the Green Mountains to Rutland and Otter Creek. We then turned westward to Lake George. What added to the pleasure of the trip was the delightful companionship of Day, a man who combined in his character the sterling qualities of his English and French ancestry. To rare, sturdy integrity he added steadfastness in friendship, warm affections, great delicacy and refinement, an appreciative love of the beautiful in Nature, tact, a delicious sense of humor, and a keen perception of human nature. He had a passion for sport, especially trout fishing, and enjoyed the gift of elegant literary expression. Day studied medicine. For many years he was professor in the college of *Materia Medica* and Medical Inspector of the Board of Health of New York City. He died of heart disease in the prime of life. Our friendship

continued to the last, and I was indebted to him for many disinterested evidences of friendship.

We reached Fort William Henry Hotel at Caldwell about twilight. In our checked shirt sleeves, less common in those days at summer resorts than now, carrying knapsacks in our hands, and somewhat the worse in appearance for marching all day along dusty roads, we walked boldly to the clerk's desk at the moment a stage load of fashionable ladies and gentlemen were also arriving. The clerk took a quick professional glance at us over his flamboyant stud and to our request for rooms replied carelessly, "Yes, I guess so," and then studiously neglected us while he attended to other business. Finally my companion, as the elder, exclaimed briskly, "If you can't let us have a good room right away, we'll go over to the Caldwell House." A tone of confident assurance goes a great way in this world; modesty must wait, however becoming, while confidence commands. The clerk took a second look, and this time seemed to discover gentility, perhaps money, under our dust stained clothes. He promptly summoned two colored boys to carry our knapsacks to one of the best corner rooms on the second floor. When we reached the apartment the boys, who had not yet discerned as much as the clerk, invited us in a sneering tone to show them the goods we had for sale in the packs. Day made a dash for one of them, I seized the other, and they went out of the door so quickly they had not time to know whether they were on their heads or their feet. This thrilling incident evidently echoed to the ears of the head waiter in the dining hall, and when we appeared before him after bathing and donning dark suits and white linen, we were served like princes in disguise. Nothing was too good for

us. After supper we met some friends who were staying at the hotel. This confirmed the employees in their revised estimate of our social position. And when we left dressed as we had entered the hotel, as mere pedestrians, we were treated as lords. I relate this trifling incident because it is typical of the way of the world in the larger affairs of life. It was an epitome of human nature!

We were up betimes the following day, proposing to take a trip on Lake George in the Steamer *Lady of the Lake*. But on comparing purses we found our funds too low to afford it. We therefore reluctantly abandoned the sail; and I contented myself with taking a few sketches including one that had the steamer in the distance gliding away on what proved to be her last trip. A few hours later she caught fire and burned to the water's edge, seven or eight of her passengers losing their lives. It was a narrow escape for us.

Nearly half of my Junior year was passed away from college by permission of the faculty, on condition that I should keep up my studies in my absence. The American diet of those days especially, consisted largely of hot biscuit, hot cakes, and the like, so different from the wholesome, well seasoned cuisine to which I was accustomed in the East, disagreed with me, together with recitation in cold, bare rooms at unseasonable hours, and long sessions at religious services immediately after hearty meals. In other words I was not yet acclimated to American life. One result was a serious illness that greatly reduced me. During my absence I assisted my mother to establish herself at Brookfield, Massachusetts, where she decided to open a family boarding school for girls.

During this absence I was informed of my unanimous election as one of the editors of the *Williams Quarterly* for the ensuing year. This was one of the most gratifying incidents of my college course for I really desired it, but, as usual in such matters, had not even expressed a wish on the subject and did not expect it under the circumstances.

My senior year passed serenely. Few incidents of that period linger in my memory, hence it must have been serene. The studies were of a higher order than those of the previous years, more reflective and argumentative. We were leaving the textbooks of our adolescence behind, and approaching the table-land of intellectual emancipation and manhood. There was something sobering, at least to my mind, in the thought that but a few months, weeks and days and I should be adrift on the wide world, under my own inexperienced guidance to pick out a course, seek for favoring winds and point however deviously for a port beyond the raging billows.

The instinctive way in which some of our minds were already beginning to look for new paths of effort outside of the prescribed collegiate course was incidentally shown by the curious attempt begun in the latter part of my junior year to establish an art association. It was suggested first I think, by a senior, Horace E. Scudder, associated with Titus M. Coan, both well known since then as authors, editors, or publishers. Scudder gathered about him a few enthusiasts infected with the new Ruskin cult, and as innocent as himself as to the true scope of a practical aesthetic organization. Scudder was the first president of the Williams Art Association, and I succeeded him in senior year, probably because no other member

cared for the office or knew less about the futility of such an attempt than I did. I believe this was my first official position and this was probably the first distinct association for the active promotion of art education in an American college. The faculty kindly granted us the use of one of the rooms in the old chapel building. We held our meetings there, and gathered a meagre collection of engravings, water-colors and illustrations, together with a few simple productions by two or three of the members. Pitifully small as was this collection it must be admitted that it showed a certain intelligent correct feeling and taste as far as it went. Only one of the then members ever practiced art professionally after graduation, and this effort itself was premature if not altogether unsuitable. The time for the culture of art in the academies and colleges of the United States had not yet come, nor has it yet arrived. But this is not to be regretted. Art has its own special channels of influence and instruction, its own special organizations. For the college to undertake instruction in art, whether by art collections or by direct tuition, appears incongruous, inappropriate. It tends to foster the notion that art is a mere accomplishment rather than an earnest pursuit, while it robs the student of the time and energy indispensable for the legitimate academic curriculum.

I recall with interest also the fact that I first met the poet of *Thanatopsis* during senior year. It was at a reception given at the mansion of President Hopkins to which some members of the upper class were invited. William Cullen Bryant had studied for two years at Williams College and was its great literary lion. His presence on this occasion was therefore an event of some moment.

In the course of the evening I had the honor of an introduction to the poet. He was gracious in his manner, and considering that I was a mere under graduate I was surprised that he was willing to converse with me so affably for ten minutes. It was evident to me, however, that he took himself very seriously. He spoke in measured periods, and his manner was to the last degree dignified and impressive, the manner of the monarch of a mighty empire. It is sometimes in such interviews with men of note that one may casually gain an unerring and unexpected insight into their character or the scope and limitations of their genius. Mr. Bryant had visited the Levant twice and written more or less on the subject. I was interested to know how Oriental scenery had impressed one who was so distinctly a poet of nature.

"Mr. Bryant," said I, "how did you enjoy the East? How did the landscapes of Greece and Turkey impress you, Sir?" "Not favorably," he replied; "the mountains are too barren, vegetation is too scarce; there are not enough forests in the Levant. The scenery of America, with the music of its streams and the grandeur of its forests, is to me more agreeable."

This statement struck me at once as a forcible indication of the limitations of the poet's mind, coming as it did from one who at that very time was posing as an admirer of Greece and her literature by undertaking the translation of Homer. It was evident that Mr. Bryant was not what is called a wide liker: hence his capacity for enjoyment and appreciation was restricted, a fact implying narrow if acute judgment and perhaps imperfect perception of the relation of things. It was evident also that he had a feeble sense of color, and his own poetry seems to

confirm this. The exquisite coloring which is a prominent quality of Mediterranean and Oriental scenery and atmosphere, when brilliant more brilliant than our own, and when sober suffused with unsurpassed variety, softness and suggestion, failed to touch eyes that warmed for his native landscape alone. I must add that in spite of Mr. Bryant's courtesy to me on that occasion or the kind and recognizing notice he subsequently gave to my humble volume of poems, I do not look back to him as one whose face suggested the author of *Thanatopsis*, *The Apennines* or *The Conqueror's Grave*, three of the finest conceptions in our literature. As seen across a room his massive head, shaggy eyebrows, and snowy beard looked altogether Homeric. With a harp in his hands he might well have passed for a bard of old. But on nearer inspection one could not but observe that his keenly scintillating grey eyes gave forth no warmth of heart and soul. They were cold, judicial, severe; if of a poet, then of a poet of wrath and denunciation. They suggested no magnetic enthusiasm or passion, but marble. How a man like Bryant composed such poems is to me a psychological mystery.

Of course the most important feature, the great fact of our senior year, was the instruction we enjoyed under Dr. Hopkins, who was practically our only preceptor during the last three terms at Williams. It is true we received lessons in chemistry, literature, etc. from other members of the faculty during that year, some of them men of a certain irregular force and ability, but, to use a common phrase, they did not count in comparison with the enlarging influence of that master mind, one of the greatest of those who have ever sought to mould and pre-

pare developing youth for life's career. He discussed with us anatomy, ethics, and metaphysics, with a dash of theology on Saturdays when the "Assembly's Shorter Catechism" was made the medium of analytical inquiry into the problems of destiny. The information we gained from such theoretical and nebulous studies was slight. But the mental discipline acquired by contact with such an intellectual power as Dr. Hopkins was of a very high order. Even those minds which cared least for such mental exertion were aroused for the time being, while those who sympathized in the gymnastics of thought, passed their leisure moments in continuing discussion of the questions brought up by the president. It was highly amusing to observe them balancing on the fence of the college grounds eagerly disputing on nominalism, realism or idealism, predestination, free agency, altruism, and kindred topics with the earnestness of men on whom the universe depended. Dr. Hopkins' method was practically to elevate his students to the rank of companions. Instead of lecturing an hour and then dismissing them he made fellow disputants. Not only did he ask questions himself, but he invited and answered questions and arguments. As he selected those to be interrogated by lot, there was no favoritism, and all in turn entered into the discussion and hence were obliged to give close attention to what was going on. The occasion was often enlivened by pithy illustrative anecdotes or humorous sallies. Prex greatly enjoyed cornering a student by asking him some seemingly unimportant question, following it up until he floored him with the *argumentum ad absurdum*; then the entire class collapsed with laughter, Dr. Hopkins himself joining with us heartily.

[The following text is extremely faint and largely illegible. It appears to be a list or a series of entries, possibly related to a historical document or a report. The text is organized into several paragraphs, with some lines appearing to be headings or sub-sections. The content is too blurry to transcribe accurately.]

my classmates, who took but slight
re termed serious things, and who were
quidly overcome after a hearty dinner by
the galleries, had fallen asleep during one
most solemn sermon appeals. His keen
these unfortunate beings lolling on the
benches, their heads dropping in poppied
osing a moment, Dr. Hopkins fixed his stern
thus attracting the attention of all pres-
reached his long arm toward the sleepers and
that rang from one end of the building to
he exclaimed, "Yea, sinners will sleep even when
of God sounds in their ears warning them to
the wrath to come!" The unhappy youths
second call; they started up looking sheepish
nd a smile passed around the audience.

time when *Jane Eyre* was at the flood tide of
clarity it was read and discussed by every social
rary clique in Williamstown. Of course a copy
its way to the house of the President; it was read
idity by the ladies of his family, and talked about
presence; but no one supposed that, immersed in his
s and metaphysics, Dr. Hopkins had given the
best thought to the book, or would condescend to
ern himself with a popular romance. But one day
Jane Eyre was missed, and defied all efforts to find it.
n after one of Dr. Hopkins' daughters, stepping into
study unexpectedly, detected him deeply engaged in
e absorbing pages of that novel. Exclaiming, "Oh
pshaw!" he hastily laid down the book and snatched up
his pen. But the secret was out and was too good to
keep. The great Dr. Hopkins was actually devouring a

popular novel with the intensity of a young school girl. Immensely amused, one after another of his family dropped into his study on various pretexts to enjoy the fun of seeing him fling the book petulantly aside as if ashamed to be caught reading it. I think none who heard of this incident respected him the less, while all except here and there a prig, loved him more for such evidence of a fellow feeling with what interests other mortals.

CHAPTER VII.

EPISODES OF TEACHING AND LIFE AT ALBANY.

WHEN I left college I had a little of my share of our patrimony, remaining. It was all I had to begin life with, except several hundred books. I had formed no expensive habits; but I knew little of the value of money, and cared little for it except for what it might bring, in permitting freedom to follow my intellectual tastes. Still I knew it never would do to wait until what money I had, was gone. Through the kind influence of a good friend of our family, resident in New York, the Rev. Dr. Geo. W. Wood, I received the appointment of principal of Staples Free Academy at Easton, Connecticut, within a few weeks after my graduation. The position was considered unusually good, for one just out of college. The salary was \$500, equivalent to at least twice that sum in New York then, or anywhere in America now. It was a hazardous experiment, however, because I lacked experience in teaching and was weak in mathematics. I accepted the place temporarily. The experience would be of value, at least, for we learn that every effort, and energy expended, generally brings a return sometime in someway.

Captain Alfred Burr, a hale, jolly old farmer and one of the trustees of the Academy welcomed me to his house when

I arrived one September evening at the straggling little New England village of Easton Center after a ride of nine miles by stage coach from Bridgeport. He offered me room and board under his roof for the modest sum of three dollars a week. That certainly was reasonable enough. The following day was Sunday, and I shall not soon forget the curious interest shown by the entire congregation, including the fair sex of course, in the short, slender, blonde, brown eyed youth with a budding mustache who sat in Captain Burr's pew, in one of the front corners of the church near the pulpit. The interest for the time being, could hardly have been greater if I had been a young, unmarried minister. Still suffering somewhat from constitutional diffidence, I found it rather a trying ordeal. When I entered the schoolroom on Monday I found about forty pupils seated there awaiting me. They ranged from thirteen to twenty—I was only twenty-two. Nearly half of them were buxom maidens qualified to make the heart of the young man quail. They certainly looked less abashed than I felt. As to the boys and young men a number were nearly six feet high, and I opined from a glance at some of them that all my tact and will power would be called into exercise before I got through with them, perhaps also some muscle.

The first thing to be done was to take their intellectual measure, that is to ascertain in what studies they were most proficient, in what they were deficient, to look over their textbooks, arrange the classes and assign to each his tasks. The question of arithmetic and mathematics I approached with caution. I had resolved already what course to pursue on this subject but desired to bring it about with as little friction as possible and in such manner

as to suggest no suspicion of my motives. Happily I found that all the pupils had studied arithmetic out of the same textbook term after term. Very naturally they preferred to continue solving the same problems they already knew by heart. I found that practically they had ruled the school, forcing my predecessors to leave the choice of studies with the pupils. Hence the latter knew little thoroughly or at all besides arithmetic, although several were ostensibly preparing for college. A few of them, had studied algebra which I utterly detested. But none of them had looked into geometry. Here then was my chance. At dinner time I asked Captain Burr if he, as trustee, objected to the introduction of new studies in the Academy, such as in my judgment seemed for the advancement of the institution. He was flattered by the deference shown to his opinion and left the matter entirely to me. In the afternoon session, therefore, I announced that the classes in Latin and grammar would be enlarged and that a course in natural history would be introduced. I then caused a sensation by adding that for the present geometry would be substituted for arithmetic, in which the school had been so thoroughly drilled that there could be no mental discipline in going over it again.

For some weeks matters proceeded smoothly. Although I understood geometry but little better than when I stumbled through it in freshman year, yet I was able to teach it effectively by memorizing each problem and its solution. Our good Professor Tatlock at Williams had geometry so much at his fingers' ends that he went into the classroom without the textbook. I did the same in order to appear as pastmaster in a science I did not understand, hearing the demonstrations or explaining them as

if they were as clear as daylight to my mind and familiar as a. b. c. But it was all done by memory. I sat up nightly until the small hours, learned the problems by heart and carried them in my mind until after the recitation was over. The main difficulty was that if a pupil stumbled in explaining a problem I could not take it up where he left off, but had to begin at the beginning and go all through it, for, of course, I had no prompter, and it was only by giving it entire, that my memory served. In this way I went through Euclid without a single slip of the memory. The feat is not so difficult as one would suppose. It implied intense application in memorizing and carrying the problem and perfect self-control in the schoolroom, but only for a few hours. I can learn anything in that way, but unless it is something in which I am interested the impression fades away when the pressure is past, like an undeveloped photographic impression. My memory is naturally retentive, except for matters acquired by rote for a specific, and uncongenial end.

But after conducting themselves for over a month with a docility unusual, some of the more unruly or indolent pupils began to object to geometry and to demand the restoration of arithmetic. I was privately informed by two of the youths, who had taken a liking to me and always remained faithful, that a plot was already formed to force me out of the school by a well defined system of persecution such as they had practiced with my predecessors, their motive being akin to that of many politicians, to rule or ruin. A significant incident soon occurred like a straw showing the way the wind is veering. One day in the midst of the Latin recitation one of the larger boys,

who was supposed to be studying his natural history, raised his hand to call my attention.

"What is it, White?" said I.

"I can't see how to do this sum?"

"What sum?"

"Why, this last sum in the arithmetic, Sir."

"Is the sum part of your lesson today?"

"No, but I just thought I'd like to do it, and I want you to help me."

I saw at once that this was a trap set by the conspirators to catch me. After weeks of surmising why I had laid aside arithmetic in the Academy, some shrewd ringleader seemed at last to have suspected that it might be because of inability on my part to teach arithmetic. Once let that suspicion be verified and my career at Staples Free Academy was ended. Therefore I replied with perfect coolness and distinct asperity, "George White, you ought to know better than to interrupt me unnecessarily when I am hearing a recitation, and especially about something that does not concern your own lessons. Now you can just attend to your regular studies. At some more proper time, if you wish, I will show you how to do that sum."

A titter passed around the room, and for the time being the danger was averted. But I was well aware the crisis could not be long postponed, and that the victory would lie with the one who should strike the first blow. Luckily this incident happened in the morning session, otherwise I should have lost the game. I have been particularly fortunate at certain critical moments of life in having trifling turns of luck unexpectedly offer themselves which, being instantly seized, have saved me from

very disagreeable results. When I went home to dinner at noon, I found that Captain Burr's son, who had but just returned from the west, was going to Bridgeport that very afternoon, which happened to be the Saturday half holiday, another capital point in my favor. I requested him not to fail to bring me a key to the arithmetic if he had to go all over Bridgeport to find it. Mr. Burr returned at bed time with the "key!" Never in my life have I enjoyed a keener sense of relief and triumph.

I lost not a moment with grappling with that terrible problem. The answer or rather the analysis of the question covered a whole page of the key. To undertake to solve the sum by reasoning it out, when I understood nothing of the problems for a hundred pages back, was out of the question at the time. I had a working knowledge of arithmetic simply for accounts but for nothing beyond that. The best I could do therefore was to memorize the entire calculation, and so thoroughly that I could begin any part without becoming confused or losing the logical sequence of the formidable platoon of figures; for I knew perfectly well that my enemies had the problem at their fingers' ends and would be sure to trip me if I made a mistake of a single figure. I began by writing out the answer as a whole and in parts, in order to familiarize myself by the sight of the figures. I sat up until three o'clock that night, resumed my task after breakfast, excused myself from afternoon service, and continued my task until midnight, until I could almost repeat the process backward; I went at it again before breakfast Monday morning, until I felt sure that I had mastered the problem and the school as well. It should be added that along with this task I also had to learn my daily stunt in Euclid.

On Tuesday, conscious that I could not carry that burden on my memory much longer, without a reaction, I said in a nonchalant tone during recess, "By the way, White, if you want me to explain how to do the sum you asked me about last week, I will show you now. But, remember, you must not meddle during school hours with studies that do not concern the course we selected at the beginning of the term." Then I took a piece of chalk and demonstrated the problem, covering the blackboard with figures entirely by effort of memory, while the whole school, eager with curiosity or disappointed mischief, looked on without saying a word. As if out of bravado, I repeated various isolated parts of the process, thereby showing that I understood and could explain the most obtruse arithmetical puzzles. My memory served me well, and apparently not a slip occurred, for some of my audience were entirely able to trip me if any mistake happened in my demonstration.

After this triumph there was no more question of my knowledge of arithmetic. Indeed the respect of the school and of the community for my supposed grasp of various sorts of information was greatly increased, but the ring-leaders of the cabal were chagrined and sullen.

When I reached the Academy one morning, instead of finding the pupils chattering in groups about the entrance or in the lobby, I noticed that a great stillness pervaded the building. This conduct was a complete give-a-way on their part. As I had not passed four years at Williams College for nothing, I scented mischief in the air at once, and was not mistaken. The pupils were all in their seats awaiting my coming, although it yet lacked five minutes of the opening hour. It was not a cold morning, but the

huge box stove, which stood near my own desk, was crammed with wood, and red hot. The windows at my end of the room were also tightly shut, although let down at the top where the pupils sat. Instead of taking off my overcoat, as usual, I kept it on, and when the clock struck nine I ordered the door and every window to be closed. Then I directed two boys to bring more wood, and fill the stove to its utmost capacity. The room became as warm as tophet, and before long, hand after hand was raised by pupils begging to have the windows opened. I merely replied that as I could endure the temperature in my winter overcoat the air could not be oppressive, and ordered the fuel to be replenished. I felt really sorry for some of the pretty girls whose faces had become purple and dripped with perspiration, but the time for mercy had passed. I was weary of this nonsense, and had made up my mind to master the young ruffians who had so long domineered at Staples Free Academy, or perish in the attempt. I had treated every one there with justice, civility, and kindness, had put them well forward in the pursuit of knowledge, and the whole trouble originated in pure "cussedness." When noon arrived the schoolroom was so hot that it lacked but little of setting the building on fire. The pupils sneaked out to dinner more dead than alive; but they never tried that game again. Eventually, the two most troublesome boys, were expelled from school.

When the long term closed at Christmas the trustees were pleased to express their satisfaction with my course at Staples Free Academy, and urged me to continue as principal. Although I had prepared myself to teach arithmetic, if I should return, I decided on mature consideration to decline the invitation of the trustees. My

leisure moments were devoted to studying nature, writing essays, some of which were eventually published, and composing poetry, which was my greatest intellectual pleasure in those days. At this time I published my first and practically my only volume of poetry, entitled *Constantinople, the Isle of Pearls, and other Poems*. I was not so unsophisticated as to fancy that any publisher would at his own risk issue a collection by an unknown poet, without strong literary backing. Therefore I secured enough subscriptions to pay the expense. The copies sent to the press were received with great kindness. The New York *Evening Post* said that the book indicated promise, and the *Congregationalist* gave me a glowing critique of over a column. Although I had no cause to complain of the success of my first effort, and have since then written and published considerable verse, yet as the years went on, a survey of life made me more and more indifferent to publishing my poems in book form, and my *Ode on the Death of Abraham Lincoln* and the metrical translation of Muretus' Latin ode entitled *Advice to a Son*, are the only exceptions I have made in mature years to the rule. This has been due to the fact that unless I could be a great poet, I did not care to make public verses inspired chiefly by personal feelings; to be such a poet would naturally demand a life-service to the muse. To be merely a minor poet in a busy, commercial country swarming with such poets, humming their little song and as soon forgotten as the fire-flies of a summer eve, was not my ambition. And then came my devotion to painting, to which for several years I gave my best energies and enthusiasm.

In 1861 I was informed that the trustees of the New York State Library at Albany had elected me assistant librarian. I was glad to accept the position, rather as another step in life than as a permanency. It offered me an honorable and comfortable berth as a single man, training in methodical habits, and a means for acquiring a knowledge of books that would doubtless prove very useful. If I could not read them all, at any rate in a carefully selected collection of 80,000 volumes, including many books of comparative rarity, I could learn much of where *knowledge* could be found. The library opened at nine and closed at five, except during the sessions of the legislature, when it was kept open until ten P. M. As the sessions sometimes lasted six months, it is evident that the average hours of duty were sufficiently long, even when we took turns at relieving each other. The library did not open until I appeared in the morning and during the three years that I was there, I arrived invariably on the second. It was not a circulating, but a consulting library for the justices and the members of the legislature. We added an average of 4,000 volumes a year, kept a printed catalogue, of which new editions or bulletins were constantly required, besides carefully filing all pamphlets and state, federal, and foreign official documents. Among other tasks I indexed 800 volumes of bound pamphlets. The general public is little aware how often even the most apparently worthless pamphlets are consulted by scholars.

Of course, every position has its disagreeable features, and at Albany one of the most annoying was the fact that the legislature threatened every year to cut down the sufficiently meagre salaries of the library, and much attention had to be given on our part to prevent this. The rural

members, who were accustomed to get their board and lodging off their farms, and to gauge the price of intellectual work by the pay of farm hands or young teachers in the country district schools, were especially keen in trying to whittle down our compensation.

But on the whole I rather enjoyed my life at the State Library. I kept to my habits of walking, often going out on a tramp in the suburbs before breakfast. I cannot advise anyone to walk far in that way, but my duties at that time forced me to this objectionable habit. In summer I sometimes took an afternoon for boating on the Hudson. The annual vacation was but two weeks. Albany, the buildings, not the people, was not attractive for residence; but the neighboring country was very agreeable; and the city presented a rather foreign and dreamily beautiful effect in those days when the sun was low in the morning and evening and the purple mists and slanting gleams veiled and glorified the ugly buildings crowded on the steep slopes and in the ravines. It cannot be said that "culture" in the Boston sense existed in Albany at that time. Society there as I found and mingled with it, was much as it is elsewhere, although the distinctions were possibly more marked.

Albanians were not indifferent to local talent developing in other directions than business and politics. Although it was not the place where an ambitious artist, for example, would care to work out his destiny, there are worse places in which a young artist or author can make his début. Dr. Ray Palmer here, I believe, wrote his devotional lyrics. Among them, the beautiful *My Faith Looks up to Thee*. Certainly Palmer, the sculptor began and passed his entire art life at Albany, and he had

scant reason, so far as I know, to complain of the encouragement given him by the citizens of that city. Launt Thompson, one of our greatest sculptors, began at Albany and took his first lessons from Palmer. George Boughton and the brothers, William and James Hart, also began their art career in Albany. There were a number of scientific men connected with the State government like James Hill, the geologist, who gave a certain elevation to circles at Albany in those days; and a few authors of more or less distinction gave a quasi literary tone to the social atmosphere while suggesting the barrenness of culture by their rarity. Chief among them, were William L. Stone, Alfred B. Street, and John G. Saxe. It is true that Stone lived at Saratoga, but he passed much of his time consulting the State records for his colonial histories. In this connection I may mention Dr. O'Callaghan, the State historian, and Gen. J. Meredith Read. The former was a most entertaining conversationalist, full of amusing anecdotes and reminiscences. Read resided in Albany at that time and passed many hours at the library preparing his life of Major André. Neither Read nor I dreamed, as we met in those days, he enjoying an elegant literary leisure, and I just beginning to win my way, that in future years we should meet as diplomats who had represented our country abroad. Read came from an old Philadelphia family and had married a lady of wealth at Albany. He had, as is well known, a weakness for place, but he never forgot the deportment of a gentleman which he *was*, emphatically, and in every sense of the word.

Street, I knew well, for as custodian of the splendid law department of the State Library, he was one of my colleagues. Of course he was much my elder, having al-

ready achieved what he was destined to accomplish in literature; he had lived long enough to pass the age of hope, and had reached the period of disappointment and regret. Street entered on his career with poetic aspirations, weighted by that over-estimate of his abilities that often results in an embittered soul. Possessed of wide reading, he had a fondness for nature in early life, and within certain limitation a power of keen analytical observation, but with only moderate sentiment or sense of the music of rhythmic expression. He possessed none of the majesty of thought which elevated Bryant's poetry above the minuteness of the naturalists' descriptions. It is doubtful whether at any other period of American literature Street could have won the reputation he held at one time. In other words, he was a man of talent, but lacking in the fire of genius. I well remember a walk I took with Street one charming afternoon in October. Nature was in one of her most winning and enchanting moods. I could not avoid giving frequent utterance to my enthusiasm. What was my amazement, then, when Street, a poet of nature *par excellence*, stopped, faced me, and stamping his cane impatiently on the ground, exclaimed, "I tell you, Benjamin, all this talk about the love of nature and the influence of nature on the soul is a humbug. I have lived long enough to find out that it does not pay. I don't doubt that you think that you love nature now, but you will live to discover that it is a superficial sentiment or a mere affectation." I was so dumbfounded by such an utterance from such a source, that I could only walk on in silence for some moments, and then turned the subject. But it gave me a key to the character of Street, and at least one reasonable explanation of his failure to

achieve greater things. I have since then been led to observe that the author who writes for fame rather than because he is moved by deep, over-mastering thoughts that demand expression cannot win true success, which, in the highest sense comes only to the artist or author who leaves the question of fame or money to take care of itself, provided he has requisite genius.

There could not be two characters more unlike than Alfred B. Street and John G. Saxe. Nothing could be more unconventional than the way I made the acquaintance of Saxe. I was not even aware that he was living in Albany, when a gentleman requested my assistance one afternoon to look up some information he desired. He was tall and massively built, bald, round faced, of ruddy complexion and wore a silk hat and a short skirted frock coat. His blue eye had a pleasant, jolly expression, half boyish, but shrewd; his manner was brisk and offhand. I should have taken him for a Yankee sea captain rather than a literary man, but for his thoroughly correct and grammatical English. He seemed pleased with my attentions for, as he went away, he said to me, "I should be very glad to see you again; call and see me any evening; I live at such a number Hudson Street." I thanked him heartily, but as I saw he was a man of some consequence, hesitated to ask his name. But as soon as he had gone I inquired of a bystander who it was, and was surprised and delighted to hear that it was no less a person than John Godfrey Saxe, whose humorous and society poems I had learned to admire while I was yet a boy. In this unconventional way began, what I think became a genuine friendship on both sides. My frequent visits to the poet's house after that occasion, and the genial society

of himself and his pleasant family and the friends I met there, formed one of the pleasantest features of my life in Albany.

Saxe was a man of the utmost *bonhommie*. There was nothing airy about him, and I never discerned the slightest taint of malice in his nature; none of the arrogance or *hauteur* one finds too often among successful authors and artists. That Saxe was vain in a certain boyish way I do not deny. But in his case it was a harmless vanity altogether unattended by jealousy. He never spoke disparagingly of his fellow craftsmen in letters. With this open simplicity, however, Saxe combined Yankee shrewdness in making and keeping money, and keen penetration into the superficial traits of social life and the foibles of human nature. He was not a deep thinker, but what he saw, he saw clearly, and what he said was said with perfect directness, and limpidity; he respected his art, and studied for a harmonious, finished, and classical style. His versification is always agreeable and carefully modulated to the subject. In the choice of diction there was no redundancy. With Horatian skill, he used precisely the word that would convey his meaning. His best pieces possessed a rounded completeness that renders them consummate works of art; and yet all is so easy, simple, direct, that the reader is unconscious of the art. As a literary artist Saxe has no superiors in American poetry. His nearest rivals on this score are Holmes, Aldrich and Poe. His sense of humor, and of the power to use language for the just expression of his ideal was equal to Holmes, his satirical sense was greater, although in affluence of fancy and in intellectual scope and versatility, Saxe was of course inferior to the genial "Professor of the Breakfast Table."

As an example of diction, thought and rhythm working together in perfect harmony, the ideal of style, what could be finer than Saxe's *The Mourner à la Mode*? I have heard him read it, and he did it admirably. He was what few poets are, an easy, graceful, eloquent reader of poetry; with no singsong or false emphasis, his voice was thoroughly attuned to the mechanism and the sense.

Saxe's unconventional freedom of manner was illustrated by an amusing incident which occurred when I met him one day on my way to dinner. He was hurrying down Eagle Street when he spied me.

"Here, Benjamin," said he, "sit right down here on this doorstep; I'm on my way to catch the train to New York; but I've got time to show you just the funniest thing you ever saw."

Suiting the action to the word, he sat down without regard to the publicity of the spot, and pulled out of his pocket the manuscript of his *Herr Van Stopplenose*, which he had just completed and was taking to the publisher. The poem, if such it could be called, was a comical skit composed to accompany some farcical designs by Busch of Munich, who was just beginning to attract attention. Saxe read it entirely through to me, and was as much amused as a lad with a new whistle. As he put it back in his pocket and started again for the train, he said, "I'll give you a copy when it is published," and he remembered his promise, which is more than some authors do under similar circumstances.

This rare bit of inspiration was written at Bellows Falls, Vt. in the summer of 1852 by a then unknown poet, John G. Saxe. A beautiful young lady asked him for a line in his autograph for remembrance sake, when, tearing off the

blank half sheet of a note he had just received, he wrote:

“My dearest Sarah,

Sometimes tax

Your sack of thoughts

With thoughts of Saxe.”

Like many authors of mercurial disposition and ready flow of ideas, Mr. Saxe was an affluent talker, conversationalist I can hardly call him, for he enjoyed monopolizing the conversation. But one could readily forgive him this trait, as he used such exceptionally simple, correct English, free, too, from slang or colloquialisms of the day, and what he had to say held one spellbound. He did not go into abstruse subjects, he ignored politics, avoided gossip, and did not harangue like Coleridge or Macaulay. He was especially happy as a *raconteur*. His usual theme was human life, of which he was a sharp observer. He illustrated his remarks by anecdotes, one suggesting another, humorous or pathetic, and sparkling with wit or apt quotations. Sometimes, also, he favored us with his literary opinions, in which he showed that he was well versed in *belles lettres* of all ages. If one could not accept all his conclusions on that subject one always found them scholarly and suggestive. Take him for all in all, I have never heard a more delightful talker of the masculine sex, than John G. Saxe.

I recall here a very amusing incident that occurred one evening at his house. When I arrived I found what was very unusual, that Mr. Saxe was dumb, while the conversation was “personally conducted” by Mr. Williams, editor of the *Albany Evening Journal*. Williams had just returned from a trip abroad, which was more of an event in the sixties than it is now; he was also a man who

liked to do something of the talking himself. On this occasion he was primed with something fresher than the polemics of political factions. As he knew Saxe's method of old, he immediately installed himself as the lion of the evening and general purveyor of talk, which he was the better able to do, as an eligible bachelor. Starting out with a detailed account of his journey, he soon gathered the ladies about him. Having got the lead, he held on manfully through England, France and Germany to Italy and the Mediterranean. Saxe, in the meantime, (his occupation gone), strode up and down the drawing room disconsolately, rubbing his bald crown, and vainly watching for an opening whereby to repossess himself of his lost lead. I took in the situation at a glance, and must admit that I was intensely amused. Finally, in the course of his wanderings, Williams reached Smyrna. Knowing that I had been abroad in the East, he turned to me and airily inquired, "By the way, Mr. Benjamin, in the course of your travels did you ever happen to touch at Smyrna?" Willing to give Saxe a chance, I replied as dryly as possible, "I lived there seven years." Saxe burst into an uncontrollable peal of laughter in which all joined, for it was evident that Williams would now have to proceed cautiously in the presence of one who knew the Levant so thoroughly, and without giving Williams an instant to recover himself, proceeded to relate an incident suggested by what I had said, in reply. It referred to Miss Wadsworth when she was in England while her family were still vast landholders in western New York. One evening at a social function, an English lady said to her, "Miss Wadsworth, in your travels about America did you ever happen to see the Falls of Niagara?" "Madame, I *own* them," re-

plied Miss Wadsworth. Of course Saxe found that this story suggested another, and poor Williams never got beyond Smyrna for the rest of the evening.

I can say from a varied experience, that although influence is not universally essential for admittance to a prominent periodical, yet I must admit that in too many instances a new writer must wait a long time unless he has a friend at court to turn the scale in his favor. Editors deny this, but I happen to know it to be a fact. "Kissing goes by favor" at the outset of an author's career, no less than in other pursuits.

I once wrote an article on *Cemeteries*, that had a curious experience which is worth relating. It was written when I had abundant leisure, and had a distinct purpose to prepare magazine articles on a purely literary character, rather than such as simply convey information or discuss ethical and economic or social and political topics, which are now mostly in demand. It is safe to say that no article of the length or cast of my paper, could now find entrance to any periodical published in America. I was steeped in book lore. I had been browsing among such authors as Plutarch, in his *Morals*, Montaigne, Burton, Sir Thomas Browne, Pascual, Izaak Walton, Donne, Jeremy Taylor, Joinville, Malory, and the like, and although not formally striving to copy any of them, my thought in those days followed somewhat similar channels. My pen rambled discursively from one point to another, I gave the rein to fancy, quoted abundantly from authors of every age, and wrote with intense feeling.

I sent the above article to the *Atlantic Monthly*, which returned it with a courteous explanation that it was liked and would have been accepted but for the ac-

ceptance of another article on the same subject. Then I sent it to *Harper's Monthly*, which returned it with a similar reply. After this second failure I sent it to the *Knickerbocker Magazine*. Receiving no reply after several weeks, I called on the editor, Mr. Louis Gaylord Clark, who offered me a seat with great politeness. Strange as it may seem, he also had received an article on this subject; thus three articles on the gruesome question of *cemeteries* were knocking at the editorial doors, at the same time with mine. Mr. Clark stated that he liked mine so much better than the one he had accepted, that he asked permission to retain it awhile, as he might perhaps see his way to publish both articles. Eventually he returned mine, and it finally came out in *Harper's Magazine*, by Mr. Saxe's kind interposition.

Although, as a librarian, I was leading a quasi literary life at Albany, yet there was another side of it too scarcely less interesting to me. Thrown much among law students, I continued my reading of law in my leisure moments, and was inevitably drawn into the consideration of the political questions at that time agitating the country. Albany was then a great centre for the movement of troops and the determination of measures affecting the conduct of the Civil War. Whoever was in the slightest way connected with the State government was brought into actual contact with these movements, met many of the chief actors on this arena, and heard much that was going on below the surface of events. Next to Washington there was not then in the United States such a political vortex as Albany. The fiery passions of the stupendous conflict, the intrigues, the selfishness, the self-abnegating patriotism, the treason, the pathos, the pettiness, the grandeur, the

suffering, and the triumph of humanity, were all displayed in bold relief on that busy provincial theatre in those stirring days which so many now seem anxious to forget, but which no one who was in the midst of them, can ever forget to this time.

The capture of Fort Donaldson, made an indelible impression on my memory. It was the first important movement of the war that indicated distinct moral courage combined with military genius. From that day, I looked on General Grant as the "coming man" of whom the country was in such sore need. The prisoners were sent to Elmira, and passed through Albany. I might easily have obtained a commission in the army as was distinctly hinted to me. It was useless to think of it, however, at that time. For my brother had been for several campaigns connected with the army of the Potomac and in the thick of the fighting. My widowed mother was unwilling to sacrifice both her sons, after losing four children already, and exacted from me, a solemn promise not to join the army at least until the necessity for troops became more imperative. But when the draft came, I was drawn and assigned to a regiment. Considering this, as destiny, I made no attempt to procure a substitute. For some reason into which, however, I did not inquire, I was never summoned into the field. However, I gave \$550, a sum I had saved by out of my salary, towards recruiting several companies of the regiment called the Griswold Cavalry, which distinguished itself in Sheridan's command. Recruiting, like politics, requires money for offices, traveling, etc. When the wounded were brought from the field to the hospitals at Albany, I volunteered my services for night watching, and in that way contributed my quota to

the war. Party spirit had now assumed the ascendant in the Democratic Party, and this became evident at Albany in a very marked degree. From all I heard talked about me, Gov. Seymour, who has been so much blamed, merely represented the genuine sentiment of the majority of his Party. He was of a timorous nature, and became a traitor to the best interests of his country, without the boldness, that successful treason demands. Gov. Seymour had a kindly sympathetic nature and his heart was better than his head. The chief agent of the "under ground railroad" who had aided hundreds of fugitive slaves to Canada told me privately as a remarkable fact, that "Seymour was one of the best friends of the poor fugitives, at the very time, when his political influence was thrown entirely on the side of the slave-holders." Many times when the cause, or some slave had need of funds, Seymour had, with ready sympathy, the agent told me, advanced money from his own purse. The governor was a cousin of my father, and I am glad to remember this. In all his instincts he was a refined man and a gentleman, but for that matter so, it is said, is the Devil. His face was handsome, but I thought weak and insincere.

It was during his administration that one of the bitterest political contests in history (for speakership of the House), took place, henchmen of Tammany flourished their revolvers in the legislative chamber to intimidate unflinching Republicans, who finally (the end came suddenly) won their cause by *one* vote of a Democrat, who had been bribed to vote with them, by promise of the speakership.

Callicott was a good-looking man, about forty-five, with brown eyes, jet black beard and ruddy complexion. He

appeared somewhat embarrassed as well he might be, but he afterward filled the office with some ability, though never re-elected.

The swearing that took place on the train to New York that night, it is said was something absolutely phenomenal. My young trust in an overruling Providence, I confess received a hard wrench at this time, but I reasoned that it was apparently essential to the Union, that the Republicans should win, and the universe was governed by a Power evidently willing to do evil that good might come. From that day I have been specially observant of instances of good resulting from moral evil, and my judgment of some actions, held to be sinful, or inexcusable, has been greatly modified. Evil seems often to be encouraged for what the world calls "Progress" which is really the evolution or change, which seems to be distinctly a factor in the development of the race. Man's responsibility must therefore be far less, than creeds and theologians assume.

Soon after the political troubles at Albany, the Democratic politicians gave General McClellan, "little Mac," a grand ovation there. I shook hands with him and noticed that his figure was of medium size, compact and firm, that of a man of action, a soldier, but I did not like the face. It was kindly, suggestive of amiability, but it had no nobility, and no suggestion of reserve power, no unused resources. The eyes were deep-set and near together, the hair inclined to grow from the low forehead, stiff and upwards (often a sign of intense self-esteem). Seymour and McClellan received "the boys" as they passed the Capitol that night with their torches, and bugles rent the air.

Among other persons I met at Albany who have since

achieved wide repute were Chauncey Depew, and Mr. Andrew White, who became president of Cornell University and Ambassador to Germany, but at that time was serving his first term in the State Senate. He was a man of refined address and intelligent expression, but he gave the impression of being greatly indebted to affluent circumstances and influence for his early rise to position. His career was creditable without being in any way great.

Depew on the other hand owed his success to a certain intellectual alertness, and great tact, combined with a knowledge of men, rather than books. Determination, hope, self-confidence and health were all evident early in this aspirant for fame. I well remember his tall, lithe, slender figure, his blonde, hyacinthine hair and whiskers, his bright, blue eyes, and kindly manners all that went to make up the successful aspirant for political honors.

CHAPTER VIII.

EARLY MARRIAGE AND RETURN TO THE LEVANT.

It was with health impaired by the steady confinement at the State Library, ill suited to one of my independent disposition, that I left Albany after a residence there of three years. I retired to Brookfield, I married Clara Stowell, a woman of very lovable character and of good family, and thus at the age of twenty-seven (my wife eighteen) entered on another distinct phase of my life. Later on, unexpected opportunities for the development of latent powers were gradually opened to me. But at that especial time, it seemed to me that I was engaged in a hopeless struggle for recognition. I placed an article in the *North American Review*, then a purely literary publication, another in the *New Englander*, and occasionally a poem in the *Independent* and other papers. Otherwise my articles came back to me with remorseless regularity. What made the struggle harder, I received but scant encouragement among some of my own family. As I was naturally inclined to doubt myself, even when I had not the slightest intention of abandoning what I had undertaken, I felt these obstacles keenly, not perceiving as yet, that success in art or letters is often of very slow achievement,

conditioned on indomitable resolution. My marriage had been one of esteem and affection, and later one child, a daughter was born to us.

This continued disappointment following the close confinement at the State Library finally told on my nerves; and I had reached a highly sensitive condition one morning when I called at my brother-in-law's house nearby. Perceiving my state, he offered me a glass of sherry. Naturally I have a strong head for liquors and was not unaccustomed to them at that time. But this glass acted like a spark on gunpowder. I never experienced such a result before or since. I hastened home, went to bed and sent for the doctor. The stores of my memory were unlocked and rushed forth as when the floodgates of a reservoir burst open. I suffered no actual pain at the time, but the abnormal excitement was akin to pain. Every scene of my past life, every person, every sound, returned to me with the vividness of reality. My brain was in the condition described by those who have narrowly escaped drowning; only this was prolonged for several days. After the excitement was allayed, and the action of memory was restored to its normal condition, an alarming exhaustion supervened. For three months I did not put my foot on the floor. Then at last I began to rally. Appetite returned; I was able to read, and in a few days took rides in the neighborhood. But the power of sleep continued impaired. Bromide of potassium, whose virtues had recently been discovered, proved exactly the remedy I required. It agreed with me admirably; and although I took it for nearly a year, it produced no permanent habit, perhaps, because I used it with intelligence and self-control.

But although able to get about again and to sleep some by the aid of that drug, my system had become so shattered it was doubtful whether I should ever be good for much again. The physicians advised a long rest and complete rebuilding of my constitution. My old longing for the sea came back to me. I took passage in the fine ship *John Bright*, 2,000 tons. We caught a stiff sou'wester at Sandy Hook, and carried it across the Atlantic. The coast of Ireland was sighted in fourteen days; I have been lucky in making some of the smartest sailing voyages on record. But we came near to grief the following morning. The wind had freshened into a gale and we were running free under close reefed topsails and foresail. It was thick and we could not see a ship's length ahead when the mist parted a moment, and to our horror the dread Coningberg reef was discovered dead ahead, with vast surges breaking over it. In less than five minutes our ship would have struck, and gone to pieces and every soul been lost. At the cry, "Breakers ahead!" the breakfast table was cleared, Captain Dewar sprang up the companion-way at a bound, and rang out his orders in quick succession. The helm was put down, the yards braced sharp up and the mainsail spread as fast as I can describe it. The old ship buried her lee scuppers and her masts bent like whalebones. Happily everything held, and the vessel just barely cleared the lightship, the lightkeepers waving their hands to us to keep clear of them, and looking white as the huge fabric thundered by tossing the foam from her bow on their deck. It was a thrilling scene, a marvelous exhibition of seamanship, and one of the closest of the many narrow escapes I had had. We moored at the Liverpool docks in just sixteen days out from Sandy Hook.

This was my first visit to England, the land of my ancestors and I was filled with eager longing to see its lovely scenery, and historic and legendary scenes. But as my ultimate destination was Constantinople, and the scenes of my early life, from which I had been absent ten years, I tarried in England only three weeks on this occasion. Finding no sailing ship eligible for passengers going at that time (as I had hoped), I took the slowest steamer bound to Constantinople, much to the amusement of the agent and captain, who never before heard of a Yankee looking for a slow ship.

This was the *La Plata*, and we were out twenty days. When we reached Malta, we learned people were dying rapidly of cholera. I decided to proceed in the *La Plata*. My reason for so deciding was, that if destined to die by cholera, it was preferable at Constantinople among friends, where also I could be buried beside my father and sisters, than among strangers at Malta. The morning after we left Valetta I had all the premonitory symptoms of cholera, but I had the needful remedies and knew how to treat it; having been exposed to it in former years. Hence I checked the attack in time, and without alarming those on board. Fear has much to do with aggravating the symptoms of the fell disease, at least in many cases. Therefore I turned aside all questions about my condition as of no moment, and seeing me so calm the others forgot all about the matter.

When we reached Constantinople the victims of the epidemic were averaging some two thousand *per diem*, and the streets were full of hurried funerals. A pall seemed to brood over the vast imperial capital. For several days, even with the utmost care, I was unable to avoid a

constant griping colic and tendency to diarrhoea. That I escaped with my life seems marvelous to me. The scourge came to a climax with a turn of the wind to the north, and terminated altogether two or three weeks after my arrival, having destroyed nearly 50,000 people.

When the impression of these dreadful scenes had in a measure passed away, I found the picturesque and poetic aspects of Constantinople and the Bosphorus as enchanting as memory had pictured them, and the climate as invigorating as I had hoped, and I lingered there for several months. One of the most interesting incidents of this sojourn to Constantinople was a visit to the summer residence of Dr. Millingen at the suburban village of Buyukdere. The family was charming and the location was superb. Mrs. Millingen, his third wife, was an amiable Swiss lady, and her husband was one of the most notable characters at the capital. He began his career as one of the medical suite of Lord Byron, whom he attended during the brief but romantic course of the poet in Greece, when he ended his days at Missolonghi. Dr. Millingen informed me that his opinion of Byron's character was much higher than that of many; and that he had certain revelations to make on that subject in the autobiography that was to be published after his death. But this work, which would doubtless have been of much value on another subject as well, was unfortunately burned in the last great fire of Constantinople, and the doctor was then too old to re-write it.

At the time that I knew Dr. Millingen he was one of the physicians of the royal palace at Constantinople, a position he held under two successive reigns. He had the ear of the sovereign, and possessed great influence at

court. He was a particular favorite with Abdul Mejid, a kind, well-dispositioned man; but like many good hearted Oriental monarchs, hampered by his environment, and shocked by customs and prejudices he was obliged to observe or place his throne and life in jeopardy. I think it was largely due to the counsels of Dr. Millingen that the horrible custom was abolished which condemned the male offspring of the dynasty to the bowstring excepting the heir to the throne, in order to prevent struggles for the succession. The bloody career of Constantine the Great and his descendants, and other similar royal tragedies show what has occasionally been produced by that cause even under Christian governments. But in Turkey for several ages it was an unwritten law to reduce the number of possible heirs to the throne by violence. This grew out of the fact that the succession in Oriental countries has not depended on primogeniture, but rather on the whim or will of the monarch or the ability of his sons to maintain or acquire power; while under the system of polygamy each wife became a rival who schemed to win the crown for her own son. I well remember the horror aroused in Smyrna when Khaleel Pasha came there as governor and the tragedy of his harem became common talk. Sultan Mahmoud had given his daughter in marriage to Khaleel Pasha on the distinct promise that if she should have sons they should be allowed to live. But when they arrived at the period of youth, her royal father, in view of the disturbed state of the empire and of his own approaching demise, ordered them to be torn from their mother's arms and strangled. Execrating the day she was born a princess, she wasted away and died of grief. Verily there is nothing perfect, and every boon of destiny has its shadow!

It was the duty of Dr. Millingen to pass two nights of the week at the palace, in readiness to be summoned at any moment to attend to some one of the Sultan's numerous family. Among so many wives, concubines, and children, medical advice was often in request. Perhaps His Majesty himself desired an opiate to sleep away the cares of state, or sought relief by chatting with a man of intelligence, who saw the world from the outside and in whose discretion he could confide. Dr. Millingen was one of the few about the court whose integrity was beyond the shadow of doubt.

I remember calling to see him at the palace with reference to certain business of an American citizen. It was about ten o'clock at night. I was conducted past the sentries and a horde of underlings from one passage to another, until I found him in a marble pavilion, luxuriously furnished in Oriental style, with sumptuous rugs and portières and richly embroidered cushions. A pleasant light from olive oil lamps suspended in carved bronze sconces diffused a mild glow about the apartment. Several medical aides were also there. I found Dr. Millingen reclining on a snug corner of the ample divan reading history and smoking a narghilé. When he saw me he bade me be seated beside him and ordered coffee and another pipe. After I had stated my message we had a delightful chat on literary and archaeological matters. The doctor was full of rare information and no one could be with him ten minutes without going away the richer in knowledge. I may add that in a place like Constantinople, where men of all nations meet, where the affairs of all nations are discussed, and where the throng of associations and antiquities render the past a living topic

scarcely less than the present, conversation is often larger, broader, more cosmopolitan, and more informing to the active mind than in places where thought is centered on what is local and provincial.

Before turning my face homeward again, I took a very enjoyable trip through Bithynia. I went by steamer to Iznik, the ancient Nicomedia. It lies on a steep slope on the shores of the Gulf of the same name. Many interesting antiquities add to the attractions of this picturesque, thoroughly characteristic old city, a city celebrated as the residence of the great emperor Diocletian, as well as the scene of great pageants and appalling tragedies.

From Nicomedia I started on horseback accompanied by a Turkish *surigee* or muleteer, in whom I placed more confidence than if he had belonged to any other race in Turkey. As the Turks or Osmanlis reach the higher ranks they often become destitute of principle or self respect, partly because of contact with the duplicity of the Christians of all classes, business or diplomatic; and partly because it seems to be chiefly by intrigue that they can remain in power. But the Turks of the middle or lower classes are the most trustworthy people in the East, more trustworthy than many of the same grades in Christian lands. It was my purpose to overtake Dr. Justin Parsons, who had started on his annual trip a day or two before I reached Nicomedia.

The scenes that most impressed me was the magnificent gorge of the Sakarins, through which marched so many great armies of long past ages, and the ruins of the city of Nicea, where the famous council of the early church enunciated the creed that still binds the souls of so many millions. Although deserted except by a few shep-

herds, the walls and battlements of that ancient city by the Bithynian lake are in more perfect condition than of any old town except Carcassonne. But that has been preserved and restored by the French government as a memorial of bygone military architecture; whereas the walls of Nicea, warred against by Roman, Crusader, and Osmanli, have been left unprotected to the ravages of time; but in this case time has treated them very gently, and nowhere can one find a finer existing example of ancient fortifications, or a spectacle much more inspiring than that cordon of ivy-draped walls on the shores of the blue waves of Lake Ascanius. Fortunately few European travellers go that way to despoil those ruins, and no neighboring town exists to require stones torn from the noble remains of Nicea.

Proceeding from this point to Brusa, which I revisited for the third time—it is curious how these unexpected repetitions occur in some lives—I returned thence to Constantinople, and sailed for Athens and Smyrna. These visits to the earliest homes of my life, endeared by so many sacred recollections, filled my soul with the most tender sentiments.

In the Gulf of Lyons, en route westward, I had the grim pleasure of encountering for once in my life a genuine *mistral* blowing from the Cevennes with a fury rarely equalled, if surpassed at sea. Having weathered it in safety, I flew to Paris, where I remained several weeks revisiting the art galleries, and enlarging some of my early opinions formed of the people during the visit of 1855. Among them, this, that the French excel all others for the drawing-room and diplomacy, as their language is the most perfect in the expression of intellectual sub-

tilities, and the refinement of social courtesy; whereas the English language and people are the synonym of eloquence, directness and power.

The voyage home lasted 19 days, during twelve of which the wind blew a hurricane, beating down the waves to a flat plain, while the spray flew over us like snow on a frozen lake. My state-room companions were a Spanish West Indian, who looked like a pirate, and a Jesuit priest; both I found very entertaining. Another passenger was a Fenian leader going to America.

Although my health had benefitted by my trip to the Mediterranean, yet it seemed preferable to continue, together with the resumption of literary work, the plan I had formed of rebuilding my constitution, the true method in my opinion for repairing an impaired nervous system. Therefore we moved to Salem, Massachusetts, a place whose old associations and quietude were wholly to my taste, and whose bracing ocean air would prove a powerful tonic. A pleasant, comfortable house, near the water, was secured, and the next thing was to provide myself with a sailboat. It was a small keel sloop built after proportions suggested by myself to the Herreshoffs of Bristol, who were just beginning to acquire their now world-wide reputation. They were wholly in favor of centre-board boats; but I stood out for a keel boat, as the best for sea sailing, and after many years they have come around so far as to abandon the centreboard for a deep keel. The result of our consultations was a fast and graceful little boat called the *Hilda*; she gained quite a reputation among the mosquito fleet of Salem Bay. I have owned several larger boats since that day, but never have I enjoyed any pleasure craft as I did my little

Hilda. Six months of the year I sailed about the waters from Cape Ann to Boston Light in my little sloop, often alone, but sometimes taking my wife and others with me, who heartily entered into the sport. Perhaps it was for this reason that the recollection of my first sailboat continues so vivid. After the day's sail I would return home so exhilarated that I seem to myself under the influence of some subtle intoxication that stimulated my imagination almost like the opium-eater's poppied drug. I was one of the first in America to suggest and advocate the modification of the sloop rig by splitting the head sail, stepping the mast farther aft, and reducing length of main boom, which the late Commodore Centre first put into practice with his noted iron cutter, the *Vindex*.

Captain Brown, a Dane, sometimes accompanied me on my cruises down the coast, as crew and general factotum (when I had a larger boat) as he was unfitted by the diseases of a hard career, to take charge again on long "across sea" voyages. He was a weird character, just cut out, as it were, for one of Stephenson's tales. His life was a mystery beyond the fact that he had been in the African trade. He had undoubtedly been engaged at one time in the Blackbird or slave trade, and the recollections of it haunted him as Banquo's ghost worried the brain of Macbeth. I have seen him repeatedly, when steering on a mild day, wake out of a fit of musing and shake his fist at some imaginary shape in the water, cursing and growling, "Get down there! get out of sight, damn you!" Once I asked him what he saw; he gruffly replied, "Nothing, nothing; I was only just a dreaming." What tales of horror he could have told! He had a handsome wife who took to evil ways and forsook him. Per-

haps his roughness and fierce visions drove her from his bed. Abandoning her husband and fair young daughter, she drifted to New York, gradually dropping lower, until, under the sobriquet of "Shakespeare," a grey-haired harridan, she was murdered in a West Street den. An Algerine called Frenchy was sent for life to State's prison for the crime; but who really committed the murder, undoubtedly remains an insoluble problem.

During my winters in Salem, while the *Hilda* was laid up, I did an enormous amount of reading, which has proved useful to me in later years; and, which, added to previous reading, has so greatly aided most of my subsequent literary work. I have no reason to complain of my memory for general purposes, as it is of the useful sort which responds readily to the associations of ideas. The library of the Salem Athenaeum, as conducted at that time, proved a mine to me. In a small provincial town like Salem, before the modern library system had obtained in this country, any reputable visitor was allowed free use of the books, as if they were his own, and I would pass entire days mousing among the 25,000 or 30,000 miscellaneous volumes that loaded the shelves of the Athenaeum. As most of these works were quite other than recent, some of them rare, one may perceive what a privilege this was. I also wrote and studied often in my own quiet room, while my wife sat by the window with her needle and kept me company. Taken all in all, I think those days in Salem were the most quietly satisfactory of my life. I had a small but steady income, was free from money worries which destroy the pleasure of life, and which later handicapped me for years. My domestic happiness was pure and unalloyed. My mother

and family lived near me. I could cultivate at leisure my literary tastes, for I used my pencil in those days scarcely less than the pen, and carried drawing as far as I could go: I could enjoy to the full the sea and my favorite sport of yachting, and my health was again robust. If I had died then, having perfect health and so many ways of enjoying it, I could have accounted my life happy, as things go in this world, even if not brilliantly successful in results. But we are not always choosers or masters of our destiny notwithstanding the bosh uttered by shallow thinkers to the contrary. "There is a destiny that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will." Already circumstances were shaping that were to give altogether another cast to my life and character, my aims, hopes and fears, and altogether different spheres of effort.

Soon after returning from abroad and before settling in Salem, I had published a smallish volume called *The Turk, the Greek, or Creeds, Races, and Slavery in Greece, Turkey, and the Isles of Greece*. The title was too big for the book. While not destitute for merits, one of which was that every word of it was true (which is more than can be said of some books of travel), it had the fatal quality of being chiefly composed of correspondence to the newspapers, and elsewhere, hastily put together to meet a fleeting public interest aroused by the Cretan rebellion. No good literature, no thorough work, can come from an effort to meet a special occasion, or at least only rarely. Then too, the book suffered from too great familiarity with the subject. Many local details, such as no mere traveller can learn or which one fresh to the Orient, would have noted at once, and which add piquancy to a work,

I purposely omitted or overlooked simply because they were so obvious to me that I fancied they would be trite to others likewise. I was also so unsophisticated as to imagine that good wine needs no bush, and that if the book had merit it *must* sell, being in this respect unlike some thrifty authors, who pull wires in every possible way to attract notice to their books. This, of course, was not what is called business, but I have always revolted against anything of the sort, and have doubtless suffered from such simplicity. Anyway, although no book published in America for years has met so flattering a reception from the public, only five hundred copies were sold. As this fact was not known, however, outside of the firm of Hurd and Houghton, the publishers, the wide spread notices gave me a certain repute, and I now found the periodicals coming to me for articles of travel and fiction, the latter for young folks. One of such, published was a serial called *Tom Roper*, which eventually came out in book form, and brought me several hundred dollars, although in my opinion far inferior to the former book which brought me not a cent; a curious instance of the crookedness of things. To some of these papers I added illustrations of my own. I learned drawing on the wood, and might have succeeded in that art if I had not found it trying to my eyes, which have always been weak and hence required care. Drawing on wood obliged me to bend over closely and was too finiky, circumscribed as it generally was, to small spaces. After photogravure and process work came into vogue, later, I was able to make illustrations by broad washes or monochrome on canvas which were photographed on the wood or gelatine, and I received good prices for such designs. Thus, by

the time I left Salem, I had the way open into the periodicals and was able to add very materially to my income. I did not blind myself to the fact that much of this sort of work could not be strictly classed with literature; but I hoped it might lead to that, and at intervals I wrote verses or articles in harmony with my literary tastes. For my pen I accepted almost everything that came to hand except in cases which were clearly out of my province to treat with justice, a course which I have declined in my painting, in which I have, with a few exceptions, clung rigorously to the rule of taking few commissions and doing only what was spontaneous and original—the only way to follow art in the right spirit, in my humble opinion. I may add here, once and for all, that some years before this I had deliberately decided to follow no one pursuit but to be guided by my inclinations, my character being too active and my tastes and interests too varied. They leaned sometimes to one, sometimes to another branch of effort, without abandoning any of them permanently. If I have failed of achieving the position which can be reached generally only by concentration of effort, on the other hand I have touched life at more points, by this course, and have certainly kept my feelings young and my mind active longer than if I had followed one line of energy from beginning to end.

It is not solely the unexpected that happens! It is also the unexpected (and often seemingly unimportant) that turns our steps unconsciously this or that way, and leads us into unforeseen paths of destiny. Strolling along Essex Street, Salem, I noticed a clever little sea piece in the window of a mirror and art shop. On inquiry I learned that it was by a young man named George Mevan-

jed White, who was struggling to make his way in his native town. Certainly Salem was scarcely the place for achieving a successful art career. Observing my interest, young Shaw, son of the proprietor, offered to introduce me to Mr. White, whose studio was but a few doors distant. I found a modest yet self-respecting young man of ardent disposition and great intelligence. His father had been a sea captain, and the artist, when a boy, had made voyages to Zanzibar. Hence his taste for out-at-sea effects. As I watched the young artist, so full of ardor and hope, and not without a touch of genius, wielding the brush with confident facility, and with every stroke bringing out new effects, a new yearning suddenly awoke in me. It had been slumbering ever since my father, fourteen years before, had insisted that I should abandon all thought of following art professionally. "If he who has so few facilities can paint so well and can venture on so precarious career," I thought to myself, "why may not I do likewise, who have had such schooling and practice in drawing, and have seen the works of the great masters abroad? Although I am thirty-one years old, my mind is yet far from its maturity, and it is not too late to do something with the brush before I die." I went out from that studio with a new ambition that was to shape my life henceforth, and, if not always gratified, was never more to be dormant. It was to take me away from my peaceful, happy, unambitious domestic life to wander over the seas, to achieve a certain measure of success in art, exercise my energies in various directions, and enjoy an experience in diplomacy as one of the results, none of which I had dreamed of nor foreseen.

A year was to pass, however, before I could put my new resolution into practice. My wife fell into a condition

of chronic ill health which made it impracticable for her to continue the cares of housekeeping. Yielding to the urgent invitation of my excellent mother-in-law, we abandoned our pleasant home in Salem, and returned to Brookfield. But before leaving that place it was my luck to be engaged in one of the maddest yacht cruises ever seen on our coast; of which I can give only an outline here.

An acquaintance in Salem had purchased a sloop yacht, hired a Portuguese seaman who claimed to have been mate, and proposed a short cruise, to see the race of the Eastern Yacht Club off the Isles of Shoals. He invited three friends to accompany him; but as no one but the Portuguese knew anything about sailing, and he, I found, was not good for much, Derby asked me to take entire command during the cruise. I accepted after some hesitation on the positive promise that I should have absolute control, free from any interference whatever. We started out with a smacking breeze from the southwest, which increased after we passed Thatcher's Island, and we were followed by a good lump of sea when we were crossing Ipswich Bay, all of which required the most careful steering. Before going below to take a "modest quencher" with the rest of the company, I gave the strictest injunctions to the Portuguese to mind his wheel, as we had the whole mainsail set and the centreboard up. Scarcely had we placed the glasses to our lips when a terrific lurch threw us all in a heap on the starboard side, and the water poured in a great torrent down the companion-way. An inch more and she would have completely capsized and gone down; and there was not a sail within two miles to pick up a soul of us. The rascal of a Portuguese had let the mainsail jibe, and had been within an ace of costing us all our lives.

I ordered him forward, growling to himself, and kept the helm until we were approaching the Isles of Shoals, when I turned it over to him again, in order to take a rapid sketch. Suddenly the yacht rose on a huge heaving roller and then I heard the roar of breakers on a reef but a cable's length ahead, on which the fool of a Portuguese was letting her drive to go to pieces. I thrust him aside, put the helm down, and just cleared the sunken rocks. But I was forced after that to keep the helm until we dropped anchor.

We proposed to pass the night at Star Island, and there was a large fleet of yachts gathering there for the morrow's race. But before we could come to anchor, a heavy, shifting squall was seen blackening the southwest horizon. The Isles of Shoals offered no adequate shelter in such a contingency, and the entire fleet started for Portsmouth. It was a nine miles' stretch and we had a wild, exciting race under press of sail against the squall, some sixty yachts of all sizes shoving a mound of foam under their bows, one of the finest sea sights I have ever seen. As we rushed up the channed past Whaleback Light against the tide, huddled together so that it seemed impossible to avoid collision, and the thunder and lightning drawing nearer, the scene was one never to be forgotten. We had just cleared the point at the entrance when the squall struck us. Dousing all sail, we turned into a snug cove and anchored just in the nick of time. A heavy storm set in that night, and the fleet, running past Pull-and-be-damn Point, lay at Portsmouth two days, during which there was much visiting and junketing among the jolly yachtsmen. This proved too much for my friend, the owner of our yacht, who, I now first

learned, was inclined to dipsomania, which as a man of business, he generally controlled, and was then an amiable, agreeable fellow. But when under the influence of liquor he was surly and obstinate, not to say dangerous, insisting on taking command, which I resisted, as he knew nothing about sailing.

The day after, he and his Portuguese had another fight, and contrived also to get in the way of a freighting schooner, which took the mast out of the yacht, and she had to be towed into port, but we reached home alive. Since that unlucky cruise I have always been careful to take no liquors when yachting except some good rye whiskey in my private locker, for special emergencies, and to leave dipsomaniacs on shore.

After moving back to Brookfield, and before undertaking my plans for painting, I carried out my idea of welding together in a consecutive story the various fragments relating to the siege of Troy, which have survived from classical literature and of which the Iliad, the Odyssey, and Aeneid and Aeschylus' "Agamemnon" and the fragments of the Cyclic poets give or suggest episodes. I had given considerable thought and study to the subject, and composed the work with enthusiasm, embellishing it with touches of local color from my early observations in Greece and the Aegean Isles. I still think it is one of the best, if not *the* best of my prose writings. But it had no popular success, although I had decided evidence that they who took pains to read it through were greatly pleased with it. The publishers ascribed this result to the title—*The Choice of Paris*—which was misleading, few people in those days being aware to what incident it referred, even some critics, as not unfrequently happens,

not looking beyond the title. Undoubtedly the title is half the battle in this period of ephemeral literature, and of appetites craving for what is spiced and sensational. Perhaps, also, the time for a book on that subject was not yet ripe. My second attempt at the Trojan question in 1881 with my *Troy, Its Legend, Literature, and Topography*, was sufficiently successful to procure me many fine critiques and to recoup me financially for the effort spent on *The Choice of Paris*, and it continues to sell after twenty years. Still the enthusiasm I had given to the first little book was such that its failure to meet with adequate response was one of the keenest disappointments in my life; and after that I became indifferent to writing books of pure literature and looked forward to the issue of another work with cynical *sangfroid*.

MANHOOD.

PART III.

THE AGNOSTIC'S CREED.

S. G. W. B.

*We come, we know not whence
We go, we know not where;
We live a life intense
'Mid struggle and despair.*

*In mist, we vainly grope;
We watch the voiceless sky,
While doubts obscure our hope;
And thus we long to die!*

*The sun goes down in night,
The soul sounds deepest glooms
All things steal out of sight;
Birth, leads but to the tomb.*

S. G. W. B.

CHAPTER IX.

MADEIRA.

After the publication of *The Choice of Paris* the way was clear for me to carry out my plan of entering upon an art career. Had that book been successful, I might have been led to recede from the plan. Brookfield was near to Boston, where I proposed to begin, and hence I should not to be separated from my family by long intervals. I passed the winter of 1869 studying oil painting with S. L. Gerry and William E. Norton, the former a landscape artist of fair merit, although not of the modern French school, and the latter one of the breeziest of our marine painters, who, if he gained something in technique and tone by his subsequent studies and life abroad, also lost the slap and dash which gave his earlier work a suggestion of genius less apparent in his later efforts. But it was not my intention to imitate the style of either of these artists or of any others, nature and my own impressions being my sources of inspiration. Nor could they teach me much about drawing and perspective. My education in these branches was equal to theirs, and had been cultivated still further in later years. But I could learn from them what I really needed, the properties and management of oil pigments and hints in composition, matters in which

a few months of expert instruction was worth years of ignorant experiment.

After leaving the studios of these artists, where I made the acquaintance of many other painters, and acquired a certain professional feeling, I took passage in the brig *Clara* to Newfoundland, to study the sea and observe its effects in the broad, in order to avoid the vicious style of giving too many needless details. I began to feel already that breadth in composition and expression, suggestion, rather than the mosaic-like detail and finish, was a prime object of good art; and furthermore, that a sense of movement and power cannot otherwise be well represented, while impressions of the majesty of out-at-sea waves can only be truly obtained, in my opinion, from the deck of small sailing ships, rather than from immense steamships.

The voyage to Newfoundland occupied several weeks. It was attended by some adventure and fine storm effects. Owing to the character of the crew and passengers, all Irish Newfoundlanders, it was also one of the spiciest trips in my experience. The vessel was deep-loaded, and lived through a gale of wind only to come near to shipwreck on Sable Island. Escape from the latter peril was perhaps due to my own observations when at the wheel. I noticed that the brig was by the head, and carried too much sail for that condition. Hence she made as much leeway as headway, driven sidewise by the swift currents towards the treacherous quicksands of a desolate isle which was so low that it could not be perceived until almost on it. The captain had been puzzled and alarmed by this mysterious driftway. My report gave an instant solution of the problem. The trim of the vessel was altered

as well as the sails. Thus we cleared the island by sundown, and made a straight course for Cape Race before a strong, steady breeze. The hardtack and salt beef furnished all hands fore and aft was the worst I ever experienced during a somewhat varied career, and the rations were short at that. My teeth and stomach survived both. The crew was of the roughest, men accustomed to sealing among the ice floes in the spring of the year, crowded in small brigs and schooners, and all that *that* implies. They were a hardened set of sinners, but their unfailing Irish wit, humor, and brogue, and their intense belief in "the Church" and likewise in the existence of the celebrated "Black Dog" and his frequent, actual appearance in Newfoundland, and indeed to some of those on board, gave one new impressions of the infinite varieties of human life and character. In the intervals between the yarns about miracles of the Saints, and deeds of the Black Dog, I was entertained by the vixenish tirades of a handsome young Irish shrew who perpetually belabored her patient spouse.

On my return home I hired a studio in Boston. Before the end of the season, Messrs. Williams and Everett, the well known art dealers to whose early encouragement I feel duly grateful, put on exhibition the first painting I offered to the public, a twenty-inch by twelve canvas; and in a month they sold it for sixty dollars. As I do not believe it beneficial to the progress of true art to mix the commercial with the artistic strides of the profession, I shall not allude again to the prices received for my paintings, although I have no cause to be ashamed on that score, and only mention the price of my first sale here as suggestive of the rapidity of my first success. As to the

merit of the paintings* I executed during the ten years when my brush was busiest, that is a question for others to decide. But I may say, perhaps, that the best of them had spirit, boldness, and action, an originality in color and a "go" that pleased people. These qualities came from my being full of the subject, goaded on by an earnest demand for expression, now that I had found a vent in that direction, and by the prime fact that my art gave no hint of any master, studio, or school, but was strictly original. These qualities won attention in spite of the occasional crudeness and unpolished technique. Boldness and force was what I sought rather than refinement, and suggestion rather than complete rendition of details. This I may say frankly, my avoidance of dangerous colors for immediate effect gave a permanence to the chromatic effects I sought, and so far as I know my earliest pictures are still uncracked and as fresh as when first executed.

From the outset I determined to make my study of the sea from a ship's deck on the broad ocean, rather than from the shore. In pursuance of this object I now entered on a series of voyages which furnished material for my pictorial efforts and whose expenses were paid by the articles I wrote. The cruise in the brig *Clara* was the first trip of this sort. The second voyage was in the bark *Jehu* to the Azores. When I was twenty-eight I was seized, without any apparent cause, with the premonition that I should die when I was thirty-seven.† This thought did not specially depress my spirits, but it was ever present as a certainty to be taken into account in arranging

*Note list of paintings sold.

†His last illness began in his 74th year. (Twice thirty-seven).

my plans. Accordingly I hesitated before embarking on this cruise, being thirty-seven, and seriously proposed to myself to abandon it. But I reasoned that if my fate was to be settled that year, it would come wherever I happened to be. So I bade good-bye to my family as though for the last time, and put to sea. As it happened the voyage actually proved one of the most perilous and adventurous I ever sailed; several times the vessel came near to being lost with all on board. But, after all we reached home safely, and I have never been troubled with any such mysterious warning since then.

To give a full account of this cruise would take a volume. I can only present a mere sketch of it here. The vessel was a small, extreme clipper bark of 240 tons, in ballast. In the first place, Captain Brown, once a skilful seaman, was now too old for such exceptional service and hence practically incompetent. But for the iron discipline which happily and necessarily rules at sea, he would have been deposed before half the voyage was over, and the usual fearful results of mutiny might have followed. He would go on deck at critical moments, take the command from the mate, a good Yankee sailor, or the second mate, a magnificent, barefooted, but eagle-eyed Portuguese, and then drop to sleep on the hatch. On one occasion he did this when all were anxiously waiting orders to take in the sail for an approaching squall, and no one dared to arouse him. The squall threw the vessel on her beam ends and she came within an ace of foundering!

The ostensible object of the voyage was to procure a charter for a cargo of oranges in November, but this was too thin a pretext to blind anyone, especially as a strip of canvas was hung over the stern to conceal her

name. The real purpose was to steal Portuguese, that is to smuggle young men out of the islands who sought to evade the dreaded conscription which meant life ruin, but who lacked the sum essential to purchase exemption. On the previous voyage the *Jehu* had brought 140 fugitives; and there was an organized secret agency on most of the islands to watch for them, arrange the rendezvous, and ship the fugitives, on board. Of course such a conspiracy could not long evade detection, and the armed bateaux or *garda costas* of the local authorities were constantly on the alert not only to seize the refugees, but to capture and confiscate the bark itself, if caught in *fragrante delicto*, even at the risk of a bloody fight. I never enjoyed any voyage more than this one, for it gave me unsurpassed opportunities to study the sea and sea cliffs, and the manoeuvring of the sailing ship, to participate in romantic adventure, and to observe the hardy, brave, picturesque people of those lonely but sublime oases, in the vast wastes of the Atlantic.

One of our most thrilling experiences occurred under the tremendous precipices of St. George. We had others as dangerous, but their duration was briefer, sooner met and sooner ended. But this one lasted for several hours, and we had ample time to face and realize in prolonged apprehension, the doom that seemed inevitable. We had intelligence that a band of fugitives would meet our boats at the foot of the cliffs on the north side of the island. It was blowing a living gale of wind from the southwest when we rounded the eastern end, under close-reefed topsails. We ran at once into a heavy but comparatively smooth northwest swell and almost a calm under the protection of the cliffs scarcely anywhere less than fifteen

hundred feet high, sheer up and down like a Titanic wall; and yet we dared not shake out a single reef for whenever we came to a gulch the wind shot down with the swiftness and fury of a cannon ball. Once indeed the bark was laid over so suddenly for an instant that everyone on deck was hurled into the lee scuppers. At length a faint column of smoke was discerned near the water. The bark was hove to and the largest yawl was despatched to bring off the fugitives. It was a very serious job. The rollers were high, the surf made it impossible to land, and those of the refugees who were desperate enough to incur the risk, leaped into the water and were with great difficulty picked up. All this consumed several hours and it was nightfall before the boat finally returned with all on board greatly exhausted as well as indignant, as the ship had not been kept sufficiently near, as they claimed.

In the meantime we who had remained with the bark had our hands full with our own toils and anxieties. The captain allowed the vessel to drift so far under the island that he lost the wind altogether, and entirely at the mercy of the huge northwest swell, she swung steadily towards the implacable rocks which offered no anchorage or landing. There was every evidence that the wind was preparing to shift, which would have taken away our last hope by placing us on a lee shore. The sky became overcast. The clouds in the offing had the appearance of land, a very sinister sign; and the mist gathering on the crest of the island spilled over the brow of the cliffs like silent cataracts. Captain Brown summoned all hands to aid and ordered every stitch of canvas to be spread. The long boat and the gig were lowered and the refugees already with us were sent forward to tow the ship farther out. Me,

he ordered to the wheel with directions to watch and take advantage of every puff of air stirring aloft. It was painful to observe his senile anxiety. For once sleep was driven from his eyelids. But all was of no use. The good bark, apparently doomed, drew nearer and nearer to her fate, and the night was now not far off which for us would probably have no dawn. About the same time that the long absent boat was descried approaching, a savage squall was also seen making towards us out of the north-west, the ship mind you, being now under all sail to take advantage of any favorable air, and the mate and myself the only men on board besides the captain. The latter sent the mate forward to order the towing boats alongside instantly, while he himself beckoned and yelled to the other boat to hurry up. The men tumbled aboard, the boats were hastily made fast to the rail with an even chance of being lost, and at the same moment the topsails slapped the masts with a sound of thunder, and the ship shuddered from stem to stern as the shifting squall roared through the rigging. Fortunately I had got a little way on her by watchful steering, enough to bring her into the wind, or she would have gone over. As it was, everything for a few moments was in the most appalling disorder, while intense gloom settled over the sea. We now had fifteen miles to go to clear the island, and to do it we had to carry a press of sail in a furious sea; it was our only hope, and a slim one at that. If a single spar had gone or a single sheet started, we were doomed. Smothered in foam the good ship dashed on, but it was several hours before the suspense was over, and we could feel that at last we were in comparative safety and could come down to snug sail. But we had to lie to for two days

before the gale blew out. In his *Cruise of the Cachelot*, George Buller graphically describes the peril of three whalers becalmed under a precipice less than half a mile long while a storm was approaching. But that was a mere trifle compared with our tremendous experience under the cliff walls of St. George.

One of the most agreeable incidents of this cruise was our visit to the isle of Flores, situated, with the near neighboring rock, Corvo, far from the rest of the group. The bark lay off and in the open, while Capt. Brown, his wife and the writer landed for the night. There was something strangely weird and piquant in this islet ten miles long and two or three wide, and its 5,000 people, *alone* in the broad Atlantic. It had its little cliff-enclosed port, entered by a passage wide enough to admit a boat heaving in on the everlasting rollers, its little capital of 1,200 souls, named, of course, Santa Cruz, its little aristocracy, whose sons studied at the university in Portugal, and then returned to vegetate on their insular estates, and its peasant class; everything *multum in parvo*, remote, obscure, contented, while the surges beat its precipitous sides, and the boisterous nations fought and struggled in far away lands, unrecked by the simple folk of Flores. To some individuals such a corner of the world might prove a welcome refuge from adversities and agitations that had assailed them elsewhere. A philosopher might also find reflective ease in such an asylum. One man I found there who seemed to prove the truth of these observations. He was a solitary Italian, an artificer in the precious metals who wrought by the barred window of his apartment in a massive old stone building everlooking the port. His white hair, crowned by a black velvet skull cap, and his

silken white beard, suggested a man of seventy, but I judged from various signs that he was about fifty. He told me that he had left his native land to find rest. He had had his troubles; possibly he was a political refugee. He found what he sought at Flores, and was content to remain there until death. He needed little there, and that little, he gained from the filigree earrings and finger rings he made for the peasants of Flores and Fayal. He was a genial if somewhat serious character. There was a history in his life which I might have learned could I have remained there a year or two, as I yearned to do.

At the house of our host at one of these islands, a well-to-do gentleman, where we passed the night, I met with an experience novel to me then, but as I now know not uncommon in Portuguese society, especially the colonies. The very novelty of it suggested prudence and discretion, and thus I escaped the serious consequence that would have surely followed a different course. Our host was a widower, and hence the oldest of his three sisters assumed the hospitable custom of a hostess to her guest. When the hour came for retiring this comely young lady led the way to the apartment I was to occupy, and entering with me, closed the door, took a seat, and began to converse with me without the slightest embarrassment, which was more than I could say for myself. After talking with her for a few moments and perceiving that she showed no intention of withdrawing, I proceeded to disrobe myself as coolly as possible. She looked on every movement with unaffected interest, and when I mustered courage to get into bed she smoothed the sheets, and sat down by the bed side and chatted for some moments. Then she asked if there was anything more she could do for my comfort, to

which I was careful to reply in the negative, bade me a pleasant slumber, and left me to reflect on some of the strangest sensations in my experience. Many nations, many customs! Evidently this was one of the most serious perils of this adventurous cruise, for an opposite course on my part might have cost my life; as I subsequently learned.

On the voyage home the vessel came near to burning up one stormy night through the carelessness of one of the men and the consequent ignition of some loose oakum between decks. Fancy what would have been the results, a tempestuous night in mid ocean, a huge sea, one hundred and twenty-five souls on board including some thirty women and children, and only three boats! I saw the whole performance, being on deck with the watch. Our salvation was due to the amazing presence of mind of the mate.

The following summer I sailed once more in the bark *Jehu* for the "Azores, and Madeira, and a market," with Captain George Hardy in command, this time. I took several voyages with this excellent seaman and Christian gentleman. A nobler sailor never trod the quarter-deck. Captain Hardy was born in the south of England, and came of good old English stock. He was articled to an attorney with a view to following the law; but ran away to sea when he was seventeen. He was one of the somewhat rare men who have told me that the boyish passion for the sea had not been dampened by subsequent hardships and perils. At twenty, he was in command. He was a Christian, a convert to the Plymouth Brethren. Every evening he had prayers in the cabin, but he would rise to an emergency, the coolest man there.

The last time I saw Captain Hardy was on his return from a long trading cruise to Australia and the East Indies. He had offered me a stateroom and urged my going with him. But the health of my wife made such a long absence inexpedient at that time. On learning of his arrival in Boston, I went immediately to welcome him, and heard the details of a voyage which had promised so much of unusual interest when it was proposed to me. I have always regretted that I was prevented from undertaking it. It was on this voyage that Captain Hardy encountered a most thrilling and remarkable experience. His vessel, the good bark *Ethan Allen*, was lying at Chittagong during one of the most appalling hurricanes on record. At nightfall one hundred and fifty-three vessels were at anchor in the roads. At daybreak the *Ethan Allen* was the only one left afloat! All the others had either foundered or gone on shore, while the huge rollers, sweeping completely over the low island, had carried the dense population, by scores of thousands, into eternity. He showed me photographs he had taken of the wrecks, lying piled together in ghastly heaps on the sand as the water receded. Captain Hardy also told me that the water had been blown as high as his top-gallant yards, what remained of the furled sails being brown with mud. He stood in the pilot house all night expecting the final catastrophe any moment. He attributed the safety of his ship to the fact that by lying farther out, he had escaped collision with ships adrift, and also to the very excellent ground-tackle he had procured before leaving Boston. On the voyage succeeding this one Captain Hardy succumbed at last, to a disease which he had borne for years with unflinching fortitude.

One of the most original characters of the *Jehu's* crew was Charlie, the Austrian cook. He was fat and generally good natured, although fully appreciating the dignity and power of his position as purveyor of the chief comforts of those who go down to the sea in ships. He chaffed the crew without stint, but was careful how they chaffed in return. Master of all the mysteries of the ship's cuisine, they knew that the quality of Sunday's plum duff depended on how they stood in with him. It was jolly, when the captain announced eight bells at noon, to hear the cook sing out in his galley, "Come and see me." Immediately after the men would be seen thronging about the galley door with *pinikins* and trenchers to get their prog. I have spoken of this worthy because of his curious fate. The second year after this, Captain Hardy having just laid his bark alongside of Long Wharf, once so famous as the rendezvous of our sailing vessels, Charlie, the cook, and the anchor watch were the only hands on board. It was a winter morning and bitter cold. The decks and bulwarks were caked with snow and slippery with ice. The watch was below busied about something. When he came on deck he missed the cook. Looking over the side, he saw the galley bucket floating among the grinding ice cakes, but nothing of the cook, who, it was evident, had slipped and fallen over when attempting to draw salt water. The alarm was given, but all search proved of no avail. When Spring came divers went down and discovered the corpse of poor Charlie clinging to a pile, the arms and legs clasped tightly around the timber as in his last agony he had frantically tried to climb the cold wood, slippery with green slime.

While we remained at Horta, the port of Fayal, I

seized the interval to do a little mountain climbing. One day I ascended the central peak of the island, nearly 4,000 feet high, and descended into the vast crater, 1,500 feet deep. The fires were extinct or at least slumbering, and I was able to walk over the vast floor of the crater, soft, slippery and noiseless, carpeted with mossy grass. In the center was a smaller pyramidal crater. The silence and solitude were appalling. I had with me only a Portuguese lad. We seemed shut out from the world forever; while the clouds floated like phantom cataracts over the walls of the abyss, and vanished into nothingness ere they were half way down.

Four or five miles from Fayal is the island of Pico, the strait between the two islands forming the port of Fayal. The Peak of Pico, one of the grandest insular volcanic cones in the world in shape and situation, gives character to every prospect in the neighborhood, and serves as a barometer to the islanders as well as to approaching vessels, according as it is clear or doffs its hood of cloud. It is 8,300 feet in height, nearly twice the altitude of Vesuvius. When the sun sets in clear weather, the apex of this sublime mountain burns like a live coal, while its majestic slopes at the base are draped in royal purple. I crossed the strait in a little *felucca* manned by handsome, barefooted islanders. As for myself, the air and the scenes acted on me as an elixir, and I was never in better trim to climb a mountain. The picturesque, semi-classic beauty of the peasant girls, who flocked to the fountain near the beach to fill their jars, reminded me of similar scenes in the Greek Isles or the Odyssey, and I was none too old to appreciate the artistic or the romantic possibilities of what I saw. Tennyson says, "In the

spring the young man's heart turns lightly to the thoughts of love"; but to the properly constituted young man one season answers as well as another. It is usually with him not a question of season, but of opportunity or expediency.

In order to make an early start as near the foot of the direct ascent as possible, I decided not to pass the night at the *quinta* of Mr. Dabney our consul at Fayal, which he had kindly placed at my disposal, but to proceed a thousand feet higher to Vellas village, where my guide gave me a rude bed in his primitive hovel. His neighbors dropped in, to have a sight of the stranger and perhaps to show a sense of hospitality. The extreme poverty as well as comradeship of these humble folk was displayed when the host rolled a cigarette and passed it around, each one taking two or three precious whiffs. The high duties on tobacco make it go high in the Portuguese islands and act also as a premium on smuggling the weed. At four in the morning, after a hurried meal, we began the ascent of Pico Peak. I rode a donkey for half the distance. The remainder of the climb offered no special difficulties for foot travel until we reached the first crater. This was a wonderful pit of brown lava, whose steep walls were composed of black, shining slag twisted into inconceivably grotesque forms like monsters of the antediluvian world suddenly transfixed into stone in the midst of their uncouth writhing. The little sharp peak which springs some 300 feet above this crater, and at a distance seems to come to a needle-like point, presented the first real danger, and the guides earnestly warned me not to attempt it; or at least to keep on the inner side, as the outer slope formed a continuous line with the drop of the moun-

tain, and an accident there implied a fall and a roll of thousands of feet. As it turned out, we did not escape peril, for the face of the little peak is composed of loose blocks that are easily dislodged by the climber. One of the guides went ahead, and the other followed close after me. The former started a lava rock half as big as my body that bounded over me near enough to graze the rim of my hat. The summit was hallowed into a bowl, twenty to thirty feet in diameter. A thin vapor issued from it, and the rim on which we sat was sufficiently warm to require shifting of position, although no eruption had been recorded, so far as I could learn, for several ages. The prospect from that dizzy height was impressive to the last degree. Although we were miles in a direct line from the sea yet the descent is so abrupt, that as I sat on the edge of the little crater and dangled my feet into space, it seemed possible to throw a stone into the purple ocean whose eternal breakers fringed the shore a mile and a half below with a thread of silver foam.

It was long after nightfall when we returned to Vellas, and I crossed the strait at sunrise, my heart swelling with the exhilaration of the various incidents of the trip. On reaching the bark, I found Captain Hardy starting to breakfast with the Baron de Freitas. He gave me just ten minutes to dress, including shaving, as we were already overtime. I accomplished the feat with man-of-war speed and method, having several seconds to spare, greatly to Captain Hardy's innocent merriment.

From Fayal we sailed to Madeira. It fell a dead calm while we were miles from the anchorage at Funchal. Slowly we drifted in on the swell, and it was three in the morning before the cable rattled and the anchor took the

ground. I walked the deck until then, overpowered by the majestic scene, listening to the low, distant boom of the surf, watching the twinkling lights, and the vast steeps veiled in darkness and mystery, wondering the while what loveliness that I was yet to learn, was to throw a spell over me and enthrall my soul like no other place my eyes have seen. Captain Hardy had long whetted my curiosity with his glowing descriptions, but I found that half had not been told me!

As when a man falls irrevocably in love at first sight, as the Chevalier de Grisieux recognized his destined affinity the instant he first glanced at Manon l' Escant, so, likewise, did I utterly and forever lose my heart when Madeira, glowing in the splendor of day, revealed her charms to me for the first time by the turquoise sea that laved her feet, a new Aphrodite springing with eternal poesy and beauty from the waves. I have seen many lovely spots before and since, many of the world's most famed resorts; but none of them have ever so won upon my affections, so incorporated with my being, so united in perfect harmony with my tastes, as Madeira the peerless and superb, matchless in scenery, and unsurpassed in its elysian climate, the gem of the ocean.

A fortnight at Funchal was busily passed by me exploring the gorges and valleys and pretty hamlets, skirting the cliffs and shores in boats, and climbing to the summit of Pico Ruivo the highest of the central group of lofty peaks, and taking studies here and there, before we made sail once more for Boston. For several months I worked hard in my studio, painting some of my Madeira studies and compositions suggested by my recent voyages, a number of which I was able to sell for what would be

considered good prices for one comparatively new in the profession. By the end of winter I was ready to sail again with Captain Hardy, this time with the intention of staying sometime in Madeira and adding to my collection of insular studies. Captain Hardy was now in command of the fine bark, *Ethan Allen*, a half clipper of 540 tons, with a poop deck in the old style and the cabin below, a smart, all around sailor, altogether an admirable example of the best we could do in shipbuilding in those days. During the Civil War she was employed as a blockader and mounted a battery. I have already alluded to her performance at the Chittagong monsoon. After Captain Hardy's death she was sold to King Kalakaua, and formed the sum total of the Hawaiian navy. Being sent on a cruise to Samoa, the *Ethan Allen* was seized and held as security for a bill of repairs. For ought I know, she may be still employed in those waters. On this, my second voyage to Madeira, this smart vessel especially distinguished herself by one of the most remarkable runs ever made by a sailing ship. We shook out the rags on the third of March, in the midst of a piercing nor'west gale, favorable, but of great fury. We passed Boston Light under close reefed topsails, reefed foresail and fore topmast staysail, and carried the gale until we struck the northeast trades of the coast of Portugal, stood close-hauled for two days, and dropped the mud-hook in Funchal roads precisely thirteen days after losing sight of Long Wharf; the distance covered was somewhat farther than to Liverpool. In less than a fortnight I had passed from the snowy hills and icy blasts of Massachusetts to the luscious fruits, perennial verdure and flowers and balmy airs of Madeira.

To go into a full description of the varied and superb scenery of Madeira, of my happy days there, or my enjoyment and adventures, would require a separate volume, and hardly comes within the scope of this work. I can only touch on a few salient points here. By boat, hammock carried by men, by sledge, sliding down the smooth-paved mountain slopes, or on horseback and on foot, I left but few spots on the island unvisited and unexplored. I was told that no stranger had so thoroughly traversed Madeira from one end to the other except Sir Charles Lyell the geologist, and certainly the tourists who now touch for a few hours at Madeira never see much of its best. There is this special advantage attaching to an island thirty miles long by nine wide over a continent, that, however varied and broken its scenery, one may hope to master it with reasonable thoroughness, which is clearly impossible with a continent, even though compassed by rail. I made my headquarters for a time at Funchal, then for a time in the districts of San Vincente, Camacha, Santa Cruz, and especially Santa Anna, branching thence over the neighborhood as fancy or artistic impulse inclined me. I became so accustomed to tremendous precipices, gruesome ledges where one could drop a stone plumb down 1,000 feet or more, steep, rocky, descents, and the like, both on foot and in the saddle, that I got a name for fool hardiness. As I am naturally prudent, and disinclined to unusual risks unless there is a positive equivalent, I can only attribute my seeming recklessness to growing familiarity with such scenes, which is the basis of most physical courage, to an enthusiasm that made me forget everything in the marvelous loveliness and grandeur of the scenery, and to a certain stimulant quality in the air acting like an elixir.

Although I took numerous studies and sketches which proved useful to me, the chief advantage I gained from this unbroken contact with the scenery of Madeira was spiritual and subjective more than material. Everything is massed there on such a broad, grandiose scale that one learns to consider less the details of every scene, however exquisite, and to view things in the large. At least such was the effect on me. I think from that time my mind has surveyed the world and the matters and problems of existence from a different standpoint; and to consider results rather than the more or less minute and interinvolved processes that lead to them. The comparative solitude in which many of my days at Madeira were passed, wandering and reflecting among those glorious and stupendous aspects of nature, quite apart from the din of the busiest age since the creation, as it were in the legendary cycles of prehistoric aeons, led me unconsciously to revise my trains of thought, and enter on new methods and aspirations, which, alas, I was unable to follow as completely as I hoped, when plunged again into the seething vortex of innumerable energies on my return to the western world. Perhaps it is this, that has made the memory of my Madeira life so indelible and fills me with periodical longing to return thither for my closing years.

I became very fond of the people, too, the courteous hospitality of the upper class or *proprietarios*, and the *galliard* nature and respectful manners of the peasantry. However needy, they were outwardly jolly and content, never whined for alms, served faithfully, without grumbling. The tinkle of the guitar was heard at all hours along the country roads, showing the merry, lighthearted disposition of these hard working islanders.

The months I passed at Santa Anna were perhaps the most enjoyable, although for out and out perfection of scenery, the finest I saw there or anywhere else, was that of Valparaiso or the Vale of Paradise, some 2,500 feet above the sea. I lodged at Santa Anna at the simple, but neat hostel of Senor Acciaoli, chief man of the district, and as thorough a gentleman as ever lived. But the naive unconventionalism of life there, its frank adaptation to local conditions and natural wants, were typified by a droll incident that occurred at a church fair one Sunday afternoon in the church precincts. The parish priest, a handsome, young man, was nephew of the senor. An attractive young woman was gazing from the window of the parsonage at the festivities. Aware of the way they did things in Madeira, I said without hesitation to the old gentleman, "I suppose that is the priest's mistress?" Instead of glowering at me as one would have done in America at such a question, the uncle took it as a matter of course, and simply replied, "No, that is her sister; his mistress has gone to town for a short absence!" In other words, they realized the fact at Madeira that the priest was a man. The only reasonable way to get around the dilemma is to abolish vows of celibacy, leaving to each ecclesiastic to choose or avoid it, according to his inclinations or convictions. The clerical laxity winked at for ages in the Latin countries appears to have been connived at, on some such tacit grounds and palliations, and certainly this laxity does not seem to have extended so far, as to interfere with the faithful discharge of parochial duties.

For the most part I was entirely alone at Santa Anna but, yet was never lonely. Did not the trade winds ever

waft their balmy and healthful airs around that gracious spot, producing a temperature so even that for forty years the mercury had not fallen below sixty nor risen above eighty at that point? Was not the amethystine sea ever about me leaving stupendous cliffs whichever way I turned? Were not the mountains, the idyllic valleys, the brawling streams, the featherlike cascades, the marvelous cloud pageantries, ever inviting me to study the poetry of nature, and listen to the music she sang to the soul? I never was lonely for a moment; nay, I rather regretted the days when an occasional tourist appeared, now, perhaps, a Brazilian count, or another day Lieutenant Henn, famed in later years as the owner of *Galatea*, racer for the Queen's Cup. However agreeable they proved to be, they jarred on my moods in those halcyon days.

But I cannot forget that I came near leaving my bones at Santa Anna in a ticklish adventure. The northern coast of Madeira is everywhere lofty and bold, without harbor or anchorage. Here and there the stubborn face of the cliffs receded where a gulch or chasm occurs, on whose edge perhaps perches a picturesque hamlet. But for the most part one only sees tremendous cliffs reaching like a wall, which average 1,300 feet in height, and sometimes soar to upwards of two thousand feet. At the foot is a beach of similar titanic character, composed of stones or immense boulders that have fallen from the disintegrating precipices during the ages, and which continue to drop without warning. This rugged shore is forever lashed by the huge rollers impelled by the trade winds. The bare-footed peasants sometimes pick their way down the crumbling face of the cliffs, zigzagging from one dizzy

shelf to another in search of herbage for their animals or of help and shellfish. Every year some of them lost their lives however, in this dangerous task.

About where my lodging stood the precipice had a sheer descent of 1,020 feet by barometrical measurement. The garden wall of the hamlet skirted the very edge of the precipice. One day I took a notion to scramble down to the beach, and without leaving word of my intention, I followed a thin tortuous trail in places scarce wide enough for a foothold, and treacherous where the formation was loose rubble. However, I reached the bottom safely, but was awed by the impressive solitude. Not a house nor a living being was in sight; only the beach and the vast thundering surf on one side extending thirty miles, and the appalling cliff wall whose highest pinnacles were wreathed with trailing clouds.

The fall of a large stone near to me, leaping from a great height, and the incoming tide, reminded me that it would be well to turn homeward or rather upward, and then I realized that I had no light task before me. By slow, careful steps I reached somewhat over five hundred feet safely, when I came to a sharp turn in the path, where the inner edge of the trail was higher than the outer edge, the trail being but fifteen to eighteen inches wide; at this giddy juncture I felt the loose earth start carrying my feet towards the edge. The next instant I should have plunged to the beach below if I had not dropped on my knees and dug my fingers into the earth above me. Happily a slight, frail bush grew just within my reach. It was too lightly grounded to allow me to pull hard on it; but it afforded a sort of moral support that enabled me to collect my wits. Slowly reaching out my hand to grasp

it, I was able to check the slipping over movement until I could consider how to avoid the impending destruction. Pivoting myself on my left knee and hand, I then gradually worked my right knee around, the earth crumbling all the time from under it, until I could lay my right hand on a projecting stone. If that should prove merely superficially imbedded, I was lost. By great good luck the stone was fairly fixed and held as I dragged myself by this ticklish means around the corner of the zigzag to a point of comparative safety. This manoeuver, which had required the utmost coolness and patience, probably took seven or eight minutes, although at the time it seemed an hour. This was one of the closest escapes from violent death in my experience. The next time I descended those precipices I did not venture without a companion and a sheathed rod.

After tarrying at Madeira, for nearly eight months this time, (a sojourn which proved an era in my life,) I sailed for home in the *Ethan Allen*. The bark was in ballast, which gives rise to several lively experiences. We were struck by a squall off Newfoundland, and the hatches having been carelessly left open and the vessel knocked down to her beam ends, she came near filling and going to the bottom. I ran forward to let go the foretopsail halliards. The cabin boy, who was carrying a pail of water, slipped down as she careened and threw me off my balance just as I cast off the halliards. My leg was caught in the coil, and only by extreme agility did I save the limb or escape being hoisted to the foretop as the heavy yard and sail thundered down. Life in an old time sailing ship abounded with such exciting incidents. Off Scutari, while working up to Sydney, Cape Breton Is-

land, we encountered a heavy November gale. When the wind shifted into nor'west with terrific fury it did so after a lull of several hours, quite an unusual circumstance, as the lull in such cases is generally brief. Hence we had again made sail, and were taken aback under a dangerous spread of canvas. For a square-rigger to be taken aback in a storm is one of the greatest perils of the sea life. We could not sway the wet, heavy sails around, glued as they were to the masts by the awful power of the blast, and the ship would not pay off until the after-sail was lowered. But the spanker stuck and would not come down. The bark would have foundered stern foremost in the angry sea that began to tower over the stern if one of the men had not sprung up one of the mast hoops. I followed after him and by our united weight we started the sail. It came down on the run, and the ship paid off, came under control, and was saved.

As the *Ethan Allen* was going to load coal at Sydney for the West Indies, I availed myself gladly of the offer of a bunk in one of our saucy, old-fashioned fishing schooners bound from the Grand Banks to Gloucester. The *Anna Maria*, Jewett, skipper, was but sixty feet long, her little cuddy was crowded with fourteen men, and it was just on the edge of winter, with plenty of cold, foul weather to be expected. But all this promised to add zest to the home stretch. I must admit, however, that the first whiff of mephitic air below was almost too much, even for my well seasoned nostrils and stomach, a stomach, I may add, that always had a voracious appetite at sea, that has never known the qualms of *mal de mer* nor lost a meal on either salt or fresh water. The cabin reeked with the fumes of the soft coal from the usually

red hot cylinder stove, to which must be added the stench of bilge water under the floor, of barrels packed with fish and the intolerable effluvia of stale fish gurry accumulated by months on the banks. The garbage tub stood by the stove, the men turned in in their wet boots and clothes, two in a bunk, and there was a large dog besides. One can form a faint idea, perhaps, from these details, of the atmosphere of an apartment barely fourteen by twelve in size, under such circumstances. The tobacco smoke doubtless somewhat deodorized the seemingly pestiferous odors, still my experience there and elsewhere, convinces me that it is hard to kill one by bad smells alone, especially when neutralized by bracing salt air on deck. Anyway, I was soon accustomed to the conditions of life on the schooner, and have rarely enjoyed myself more. The true way for your genuine adventurer to enjoy the rough and tumble of life is not to kick or set up as a reformer, whereby he makes everyone uncomfortable, and is regarded askance as a tenderfoot and interloper, but to place himself without blinking, *en rapport* with his environment. As I have always acted on this principle, probably this is a chief reason why I have gained so much pleasure out of travel and got the best there is out of sea life.

We were three weeks from Sydney to Gloucester, passing, at the outset through the famous *Bras d'or*, a sheet of water then unknown to American tourists. The glorious tints of autumn still lingered on the foliage and the weather was practically serene on that noble sheet of water. We met many picturesque characters of Gaelic stock at places where we touched or anchored at night-fall, and received much genial hospitality. If I had been

a jolly bachelor, I might have lost my heart to some of the blooming, passionate lasses of that romantic region, several of whom still linger pleasantly in my memory. The canal at St. Peters had recently been completed, and through it we passed out on the broad Atlantic. The effect presented by the fleet of schooners anchored at St. Peters for the night, with lights in their rigging and stars gleaming superbly above, and reflected in the dark wave below, still comes before me like a scene in fairyland.

But we saw no more such scenes on that voyage. For we now entered on a succession of squalls and gales, of reefing and lying to, of decks swept fore and aft by mountain surges, of scuppers buried in a smother of foam, of ice forming where the spray fell, and of running into this or that port for a haven of refuge. But we reached Gloucester safely at last on a mild Sabbath afternoon.

CHAPTER X.

FROM THE WHITE HOUSE TO THE BAHAMAS.

IN the spring of 1874 it was suggested to me to go to Nassau, Bahama Islands, to write them up in the interests of the Royal Victoria Hotel, recently purchased by Grover Cleveland, later President of the United States, and his brother, who was afterwards lost in the steamer that was burned off Abaco. As it presented an opportunity for fresh sea studies, and as it was now evident that the Chicago Fire, where my wife and I, lost property was to throw me entirely on my own exertions for some years, I accepted the proposal. But I did so, on the condition that my expenses thither and back should in any event be paid me, and that I should not be expected to prepare the article unless I found the Royal Victoria Hotel to be an establishment altogether worthy to be recommended to the public; and finally that the article should be in substance an account of the Bahamas, with incidental allusions to the hotel. Mr. Cleveland arranged with *Harper's Monthly* to publish the paper.

I met Grover Cleveland on the day of sailing at Mr. Ligerwood's store on Broadway, near 4th St. I think, and we sampled some of the best rye whiskey in the country. The interview was free and easy, but I gained

from it that he was a man scrupulously careful and systematic in business matters, but in other respects what one would call a thoroughly good fellow. I question whether the idea of becoming Governor of New York had even entered his brain at that time, much less the captivating, tantalizing dream of becoming the master of the White House, to which so many think they are called while so few are chosen. On my return from Persia, which was due to the Democratic party coming into power, I called to pay my respects to President Cleveland on one of his reception days. Although ten years had elapsed, he recognized me at a glance, out of a throng of those who were waiting to shake hands with him; this seemed to me an evidence of a born fitness for high position, as the recollection of faces, has always been one of the traits peculiar, if not universal, to men prominent in public life. Drawing me aside to a corner of the apartment, the President chatted pleasantly for some time, asking information and advice in regard to Persia, and the sort of man to appoint in my place. He also requested me to call on Mr. Bayard, his self-sufficient although, sometimes inefficient secretary of state, and repeat to the latter the substance of what I had just said to the President. I may add here that when I did call accordingly, on Mr. Bayard, I found in a very few moments what I already surmised, that he desired neither information or advice from a Republican. *Verbum Sap!* The first remark of Mr. Cleveland to me on this occasion was, "We have met before," with a twinkle in his eye as he said it. To this I replied, "Yes, Mr. President, and perhaps neither of us thought then, that the next time we should shake hands would be in the White House." He responded by a mysterious smile, as

if to say, "you cannot expect me to give myself away by conceding that my election to the governorship of New York and my subsequent election to this position was the result of the split in the Republican party in New York, and the manipulation of ballots by Tammany rather than the climax of a livelong, well-laid plan directed by lofty ambition and crowned by the success due to a patriotic effort and merit!"

There is a curious and important state secret connected with Mr. Cleveland's second administration, which would have made a sensation of the first magnitude if revealed at the time, and in such event would have affected his plans materially, even if disavowed, as of course it would have been. But I can do no more than allude to it here, as I learned of it in such a way that my honor is pledged to divulge nothing while a certain party is living.

My return from Persia—being a Republican—was due to the coming of Mr. Cleveland and the Democrats into power; and there is no doubt, likewise, that his rapid rise from being sheriff of Buffalo to the highest position in the New World, was immediately due to what looks like stupendous luck. Notwithstanding these facts, candor obliges me to admit that Grover Cleveland was a man of very great ability, standing head and shoulders above the chief contemporary leaders of his party, in fitness for the position he has occupied. I do not think him a statesman in the highest sense of the term, nor was he widely informed when he passed from Buffalo to Albany. His political honesty was not above par, nor was he capable in those days, at least, of warming to the glow of exalted patriotism. His record shows this; his most important appointments were generally given to men who had fought

against the flag, although it was still proper that they should hold back seats. However, advantageous as partisan policy, such a course as regards foreign appointments and the position of secretary of state, was in poor taste and unjust to the north which has fought to preserve the nation. I question whether Mr. Cleveland took much interest in the sacrifices and triumphs of the heroes who saved the Republic, of which he eventually became the head. He never alluded to the subject except to reduce pensions and return rebel flags. But he was shrewd to a degree, was rich in sterling common sense, was a wonderful manipulator of political wires, had a genius for partisan politics, was well grounded on sound financial principles, had convictions of his own and noble firmness in maintaining them, and as a private citizen he has exhibited good average integrity. That he liked his glass and a good time occasionally, is nothing against him, perhaps rather in his favor. I am inclined to feel more suspicious of the man who never has (or professes never to have) such inclinations than of the one who is human, and does. So long as one fills his public duties acceptably, it is nobody's business what he does as an individual, short of breaking the laws.

I had had other interviews with our presidents at the White House. One was President Arthur, whom I met several times officially, before going to Persia, as he signed my commission. He was exceedingly affable, as was characteristic of him, but he impressed me as being possessed of more heart than head, of a warm, kindly, emotional nature and of good, but not unusual intellectual or commanding character. He was strikingly handsome, however, and his manner was more that of the polished

gentleman of the world than of any American president since the early history of the Republic that I have met or known.

President Hayes was refined and courteous although not courtly, to which was added a subtle suggestion of self-reliance and power, if need were to express it, which Arthur seemed to me to lack. In appearance and manner Hayes reminded one of the better class of our college presidents, or the cultured prosperous pastor of a prominent metropolitan church. The soldier element in him, was apparent only in his erect carriage and the alert, eagle glance of his eye. They were blue-grey, and while habitually of mild expression, they would on occasion flash with keen intensity, and pierce through one, like a falchion. I can imagine he looked that way, in battle. Owing to the issue raised about his election, and the consequent intolerable abuse cast on him and his administration, President Hayes has never received the just meed of appreciation which was emphatically his due. A man of the highest probity and the purest patriotism, he also possessed decision of character and abounding common sense. My brother, Charles Alfred Benjamin, who entered the Army of the Potomac at sixteen, and served with credit in the brilliant campaigns of the Shenandoah Valley, and had frequent opportunities to see Hayes' brigade, both in camp and in action, told me that there was no brigade in Sheridan's army better handled, better disciplined, and more creditable to the service and its commander. Others who were near to President Hayes for many years and knew him well have also informed me that he was gifted with a fund of general information unequalled, perhaps, by any of our presidents, and that the

range of his tastes and observations was unusually extensive. For example he took a great interest in ornithology; if one were out riding or walking with him in the country, he would call attention to facts in regard to American birds often original to himself, or known only to a few professional ornithologists. It may have been this circumstance, that suggested to Mrs. Hayes to have a service of china made for the White House decorated with designs of the birds of the United States, by Theodore R. Davis, whom I knew well. Davis was a singular and picturesque character, with something of the Indian about his look and bearing. But that is another story!

I happened to be in London, and at the American rooms in Charing Cross, when the news of General Hayes' nomination was flashed across the cable. Having recently arrived from the States, I was asked by those present, what was the forecast for his election. Having made two close and correct guesses about the canvas of McClellan and Greeley, I ventured on a third after reflecting a moment, saying, "It will be the closest election in our history;" and such it proved, as everyone knows. This result was due to the desperate claims set up by the Democrats, although there is not the slightest doubt that the slaughter of Republican citizens in Louisiana and South Carolina vitiated the electoral votes of those States, through which the election of Tilden was asserted.

I met President Hayes several times at the White House, always to be greeted with a pleasant word. One morning he invited me to his private office called the South Room, I believe, and conversed with me for half an hour. Among other matters, he informed me that he had made a

special study of the history and legends of the White House. Among other facts he related how the meridian of Washington was established. When the question was mooted the commissioners called on President Jefferson to ask his advice. They were conferring in the same apartment where we were talking. "Well, gentlemen," exclaimed Jefferson, "Why not draw the line of the meridian right through the middle of this room?" They accepted the suggestion at once, and the line accordingly bisects the White House and Sixteenth Street, running directly north from the presidential mansion.

It was intimated to me through a friend that the consulate at Bucharest, afterwards elevated with Athens to a legation, might be given me, on formal application. But while very grateful to President Hayes, I desired to stay at home for the reasons that led me to decline similar foreign appointments on two occasions. I was not by nature an office holder as I might have been if our foreign service were a profession for life. The tenure of our foreign service is too precarious, the expense exceeds the salary, if one is sufficiently patriotic to sustain such a position as it should be; the wire pulling essential in securing nomination and confirmation was exceedingly distasteful to me, an office holder is at the beck and call of those above him, and is liable to suffer the abuse of an unbridled press on the slightest cause; and finally, I was at that time fully occupied with pursuits more or less congenial and which gave a fair livelihood if public and publishers continued their patronage.

My stay of six weeks at the Bahamas was sufficiently agreeable and not painfully laborious. The gathering of data for my article or of studies for my easel was more

in the nature of play than of work. As everyone was anxious to have the Islands exploited everyone was courteous and hospitable. I was invited repeatedly to breakfasts and balls at the Government house, took brandy and soda with the officers of the garrison or of the warships, on latticed piazzas shaded with flowering vines; or sat till the small hours at solemn, old-fashioned whist-parties, while a black waiter in livery offered us toothsome refreshments at intervals between the games. Having been with the English more or less all my life, and liking them about as well as our own Yankee folk, I got along with them perfectly well on this occasion. Sir John Pope Hennesey, the governor, afterwards governor at Hong Kong, was suave, polite, and agreeable; not very heavy timber, I fancy, but gifted with a flexible spine, and understanding the supreme art for one who would rise without commanding genius, of identifying himself with the designs, character and especially the weaknesses, of his superiors. Lady Hennesey impressed one as rather more genuine, with more heart if not with more brains. She was said to be the daughter of a French colonial governor and a Chinese lady, and born on the west coast of Africa. Tall, slender, graceful as a palm of her own native shore, her pale slightly yellow features were mobile and refined, suggesting a capacity for suffering which I sincerely hope was never put to the test, for she was certainly an unusually attractive woman.

At the Royal Victoria Hotel I became acquainted also with Mrs. General John C. Fremont, famous in ante bellum days as Jessie. She bore herself with the hauteur of one who had won, rather than lost, in that great presidential contest; and why should she not, with the blood

of Thomas Benton coursing in her veins? But although rather more snobbish to those she considered her inferiors, than comports with the real lady, she could also be exceedingly affable and magnetic. Her regard for the general, who was one of the handsomest, if not the greatest of men, was little less than idolatry. I still have or had, some years since, a rose, (somewhat withered it is true,) which she gracefully presented me at the close of a pleasant call on her and the general, at their residence in New York.

An amusing incident happened to me at Nassau, which reminded me of the well known story of the French officer who sought the camp of an Arab chieftain to buy a noted mare for the stables of the Emperor. I was anxious to paint one of the superb fish of those waters which are a rich turquoise blue verging to brown on the belly and to coral and vermilion around the mouth. I offered a good price for the first one brought to me directly out of the water. One afternoon a sound of heavy steps was heard in the corridor leading to my room, followed by a bold knock on the door. On opening it I saw Sampson, the six-foot black boatman, a well-known character of Nassau, holding up a splendid specimen of blue fish. Immediately I sat down to make a careful study of this magnificent model. As I had not quite finished when twilight began, I sent the fish down to the ice chest of the hotel to be kept until morning. After breakfast I ordered the blue fish to be brought again to my room. To my chagrin I was told that it had been served up to me with my coffee!

Of course there was no end of delightful sea picnics in the waters adjacent to Nassau and some exciting racing

with small yachts, for the weather and scenery were delicious for the former, and the sharks that abounded acted as no deterrent to the latter. But my most agreeable days at the Bahamas were passed on a cruise among some of the islands east of Nassau in a forty-foot schooner. Nothing unusually exciting occurred during this little voyage, but it was so replete with an indescribable charm, so full of details enchanting to one who enjoys that sort of pleasure, that I refrain from saying more about it here, lest I should not know when to stop. The entire cruise was a poem of dreamland.

The following summer I passed at home with my family, with the exception of short cruises on the coast to avoid hay fever from which I was an acute sufferer during the warm season whenever away from the sea in our country. As winter approached I went back to my studies in Boston; but I had barely painted two or three pictures when I received a letter from the editor of *Harper's Monthly* suggesting another expedition. He wrote that the *Scribner's Magazine*, announced some articles on the Channel Islands and the adjacent coast, to appear within certain months not far distant. As the business rivalry, (an absurd feature of literary enterprises,) was at that time very sharp between the two periodicals, and as articles of travel were then a special feature (which they have long ceased to be), *Harper's* wanted to know whether I could guarantee papers on the aforesaid subject in time to appear in each case, a month ahead of *Scribner's*. But, in such a case, I must take the next boat for England; not a moment was to be lost. Fond as I was of travel and adventure, I must admit that in the present instance I preferred to stay at home. I

quite too large a share, they thought to display their superiority by lauding foreign customs and criticizing their own country, its government, people, *cuisine*, and the like. This they did, not once, but perpetually, entirely regardless of the foreigners present. The latter as well as the Americans listened with amazement. Captain Roberts himself seemed annoyed by this impropriety. He sometimes ventured to qualify the diatribes by a few words commendatory of America.

After this had continued for some days, I felt that the time had come to speak out and administer the rebuke these fellow-countrymen so richly deserved.

"You will pardon me," said I one day, "over the walnuts and the wine," and looking squarely at the offenders, "if I say a word apropos of the steady praise of foreigners and the unstinted abuse of our own country which we have heard since we sailed from Boston. You have forgotten to mention perhaps, *one* praise-worthy quality in which all foreigners excel. Whatever causes of discontent the English, French, Germans, Russians, or other peoples may have against their own government and people, their patriotism is so transcendent, their *esprit du corps* so true, that they rarely deliberately and consciously air the soiled linen of their own country in the presence of foreigners."

The effort to say this on my part, was so severe that every nerve in me trembled. The ladies blushed, the gentlemen turned white with rage and mortification. But they answered not a word; and from that hour until we reached Liverpool not a syllable was uttered against America by the D's or any one else at that table. When we adjourned from dinner to the deck the other passen-

gers gathered around me, shook me heartily by the hand, and thanked me. I shall not soon forget that scene. As for Captain Roberts, he came up to me in turn, and said, "My dear sir, you did nobly. I myself did not half like what those countrymen of yours have been saying. They deserved what they got, and I'm glad you gave it to them. And now let me say before I go forward, that my state-room, charts and books are entirely at your service, whenever you like to use them; come when you like, and make yourself at home in my cabin for the rest of the passage."

It is worth mentioning that ten or twelve years after this occasion, when my family were returning from Europe the same Captain Roberts was in command. Attracted by the name, he asked them if they were related to me; on their replying in the affirmative, he repeated this incident to them, saying that it had made an indelible impression on his memory. I heard of this incident also, when in Bermuda long after, from a gentleman visiting the islands; on hearing my name, he inquired if I was the man who, as he had been told, had defended the fair name of his country on a Cunard steamer.

The offensive class represented by the D's is offset, by another, quite as illbred, although better natured. It is composed of those Americans who make an ostentatious display of their patriotism, and brag on every occasion of their country and its achievements. Good breeding suggests, that before foreigners or strangers generally, one should neither announce or denounce or deny his country, ancestors, or religion, unless for special cause. These are matters that can take care of themselves.

I arrived at the Channel Islands in December. Although the temperature was far milder than that of New

England at that season, yet it was unusually severe for those waters. I had the questionable pleasure of seeing the first snow, known at Jersey for many years, and visiting Mount Orgeuil Castle when it was robed in a mantle of ermine. Although I enjoyed some charming days there, yet I encountered some terrific weather in going from one island to another, and saw the fiercest waves the Atlantic ever raises. I shall never forget the morning we ran out of St. Heliers. Only two or three passengers ventured out in the staunch steam packet. We shipped a broadside sea as we turned westward from the mouth of the port that swept the decks from stem to stern; and few sights could be more appalling than the lee shore from that point to the Corbiere lighthouse and rock, an iron-bound coast beset with pitiless pinnacles and reefs buried under an unbroken mass of thundering foam. From the Corbiere of which I made a painting now owned by the Boston Art Club, we drove before the tempest in a thick mist of snow, losing our course, and very near running against the ragged crags of Guernsey. With difficulty we made St. Peter's Port, where the steamer was forced to lay up until the storm blew itself out. I explored Guernsey and Jersey somewhat thoroughly, quite sufficiently to enable me to find out the just proportions of truth and fiction, in Victor Hugo's powerful but preposterous yarn called *The Toilers of the Sea*. The fact of it all, is that the author knew practically nothing of the sea and ships. But he crammed up for the story by talking with old and young salts, some of whom seemed to have stuffed his brain with Munchausen-like fancies. The result is a sea-story told by a landsman, a narrative full of marine terms misapplied at random, and incredible,

mechanical feats suitable for landsmen as fresh as Hugo himself. One who has scoured the seas in sailing ships and eaten his share of salt grog can tell at a glance whether an author or an artist of marine compositions has got his facts from personal experience or at second and third hand by cramming. The inimitable editor of the yachting monthly called the *Rudder* has vividly described the difference between the landlubber and the marine expert.

I found the Channel Islands as interesting as they are famed to be; the scenery offered a fascinating blending of the savage and the beautiful, and the race physically is one of the handsomest on the globe—Mrs. Langtry came of that stock. I made some charming acquaintances and encountered a variety of romantic incidents. I might have prolonged my stay there without any difficulty, and much pleasure, but my engagement with the Harpers obliged me to complete and despatch my article on these Islands, and hasten on to Brittany, where I made my first landing at St. Malo, and took my first lodging at the respectable Hotel Franklin, whither I was directed by an affable, good hearted priest, like most of his profession in France.

Brittany proved to be what I anticipated, a land after my own heart. Much as I love sunshine, blue skies, and *riant* landscapes clothed with verdure, there is also another quite as pronounced a side of my nature, which shows my northern blood. It is through this, that I enjoy the gruesome fury of the sea, and love to paint the melancholy of its watery wastes; and it was through this trait of my soul that I appreciated the brumes and glooms, the savage coasts, grey surges, sullen skies, weird legends and romances, prehistoric and mediaeval antiquities, and picturesque

folk of that Druidic peninsula who seem to reach out to the Arthurian cycles and the Keltic clans north and west. Already, before I landed, I yearned for Brittany, the Lyonnaise of old, her monuments and her dreams. I was steeped to the eyes, likewise in Froissart's immortal story of the part the Bretons played in the days of chivalry, and in the romance and tragedy of these periods to the fury of the Terror, and my enthusiasm had been kindled by the picturesque *chasse marées* of Morlaix, and the daring of those sea dogs, Jean Bart and Dugay-Trouin, coursing the oceans, blessed by candles and holy water and all the pomp of the church. It was therefore with fierce impatience, with a mind thoroughly sympathetic, and prepared for vivid impressions, that I set out to explore the old towns, antiquities and lonely moors of Brittany. But this is not the place to describe a journey which was unmarked by unusual or exciting incident or adventure, and what is outside of the personal element can properly receive only passing notice in a work of reminiscences. But I may say that to me, albeit it was the winter season when everything was especially sad and sombre, this journey through Brittany was surpassed in interest and sentiment by few of my excursions; for above and beyond all other traits, the quality that pervades every nook of Brittany and broods over it like an all pervading mist of the sea, is *sentiment*.

Before leaving this province, however, I will briefly relate two incidents unimportant in themselves, but which especially impressed me, one of them bringing results some years later. After enjoying Heneban, to which I had been attracted by Froissart's graphic account of its defence by the Countess de Montfort, and its thrilling

rescue by Sir Walter Manny, who received a hearty embrace in return, a kiss which vibrates through the ages, I made a dash for Carhaix, in the heart of Brittany, a place rarely if ever visited by Americans.

The diligence, a poor affair, like that described by Balzac in the opening pages of *Les Chouans*, was drawn by one poor horse, the vehicle was overloaded, and often it seemed as if the poor animal would fall dead. The cruelty of the Latin races, inherited from the Romans, was evident on this occasion. No one except myself remonstrated when the ruthless driver broke his whip over the horse's ears, and then ran alongside of him, beating him over the eyes and prodding the tender flesh under the joints with the ragged end of the whipstalk until the blood ran. The night was black, the gusts were keen and mournful, and the rain drove in our faces with incessant spite. The solitude was dreary to the last degree. It was the night for witches to be abroad. Once or twice we passed a hamlet; now and then a church tower and a graveyard, or a *calvaire* with huge crucifix, was dimly visible in the gloom.

About midway we changed our poor horse, called Louis Quatorze, for another, scarcely more fit for dragging us through the mire over unspeakable roads. After twelve hours of this sort of torture, for it was hardly anything better, towards one in the morning we heard the wind whistling through a mediaeval belfry that lost itself in the wrack of low scud driving above in weird tumult, and entered a narrow lane between high walls. There our progress was blocked by a drove of grunting, unruly pigs which an old peasant with elfish grey locks streaming over his shoulders and his equally ancient wife were driving

the Deil knew whither. At last the vehicle stopped before a squat, squalid building, one of a row wrapped in gloom and apparently in slumber. But the loud oaths of the driver aroused the attention of those within. A door creaked open, revealing a group of *paysans*, chattering before the fire of a country tavern. We had arrived at Carhaix. It was difficult for me to believe that we had reached the shire town of a great province in a civilized nation like France. I fancy that if one should diligently explore that picturesque land of contrasts and extremes, he might find other towns as enmeshed in the cobwebs of ages as Carhaix.

After directing mine host of the *cabaret* to stable and feed the wornout horse, the driver offered to guide me to the hotel. I gladly accepted the rascal's offer, although doubtful of his character and intentions, especially as a grudge had grown up between us owing to certain words about "Louis Quatorze." Still I was armed, although he was not aware of it. This fact would have been of little ultimate use to me, however, for the worst event that can happen to a foreigner, and especially to an American, in France is to fall into the hands of the Law, even though innocent. We followed the crooked lanes a long time, as it seemed to me, meeting not a soul and hearing no sound except the barking of dogs and the sighing of the wind. At every step my feet sank into the mire. What a night and hour that was for wandering ghosts and errant spirits or uncanny crimes! At length we came to an open space that seemed almost the end of the town. Its dreariness was intensified by a dim lantern suspended on a slack rope stretched across the square, the only attempt I saw to illuminate the black streets of Carhaix. At the farther

end of the square there were no buildings, but merely a vague suggestion of a waste moorland merging into eternal night. Out of the shadows far away floated the yelp of a sheep dog or a wolf. The last house stood on the left quite aloof and alone. "That must be it," said I to myself, "or else whither is the fellow leading me." And yet it could not be, for it seemed rather to be a prison or frontier fort than a hotel affording genial hospitality and cheer. It stood square, massive, solid, and mysterious, evidently of stone. The windows, so far as discernible, were closed with iron shutters, and not a gleam of light or other sign of life was to be seen or heard about it. "*Voilà, voilà!*" exclaimed the man dramatically, the first words he had uttered through the tramp. He then smote the door twice or thrice hard with the heavy knob of his Breton stick. Judge of my amazement when the broad door flew open and I was welcomed by a superb young woman of perhaps three and twenty, with flashing black eyes, red cheeks, a wealth of raven hair, and a plump, yet lissome figure outlined against the glow of a wood fire that crackled on an ample hearth and warmed a spacious hall. Extausted, chilled, famished as I was, the effect on me of this delectable surprise was instantaneous and electrifying. When the lady said, "*Vous êtes chez vous, Monsieur,*" I needed no second invitation to enter and seat myself before the fire.

Still my apprehension was not quite allayed. Owing to the lateness of the hour, towards two a. m., I feared that I might have to go to bed supperless. But I was soon quieted on this point as the diligence was generally late, a late dinner was in readiness against its arrival. On this occasion the diligence was even tardier than usual,

but it was in my favor that several gentlemen hunting in the neighborhood were still at the table, and would doubtless welcome an addition to their number. After a hasty toilet, I entered the *salle à manger* to find an attractive apartment, heated by a blazing wood fire that bade defiance to the elements, and lighted by numerous candles in silver candlesticks, distributed about a board loaded with game and choice wines. The gentlemen seated around it arose as I entered and cordially invited me to share their good cheer. Your genuine hunter, sailor or soldier, may generally be depended on to lay aside snobbery and punctilio when at ease, and to recognize the comradeship of one who can appreciate a good dinner, a good glass of wine, and a genial chat that accompanies a stomach cultivated and satisfied. The contrast between this festive scene and the dozen hours of roughing that preceded it reminded me of Virgil's significant line, "*Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit.*"

The other incident to which I alluded grew out of my trip to Belle Isle en Mer. Exactly what led me to visit that islet, four or five miles long, with its little town, admirable lighthouse, and its Druidic remains, I do not remember. Probably it was due to the whim I have always entertained for small islands, and for seeking out places comparatively unknown in preference to spots which every one has seen, written and lectured about, or sketched, painted and photographed. I made the passage from Auray in a miniature, schooner-rigged auxiliary boat. It was thick and stormy when I went there; it was stormy and thick when I returned. I saw about all there was to be seen on that tight little isle, met a brother of General Trochu whose estates were there, and who com-

manded at the seige of Paris, hob-a-nobbed with the fisher-peasantry, observed the sardine fisheries, and, as the phrase goes, had a good time, where there was not very much to see at that season but sea, fog, foam, and rocks. Still, there was a certain zest in the consciousness that I was, as it were, discovering "Belle Isle en Mer," for Americans who might come after me. So far as I could learn I was the first American tourist to step foot on that island. The character of the proprietor of the neat hotel where I lodged, seemed to confirm this fact. His manner was suave like that of every French host when receiving a guest to his hotel. I wish I could say the same of them when the bill is presented and settled. He had the brisk French alertness, and the quick intelligence common to his countrymen, an intelligence that is too often confined to the limits of his environment and experience. Anything beyond that is, of course, beneath the notice of your true chauvinist. My boniface of Belle Isle was no exception to these observations.

"Ah," said he tentatively, after the first compliments were passed, "Monsieur, although he speaks French fluently, is probably from, *voyons!* yes, from Germany?"

"No, I am not a German," said I, amused.

"Why, of course, how could I have been so mistaken: One sees at a glance that Monsieur is from Holland."

"No, I am not a Dutchman."

"Well, it's odd that I should be so stupid; I have it now; Monsieur is one Englishman from la Grande Bretagne, and naturally speaks English."

"I speak English, it is true, but yet I am not an Englishman."

"Monsieur speaks English and yet is not an Englishman! *Parbleu*, what then are you, sir?"

"I am an American."

"An American, An American? I might have thought of that; I have heard of America; but then you speak English, and how can that be? Well, well; and pray how did you come, sir? Did you come by rail?"

"No, the railroad is not built yet," I replied drily. But he did not perceive the implied sarcasm. That he should be ignorant of any facts relating to America was a mere unimportant trifle thin as air to your born chauvinist.

As a type of this form of *naïveté* I recall a remark of a lady whom I knew well, one of two sisters who conducted a fashionable young ladies' boarding school. Speaking of our civil war she observed that it was a pity the North did not cut a channel across the Isthmus of Darien and let the South go!

Anyway, the remark of my landlord of Belle Isle put an idea in my head which resulted years after in my story entitled *The Transatlantic Railway*. I gave considerable thought to the preparation of that skit. The calculations for overcoming the mechanical, commercial and engineering problems of such a stupendous enterprise were done not at random but with care. Naturally I think I have some turn for such matters, but have not developed it as my energies have been drawn in other directions; to the principles of shipbuilding I have, it is true, given considerable attention, and have written and lectured on the subject. In point of style the article was one of the raciest and most plausible I have composed, enlivened as it was, by a vein of satire. I took it to the *Forum*. Mr. Loretus C. Metcalfe, the editor, after keeping it

a reasonable time, asked me to call and discuss the article. He greatly liked it, but not being sure of certain points desired to show it to Professor Thurston, an expert on such questions. This suggestion nettled me. Any article or book which depends chiefly for success on its originality, loses its bloom and sometimes the first use of its ideas, if hawked around. No author can protect himself too carefully on this score in these days, as I have learned to my own cost. Besides this I was now sure that the work had merit and despised the cowardice of an editor who did not dare to go before the public with an article he liked, without the advice of third parties. The most prominent and general character of our editors nowadays is their moral cowardice, their dread of what the world, Mrs. Grundy, or the paying subscribers will say. And yet the world recognizes power, admires and follows it, when it *succeeds*. Would that we had more editors like the late S. R. Crocker of Boston and the present Fra Albertus of Aurora. I withdrew the manuscript of my *Transatlantic Railway* at once, from the *Forum* (much to the irritation of the editor, and published it first in the *New York Star*, and subsequently in my little collection called *Sea Spray*. The critics, who knew little of such matters, or had no leisure to read my skit, carefully either ignored or sneered at it (it could not become a popular article in any case). But it *did* appeal to an audience of intelligent readers; careful readers it found; those who read it, liked it extremely, and some did not hesitate to steal from it.

After making the tour of Britany I returned to St. Malo, where I had left my chest, and remained there until I had written and despatched my Breton article, which, with that of the Channel Islands, appeared in *Harper's*

within the prescribed period. I enjoyed the quaint old town by the sea, closely packed within its battlemented walls, as of old, and reeking with memories of its daring privateersmen. When weary of writing I strolled about the narrow streets, among the shipping at the wharves, or on the sands in sight of the tomb of Chateaubriand. One of the port gates was close to my window; and girls in sabots, shovelled hatted priests, and bronzed sailors in berrettas and blouses, clattered through it from sunrise to sunset. Between the battlements I could see the masts of ships and hear the creaking of blocks and spars, and inhale the pungent smell of tar. Would that I were there again and were sure to find things quite as I left them! It is just such bits of picturesqueness and old time associations that win the heart and fancy of the artist and man of sentiment, and account for his oft time yearning for the old world in preference to the new.

CHAPTER XI.

PARIS AND PORTUGAL.

I reached Paris while the storms of one of the wildest winters known for years were still raging. But even so it seemed natural to be there again. Although perhaps preferring London for a permanent residence, which is only natural to one who prizes his English blood and history, yet I must admit that I never had any difficulty in adapting myself to the conditions of life in Paris, although after a time it begins to pall on the Anglo-Saxon, owing to the difficulty of arousing the home feeling which is possible in some lands but less practicable in France. I say this with no ill feeling but from a knowledge of the French character and life. I have been able to penetrate in some degree beyond the almost impervious shell of social and especially domestic reserve that hedges in the people like a wall, behind the outward suavity for which France is famous. An English gentleman's first manner towards a stranger is distant, cold, not to say brusque. But if he takes a liking to him and finds him worthy of confidence, he takes him to his heart, invites him to his home and fireside with hearty good will. The Frenchman, on the other hand, is open, civil, obliging,

entertaining from the start, but is careful not to extend domestic courtesies to the stranger except in rare and exceptional circumstances. When therefore I hear Americans talking of being entertained at French homes I am inclined to take their statement *cum grano sali* unless they happen to be Roman Catholics. That does indeed make a difference. With these French people, especially of the upper bourgeoisie and aristocracy, who still cling devoutly to the Papacy, the sharing of a common religion operates like an open sesame or a masonic sign. Whatever their civil allegiance or government, all Romanists tacitly or openly claim a higher allegiance to one common Lord, and to one exalted, secular and religious sovereign, the one supreme Pope. Unity of faith goes far in this case to obliterate racial and national differences, at this period more than ever before, when the actual secular sovereignty of the Pope is losing its grasp over minds and governments. There is also another reason for this domestic reserve of the French, I fancy. All the Latin races have retained to some degree the Oriental notions about domestic life and the seclusion of women which the Romans borrowed from the Greeks and Asiatics. In proportion as the French have gradually departed from the details of this system they still instinctively cling to the original traditions more or less, by excluding Anglo-Saxons from their home intimacy. French family life is really that of the clan or of the *sept* of the Asiatic nomads, patriarchism pure and simple, and the civil laws and statutes are founded on this basis. In France the family is the unit; in England and America, the individual is the unit considered in the conventions and laws which regulate society. Herein we find a fundamental reason for the

lack of affinity between the Frenchman and the Anglo-Saxon, which only generations of intermingling can efface. The *marriage de convenance*, a relic of Oriental patriarchal and clan society, which treats the interests of the clan as superior to those of the individual, and hence ignores the importance of love or mutual affinity in the marriage relations, is undoubtedly the cause of existing social conditions and opinions in France. They who are united purely to perpetuate the clan and the clan fortune, naturally seek expression of the sexual affections and emotions elsewhere; and hence also a tendency to regard matrimonial infidelity with lenience, so long as no open scandal occurs and appearances are preserved. Such a condition of things would be still more natural with a people whose passions are exceptionally strong. Some people are inclined to attribute such laxity among Latin races to the religious cult. But this seems to me decidedly erroneous. The Irish, whose catholicism is proverbially staunch, are among the most chaste of peoples. The Greeks who are of the same religion with the Russians, are more chaste. Some Protestant nations are also more licentious than others. This is largely a question of race, of blood which, among the French, is especially marked for the reasons stated above.

Abolish the *marriage de convenance* in France and the sex question would regulate itself in that country. Until that occurs some French wives there will be who will imitate their husbands, and make themselves agreeable to the husbands of other wives. To make oneself agreeable, to fascinate, is the prerogative *par excellence* of women. Perhaps the greatest crime of which she can be accused is to be insipid, it is worse than to be naughty, so far as

her mission in society is concerned. Much may be forgiven to her who has the priceless power to charm. Twice happy are they who dwell among social conditions which permit them to be at once agreeable and virtuous. That society can alone approach perfection which frowns alike on unchastity and prudishness, both of which proceed alike from defective social customs producing an unhealthy public opinion.

But the prime defect of the French character, so glaring and universal as almost to blind one to the many brilliant and noble qualities of that people is the greed for money for itself, an avarice exceeding that of the Greeks, which is saying much. It penetrates all classes. We Americans are accused of being given over as a nation to the quest of riches. Doubtless there is much truth in this; but a very large proportion of our money-seekers are such, either for ostentation, for power, or because it is the most ready avenue open, for the exercise of our vast energy and organizing genius; rather than for the mere love of money. If possible, many of the women of France are more grasping as to money than the men, and a most painful trait of their nature it is, to observe. But for this the fair sex of that beautiful land would probably be the superiors in character to the men, as they are in most other Latin countries at the present day. The novels of Balzac reek with descriptions of sordidness and its attendant results, as Tolstoi's tales are foul with the sensuality of the Russians. Look at Balzac's *My Cousin Pons*.

I passed nearly two months at Paris on this visit, collecting material for my article on *Modern French Art*. My previous visits to that city had given me some knowl-

edge of the European and also French art so far as represented in the public galleries and historic monuments. But what I now sought was the practice and principles of the later schools. Two months is a short time for such a vast study. But I was already somewhat grounded on the subject, and by going to work systematically and with unceasing effort, I was able, at least, to write up some of the essential points for a public to whom the facts and theories presented would be essentially new. In preparing such papers as well as simple articles of travel, I made it a point, so far as possible, to gather my information at first hand. Doubtless such close adherence to facts sometimes impaired the literary interest of my articles for those who prefer style, theories and glowing periods, to mere statements and statistics. But the editors did not wish theories which might arouse controversy, nor was there space for them in articles whose very words were numbered. The old fashion has passed away; half the space of an article had to be reserved for illustrations; and the scope allowed to a writer when Macaulay could publish essays the length of a book in the *Reviews* has passed away. Condense, condense, condense, forever condense, was now the *mot d'ordre* issued from every editorial office throughout the land.

Among the artists whom I met that winter in Paris, two made especial impression on me. The first was Daubigny, the great landscape painter. He was a small man, about five feet five, spare, but well made, and in his studio wore a black velvet cap, close cropped beard and sack coat. His manner was self assured but modest, quiet, but affable. What does not always happen between the artist and his works (although perhaps more than in other voca-

tions) he seemed in looks and manner exactly the man one would expect to paint the grey, subdued, contemplative canvasses that gave him fame. There was nothing bizarre, ostentatious, haughty or sensational about the artist or his plain but ample studio. The latter abounded in a background of mysterious twilight, —it was simply furnished and was free from the huddle of old hangings and bric-a-brac which overload the walls and corners of so many studios, giving a shoppy impression and detracting rather than aiding the effect of the paintings on the easel.

The other artist to whom I alluded was Moses Wight of Boston, who made his home in Paris. I met him as a total stranger, without even a letter of introduction, and the kind courtesy he showed me throughout my stay forms one of the pleasantest memories of my years of travel. He was then in middle life, wearing an air of gravity that was belied, however, by the sly humor that pervaded his conversation. He was of medium size, and the cast of his features fringed by an imperial, reminded me of the portraits of Montaigne, whom, I think, he may have resembled in temperament as well. There must have been a strain of Gallic blood in Wight's composition, modified and sweetened by English ancestry, he so readily adapted himself to the French and their views of life. Strange to say, however, notwithstanding that he had lived so long in France, and a bachelor at that, he found difficulty in acquiring the language.

Wight was a careful, painstaking artist, a master of the technique of the French contemporary school, and his choice cabinet compositions brought good prices. His subjects were generally elegant interiors, as accessory to

handsome women dressed, somewhat in the style of Tojetti's pictures. But there was nothing salacious or immodest about them. Even his occasional nudes were far from suggestive. His *Eve at the Fountain* might have been looked at by a Sunday School without harm, while in the adjoining alcove hung the painting of *Esmeralda and Haidee*, by Van Leries, in which the figure and expression of the girl was such as to melt an iceberg.

But the side of Wight's nature that was least known to the world was his conversational talent, warmed by a genial heart. He was one of the most agreeable talkers I have ever heard. His remarks partook of the sprightliness of woman's gossip, pleasantly but not bitterly acid, combined with the acuteness of one who had experienced life and studied human nature below the surface. A light vein of cynicism, a delicious gleam of raillery, sparkled through his conversation, but free from malice or jealousy. Of all the good male talkers I have met, few have displayed less resentment or jealousy, innuendo or backbiting than Moses Wight and John G. Saxe. One could listen to them without being ashamed afterwards to meet the people of whom they may have spoken. Whether in his studio or with a group of artists at the theatre, dining in a crack restaurant of the Boulevard des Italiens, or strolling among the galleries, Wight was always equally entertaining and informing. He was especially interesting when chatting of the subjects which absorb so much of the attention of the gay Parisians, the studios, the artists and the art sales, the theatres and places of amusement, and the coryphees of the *haute demi monde*, who with their fashionable, aristocratic followers, occupy so prominent a position at the French capital. But when on these topics

Wight's talk was so simple and straightforward and enlivened by such a naive gaiety that one would be as little corrupted by it, as by the comical amours of the wrens on the fence under one's window. The vast number of licensed dogs of all sizes, degrees and pedigrees seen in the streets of Paris afforded Wight a perpetual source of philosophic mirth. Whenever we ran across a group of dogs or saw a trim grisette with a poodle following close in her wake, he would chuckle *sotto voce*, "a great people for dogs! a great people for dogs!" Take him all in all, he was a rarely good fellow.

Paris is really the Art capital of Europe, although Munich and Berlin are pressing it hard. In London, vast as is the art field, other interests and occupations, in a city so enormous make art but one of many forms of expressions, while the Gallic race no longer presents us men of so commanding strength as clustered around Henry IV or Louis XIV. While it no longer presents us with a Camille, a Molière, a Voltaire, a Madame Roland, a Turenne or a Soult, a Bossuet or a Mirabeau, France continues to offer us an art that shows little decline in vitality. Indeed! the artistic turn of the French people impresses one more and more each time he returns to the French capital.

It is generally conceded that the 2nd empire degraded the character of the French nation, and that the terrible overthrow France suffered at the hands of Germany, was owing largely to this cause. Will "the Republic" save the people of France from the moral decline which is likely in time to sap the heart of the nation? France must either rise in power or go down, for German militarism is ever on the watch, and is but biding its time to spring! Then

shall come a war, long and terrible which shall eventually change the map of Europe.

The vastness and magnificence of Paris is like a great maelstrom, to draw thither artistic minds from all parts of the world. Its art exercises a powerful influence over the public taste. Streets are laid out with consummate perspective effect. The eye for color and effect is apparent. Even the shop windows, where various shades of drapery and other stuffs are often arranged on a harmony so exquisite as to move one like a concord of sweet sounds.

Beauty for its own sake, and that sensuous love of it, which inspired the Athenian of old, is with the Parisian of today a more powerful motor than either moral or political principal. You may say Paris is not France—no; but it is the consummate flower of its intellectuality.

It must be remembered that the government is behind all its chief institutions. The French people must have felt for a long time that art talent was a peculiar gift of their race, for they have fostered the growth of art by organization, far-seeing in their bearing. Whether government patronage of art education is the best thing for a true growth of art is a question about which there is a difference of opinion, but at any rate we find in France a "Minister of Fine Arts," who superintends the whole question of art in the country, and large allowances are given by the legislature. The sales of paintings alone have averaged from 40 to 50,000,000 of francs per annum, which by reason of difference in values, would be equal to twice that sum in the United States. The French opinion of the value of their annual exhibitions in the Salon, is that one may sell pictures, or possibly acquire reputation without it, but *never* fame! I found the French

art students a curious medley of seemingly discordant elements, full of intensive art ability and wonderful enthusiasm, but often coarse, even to the point sometimes of being brutal and disgusting, and yet these untamed and untameable art students, astonish one by their extraordinary perception of art and color. The great Corot had been dead but a short time when I was in Paris and I heard many things about him and his life. He inherited property from his father, but made for himself an income averaging 200,000 francs per annum from his art. As he never married, much of this was given away to poor artists or their families. It is said one of his earlier paintings was badly hung, and no one looked at it. He went himself and stood before it, thinking "Men are like flies, if *one* alights on a dish, others will follow." Soon a number of people gathered about it, one lady said "Oh, it is horrid! let us go." This picture sold for 700 francs, and afterward brought 12,000 at auction.

Next to the art interest I found the restaurant system of Paris the most important outgrowth of the peculiar conditions of society in the city. Thrice daily, Paris empties itself into the streets and inundates the *cafés crémiries* and restaurants. Families by tens of thousands daily take their meals abroad and in public. To me it was an astonishing spectacle indicating absence of home attractions and looseness of the family tie. One who sees this, can better understand why the French battle-cry is *not* "fight for your hearthstones and your homes," but "fight for glory!" Doubtless the marriage customs of the country have much to do with this, as love is ignored as a factor to a prosperous marriage-tie.

Women are everywhere employed in business, and all vocations except soldiering and sailing, which proves

woman is capable of all this, but it also proves that the adoption of masculine pursuits for women, tends to coarsen thought, language and action, and to depreciate domestic ties, and to destroy the attractions of "home."

Having written and mailed my article on French Art for the *Atlantic Monthly*, I took passage from Havre in a small French steamer bound to Portugal, this time preferring a trip by water. She was a freighter with accommodations for only four passengers. On this trip there was one other passenger beside myself. We two with the captain formed a companionship that was far from tedious. We were all fond of eating and talking, and each was able to contribute his share of information and entertainment. The *cuisine* being savory and satisfactory, as it is invariably on French ships, we sat at the table for hours relating our experiences and arranging the affairs of the universe. Nor were the lighter condiments of table talk wanting. Captain Marchand had commanded a ship-of-war in the recent Franco-German conflict, and was altogether an open-hearted, intelligent seaman in middle life. My fellow passenger, who made a specialty of dressing the salad daily for the roast, was a well balanced man of fine education and considerable knowledge of affairs, somewhat positive in his opinions, and, by profession, a civil engineer, if I rightly remember, holding a government position. I learned some facts from him regarding the idioms of the French language that were new to me. But he made no statement that more impressed me than what he had told me about Rosa Bonheur, confirming rumors already suggested to me.

We were talking of Bernhardt, George Sand, Rachel, and other noted French women of the time—a Frenchman

would hardly be expected to be aware of any other noted women in other lands—I alluded to Rosa Bonheur.

“I know her well,” said my *compagnon de voyage*.

“She’s a great painter,” I replied.

“Yes, if—” he answered with a shrug of his shoulders.

“Why, do you think there’s some truth in the rumor floating about the studios, as to her sex?”

“It’s true, every word of it, and that is the reason why the women have given so much less attention to her than to other brilliant artists and authors of her own sex. You notice that they practically ignore her, whom, if in all respects a woman, would be the greatest artist the sex could boast of. How do I feel so sure of my facts? you ask. I have known about it since I was a boy. Her family and my family lived almost next door to each other, and of course were well acquainted. It was a matter of common talk with us that there was serious question whether Rosa should have that or a masculine name, whether she should be brought up as a man or woman. Finally the latter was decided on because likely to be the least embarrassing when she should grow up; but this fact explains the masculinity of her tastes, and the celibate character of her life. No, I assure you that there is not the slightest doubt that the painter of the ‘Horse Fair’ has the attributes of both sexes about equally developed.”

In due time we arrived off Oporto, where we were to touch and discharge some cargo. We found that the bar at the mouth of the Tagus, which is also the entrance to the port, was still so violent after the rise of the river that several days must elapse before we could enter. Quite a fleet of sailing ships had already waited some

time for entrance, which is one of the most dangerous in Europe. There is a tremendous surf on the bar with westerly winds, which is awful when it encounters the spring freshets or sudden rain floods from the mountains. At such times it is dangerous even for vessels lying at the wharves. How Oporto ever became a seaport under such circumstances is only explainable by the value of its export of wine which grows in the immediate neighborhood, a vintage whose merit and value seem to warrant the risk of getting it to market. No ships, either sail or steam, ever attempt to enter Oporto except when the signal is given at the Point of Foz that the bar is passable, and the channel is indicated by men following along the shore waving red flags. We managed to tide over the four days of waiting in the open under slow steam fairly well, in the cabin at least, relieving the slow flight of hours by eating and drinking and conversation.

During the interval I had another opportunity to observe once more how differently matters proceed on a French vessel than upon an English or American ship. It is not a question of courage. The French are brave enough. None braver. It is a matter of temperament. Nor is it exactly because of lack of knowledge of the sea, but rather of natural fitness for it, in which, excepting perhaps the Portuguese, the Latin races differ strongly from the peoples of the North.

As it is not my aim to give descriptions here of countries and places except briefly and rarely, I can only barely allude to my saunterings over Portugal, and must keep a firm hand on the reins of my memory and the rush of my kindling enthusiasms. I had no stirring adventures, no hair-breadth escapes, in that beautiful, romantic land.

The enjoyment it gave me, although replete with novel incidents, was chiefly quiet, restful, elevating. But it appealed alike to my artistic and poetic sense; the scenery I found enchanting, and the kindness, hospitality and gracious courtesy I met on every hand tended to increase my love for the Portuguese people and to give them a place in my heart forever. I traversed the country in every direction by rail, diligence, private conveyance, or the saddle, making my headquarters at Lisbon. It is pertinent to state that my mind had already been prepared to appreciate that country before even I stepped foot in Portugal, not only by what I have seen of the Portuguese in the Azores and Madeira, and on my cruises with Portuguese seamen; but also by the reading of Camôens, Osorio, Barios, and other Portuguese classics, at the time I was in the State Library at Albany, where I taught myself to read the language with some fluency. The enthusiasm engendered thereby had resulted, among other papers, in a fervid article on the *Portuguese in India*, which appeared in the New Englander.

My interest in Portugal had a curious sequel more than twenty years after my visit to that country. *Self Culture*, a monthly magazine, published an article in 1898 on the smaller states of Europe. It approved of a continuance of their independence excepting in the case of Portugal, which it dismissed with a surly paragraph to the effect that that country had no sufficient reason for separate existence, and should straightway be absorbed into Spain. This assertion was so manifestly unjust, so plainly founded on absolute ignorance of the facts, that I sat down immediately and dashed off a reply giving an animated *résumé* of the character and achievements of

Portugal, past and present. The editor of *Self Culture* had the rare magnanimity to publish my article *verbatim*. It came to the notice of a Portuguese resident. His heart was fired by the perusal of a paper based on knowledge and justice, rarely evidenced by recent writers on that country. By this means the editor of the Portuguese organ in America was led to publish a most appreciative critique recommending my article to all his countrymen at home and abroad. Some weeks later the "Portuguese Protective Association of San Francisco" passed a series of dignified resolutions warmly acknowledging my efforts, and commending me to the kind attention of all Portuguese patriots. An engrossed copy with the gold seal of the Association was forwarded to me. It is needless to add that to one who loved Portugal as I do that these proceedings were exceedingly gratifying.

While at Lisbon I met my excellent friends, Jasper Smith, Esq., U. S. Consul at Madeira, and his amiable wife, whose friendly courtesies to me at Madeira formed one of the most agreeable features of my visits to that island.

We took an enjoyable little trip to Cintra and Mafra. At the former place we met Lord John Hay, vice admiral of the British Channel Fleet, who was staying at the same hotel with ourselves, the fleet being then at Lisbon. Having a common language to bring on a conversing acquaintance, we sat for hours at the table after it was cleared and the other guests had left; over our wine and cigars we chatted until late, of matters Anglo-American. The recurrence of the interview on the following evening gave his lordship such pleasure that he invited us through his secretary to dine on board his

flagship on our return to Lisbon. We accepted the invitation in the spirit in which it was given, and passed a delightful evening on the magnificent ship *Northumberland*. She was one of the several full-rigged, five masted, iron-clad war ships constructed during the experimental or transitional period resulting in the modern battleships, and good only, as his lordship facetiously observed, to serve as breakwaters behind which the smaller vessels could run for shelter in battle or storm. The other captains of the fleet were present, and it was altogether quite a stately function. After dinner we had cards in the main cabin.

The admiral of the Channel Fleet at that time was Lord Seymour, afterwards Lord Alcester. When Mr. Moran, our then minister at the Court of Portugal, learned in the course of conversation, that I was directly descended from the Seymours of Hartford, being well up in that genealogy, he at once offered to accompany me on board Lord Seymour's flagship and introduce me to him, as kinsman by blood. But the fleet was unexpectedly ordered away, and I was thus deprived of meeting the head of the Seymour clan.

The Hotel Central, where I made my headquarters, was by far the best place in Lisbon to meet casually the prominent men passing through the city or dropping in to dine as at a club. In this way I met Admiral Sartorius, at one time a considerable figure in the naval affairs of Portugal, in which he had enlisted his services, an English marine knight of fortune. When I was at Lisbon he was still handsome and of distinguished port, although well past eighty. He was residing at the hotel under very extraordinary circumstances. When his days of active service were over the admiral decided to pass the remainder

of his life in Portugal, a charming country where he was a favorite and had formed enduring friendships. Whether he was a bachelor or a widower I forget, but he had no near relations having any special claim to his estate after his death. Judging from the average of human life and perhaps from his own constitution, he assumed that he would probably not live beyond eighty. He therefore divided his property into certain equal parts which, with the interest, would carry him comfortably until eighty. He was taking some risk, but a small one as he thought, and in the meantime he would enjoy life affluently in the society of his friends. Strange to say the allotted period arrived and the venerable admiral found himself still in excellent health, without the slightest hint of the approach of death; but he had also reached the end of his funds! Here was a pleasant predicament indeed! The door of the poor-house seemed open before him. If he had been a Frenchman or a German he might have settled the matter with a pan of charcoal or a pistol. But he was a man of different metal. While considering how to solve the dilemma, the many friends who had been recipients of his benevolence and hospitality formed a plan for the relief of the gallant old gentleman which was creditable to all concerned. They clubbed together and agreed that they would be responsible for maintaining him in all the comfort to which he had been accustomed to the end of his days. When I met him he had already lived a number of years at the Hotel Central under this arrangement, and still appeared hale and hearty enough to last for an indefinite period.

Mr. Moran, the newly appointed U. S. Minister to the Court of Portugal, was a gentleman in every sense of the

term, a man of the utmost tact, courtesy and refinement, whose heart had not been hardened by contact with the ways of the world, while, as secretary for years of the legation at the Court of St. James and at one time chargé, he was well up in all the rules and usages of diplomatic etiquette and procedure.

I met another gentleman at Lisbon who had been a creditable member of our diplomatic service abroad. I refer to Mr. Horatio J. Perry; after graduating at Harvard and serving as aid to General Shields in the Mexican War, he was appointed secretary of legation at Madrid. He remained at that post for a number of years, and the advantages of allowing a good man to gain experience by continuous service instead of constantly rotating them out of office, was clearly shown in his case. As chargé d' affaires he was able to avert the hostilities which threatened out of the affair of the "Warrior." Later, in 1861, Mr. Perry was instrumental in inducing Spain to issue a proclamation of neutrality between the North and the South during the Rebellion; of which course, one result was, that the privateer Sumpter was ordered out of Cadiz. At the time I met Mr. Perry, he was residing at Lisbon.

A few days before I left Portugal a curious incident occurred at the Hotel Central. A French Count was staying at the hotel. His companion, a lady who might have passed as his wife so far as appearances were concerned, was not. This did not seem to make any difference, however. She was admitted to the table d' hôte with the Count; no one objected, and no one apparently paid any attention to the matter. In person she was of a superb type of beauty, reminding one of the Em-

press Eugène. Her voice was low and agreeable, and her manners altogether *comme il faut*; neither so reserved as to suggest prudery nor so bold as to invite unwelcome attention. But one day something happened which showed her perfect self-command. There was a Portuguese Count who sometimes dropped in to dine at the Hotel Central. He was tall and handsome, but enormously conceited. On the day of which I speak this gentleman was seated opposite the aforesaid lady, whom he had not before seen but of whom he had evidently heard. He directed his gaze at his fair *vis-a-vis* pretty steadily during the meal. She had the fortitude to endure this impudence without displaying annoyance. When the table was cleared and the desert was brought on, the Portuguese Count proceeded to peel an orange in the most artistic style, leaving it attached to the rind which had been separated in the form of a star. Placing it upon the palm of his aristocratic white hand, he reached across the table and offered the orange to the lady with some complimentary phrase. Under the circumstances this was a distinct affront. The lady declined the proffered fruit with dignity, saying that she was not eating oranges that day. The Count had not recovered from so evident a rebuff, when she reached over to the dish of oranges herself, selected one and proceeded to peel it. The Count sprang from his seat, hastened from the room and the hotel, and was not seen there again while I was in Portugal.

The sensation produced by this incident was immense, and the tact and spirit of the lady were universally applauded.

Having "sampled" the famed old reserve port in the vaults of Oporto, to my taste the finest of wines, (to which

and close after it I would add prime Madeira, like the vintage of 1868, for example); and having made many pleasant acquaintances, and formed a lasting attachment for dear old Portugal, its superb scenery, architecture and romantic story, of which I contrived to see a great deal in various directions, I took passage in the *Maria Pia* for Madeira. After remaining there two weeks on this my third visit to that magical isle—I could not tear myself away from that Paradise in less time—I sailed for the “Blue Canary Isles,” the objective point of this expedition.

CHAPTER XII.

BOSTON, AND A TRIP TO CUBA.

My art life in Boston and New York was full of interest but it must be given small space in this record of memories. I went to Boston to study and to paint and not from special interest in its literary circles. In fact I was prejudiced against them because of the reputation for snobbishness and intellectual arrogance which Boston had gained. Of all vanities that of intellectual arrogance had always seemed to me the least reasonable, for aside from the fact that mind is greatly an inheritance, there is the thought of how far the wisdom of the most cultured mind is, from the wisdom and intelligence of possible higher attainment. What one knows, is so far from all that one does not know and may not attain for ages to come, why should little man be proud!

Although I did not seek them, it happened that I met in a friendly way several of Boston's "shining lights." Emerson, the real leader of the Hub's literary circle, I have before this mentioned in these records. He was one of the most modest and unassuming of them all. Longfellow, from whom I had received some very courteous and kindly notes, I found to be one of the most agreeable, perhaps the ideal "literary man" socially. Possessed of

ample means and social position, his scholarship in certain directions thorough, his poetry agreeable, (if not great), his mind cultivated, he rightly claimed the position that Boston and the public generally, gave to him. Holmes, I met several times. It always seemed to me (except in the case of life-long friends) acquaintance with him, would have to be at the cost of incense, galore. In spite of his reputation as a "Boston snob" he was a man of ability, of large reading and talent, but (or so he impressed me) with only a spark of real genius. Aldrich I always found agreeable, though inclined to be somewhat "airy"; as a *raconteur* I have never known his superior. Hopkinson Smith was a brilliant rival of Aldrich in this respect although rather as a reciter of dramatic scenes arranged by others, than as a narrator of incidents personal to himself. Aldrich visited my studio once with a distinguished engraver (A. V. S. Anthony) and I shall never forget his witty account to us of his ascent in a captive balloon. We laughed till the tears rolled from our eyes. His description was the funniest thing I ever heard. When Aldrich was editor of the *Atlantic* he would have nothing to do with arranging terms with contributors, saying he knew nothing about business. He was shrewd and wise!

Howells was introduced to me by an old friend, associated with the firm that is now "Houghton, Mifflin and Co. (Horace E. Scudder) and I wish to acknowledge to Scudder, right here, my indebtedness for numerous literary courtesies. Howells was at that time thoroughly identified with the Boston literary aristocracy, and was editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. He was the peer of any New England writer except Emerson and Hawthorne, whose calibre is at the top of American authorship. He

was a western man and not a Harvard graduate. He told me once that it was a source of regret to him that he was not a college graduate, "not," he quickly alluded, "that a college education is at all a requisite to success, but because it offers interesting experience, and is a delightful adjunct to one's store of memories."

To the writer of creative work (poems, fiction, etc.) the chief sources of information, I think, and of discipline must be Nature, and one's own inner thought; collegiate education can only give style to the mode of expression; but to the professional man, to the scholar, college education does seem to me, practically *essential*.

Howells was not a wide liker, but one whose sympathies were limited. His sympathy for the anarchist spoke better for his heart than his head. His attack on Thackeray and Dickens always seemed to me to be from a desire (when his influence was waning) to do something a little emotional, to attract attention to himself, and thus perhaps to renew his popularity with the public. Mr. Howells although very courteous in receiving friends, could be easily aroused to rudeness if they dared differ from him in opinion, and I came to the conclusion he was still somewhat unsophisticated in social conventionalities and that he was naturally intolerant. He was kind enough to put my first article on French art in the *Atlantic Monthly*, at the head of the number. After that, several of my articles appeared in that exclusive periodical.

Bradford Torrey was another interesting man. I met him in Boston. He eventually acquired a name highly esteemed by a choice audience, for his enthusiasm over New England ornithology and flora; he had an effective style, and won a place for himself with such writers as

Isaac Walton, Gilbert White, Thoreau, Burrows, and other naturalists. I met also in Boston *salons*, the fascinating Mrs. Katharine McDowell, a beautiful southerner, who was the heroine of a story published after her death, entitled *The Story of Margaret Kent*. It was said Longfellow fell in love with her and wished to marry her. Another good friend I made in Boston was Samuel R. Crocker, the founder of the *Literary World*. He impressed me at my first interview as looking like a portrait from Rembrandt; his pale face, with black, piercing eyes, hair and beard like the raven. From the first we were friends; he seemed to have taken an extraordinary liking to me. He had all the resources of a well-stored mind. He started the *Literary World* with sheer pluck, without funds, and at first wrote every word of it himself. He had no hobby to ride, no partizanship to bias his judgment, he feared no one, neither author, publisher, sect or the public. Eventually success came—well known contributors sent articles, his gains increased, until he was able to buy a pleasant home for his wife and children, where I was invited to dine the Sunday after they moved in, to share their happiness.

But the strain had been too great, something was likely to give way, and he was urged to seek rest for a time. He asked me if I would assume charge of the *Literary World* for a month or more, which I consented to do. But the "rest" for him came too late. Paresis had set in. In less than a year he passed away.

When I knew that the *Literary World* was "for sale," I resolved to buy it. I approved its policy, and knew what could be made of it. I could drop all magazine work (writing what editors preferred, I detested) and

though my painting paid well, I foresaw the "hard times" would soon affect it. Here then was a property I could make of permanent value, giving me a chance to develop a power of my own which should bring influence and shekels.

From motives of delicacy I decided to wait twenty-four hours, hesitating to be in too great haste to profit by the misfortunes of my friend. Other parties got in their application first, and secured an option which they were not going to allow to escape them. It was a great regret to me, and really a turning point in my life—for circumstances soon after led me to leave Boston for a life in New York.

I must add a word here of some of the artists I met in Boston. Mr. Walter Smith was director of the Massachusetts Normal Art School. He was an enthusiast in his vocation, and he believed in forcing artistic genius by rule and law. When my article on French art appeared, he asked me to lecture before the Normal Art School. This led to other invitations in Boston and vicinity, and to a lecture before the Peabody Institute. In those days, one of the most considerable figures in Boston art circles, was William Morris Hunt. His appearance was most distinguished, there was something patrician about his look and bearing. I met him many times, and always found him distinctly affable, although he had a reputation for snobbishness. He was a great portrait painter, especially of men; but his creative genius was less apparent.

Hunt's two paintings for the State House at Albany told greatly on his strength. His mind did not move spontaneously in conception. Hunt's important work while abroad was to study and introduce to American

artists, new methods of technique and composition. He turned up the dead soil of conventionalism, and he also suggested the advantage of daring and force, in art expression. All this brought him as many enemies as friends, in Boston.

George Inness was never permanently identified with the Boston art circle, but he happened to be temporarily located there, while I was in Boston. His studio was in the rooms of the Boston Art Club (as was my own) and I saw him often, and perhaps more than I saw him in New York. He was almost as much of an "original," and as unconventional as Turner. He was of Scotch descent and had Highland blood in his veins doubtless; to look at his face you would have pronounced him a Kelt or an Indian, but a glance at his clothes suggested a Baptist or a Methodist preacher. He was essentially religious, with a strong bias toward mysticism. It was said he was a Swedenborgian, but his thought followed a range of its own, leading him into those nebulous regions where he conceived the superb atmosphere, possibly, that he depicted on his noble canvasses. He delighted to talk, and spoke with eloquence, while he paced with long strides up and down the room, his mind soon wandering into mystical harrangues. If interrupted, he would break short off, and go to the window or leave the room. Inness had little vanity or self-consciousness, but was a profound observer and egotist, and he painted by the sheer inspiration of genius.

Naturally I met scores of other Boston artists, some of whom I came to know and like well, as for example, A. F. Fellows and John E. C. Peterson, who claimed to have been in the Danish Navy and painted sea pictures.

George Fuller who was in pictorial art, something of what Hawthorne was in literary, distinctly *creative*. Then there was Bannister, a negro, good looking and intelligent, with the manners of a gentleman, and as an artist, with a vigorous and natural style—he lived in Providence. There was also A. P. Close, who made excellent illustrations for the *Riverside Magazine* to which I contributed articles. Through this talented young artist I made the acquaintance of E. L. Weeks, who died in 1903, after a brilliant career as a painter of Oriental scenes. He was himself so decidedly oriental in looks that habited in Moorish garb, Weeks could easily have passed for an Arab gentleman of Damascus. He was intensely ambitious, had much travel and study; and with a powerful constitution, was energetic to a degree. As an artist, Weeks' sense of form and movement was naturally feeble, but he had the eastern love for brilliant effects and overcame any lack, by diligent study in Paris. His pictures are well up in the technical standards of the French school; they represent objects in repose and suggest still life.

Weeks urged Close and myself to go with him on a journey to Turkey and Syria. I might have done so but for meeting Capt. Hardy, who fired my brain with his descriptions of new things to be seen in Madeira. Close and Weeks therefore sailed without me, and reached Palestine, where Close succumbed to the climate, and the sod of the Holy Land closed over the remains of this pure, young life forever.

On the whole, I found life in Boston sufficiently amusing, and quite as stimulating to the brain as was necessary. I found the intense clan sentiment very much like the

"caste" feeling in India, the entire atmosphere being pervaded by the essence of snobbery. It was delicious to study the airiness of even some very young snobs of the genus "Bostonian." All these cliques, though distinct and at different social elevations, in the main stood together like the bricks of a solid wall, and so formed are an essential feature of Boston's *esprit du corps* or provincialism. The city was not then, so large or spread out as at present, but was like a hive, containing one great family, the buzz of whose petty cliques could be heard from Dorchester to the North End and from Newton to Long Wharf.

The activity was enormous, but it was of the head, rather than the heart, and Bostonians grew up cold to those who happened to live in other social atmospheres. Boston can display waves of sympathy at times, on sudden emergencies, but the sympathy is for intellectual objects or for public emergencies, and often exhibits a heartless censorship over private needs. And so this little, great city interested me for its littleness and for its greatness. I could fill a book with narratives illustrating my text, which would be very entertaining, but my life moves on to other phases!

In 1876 I went to Europe to prepare articles requested by *Harper's Magazine* on "Art life abroad," and visited the south of France and all that romantic region between the Gulf of Lyons and the Bay of Biscay, including afterward the old cities of Avignon and Carcassonne which I had always longed to see. My two journeys abroad at that time, ended in arriving again at Boston, but somehow the place seemed *changed*. During my few years of absence Long Wharf and Grey's Wharf, among

other old landmarks had been modernized and failed to interest me.

The time comes in one's life when in the rapidly shifting panorama, we feel the impelling power toward new scenes. Another stage in the drama was to be enacted, and it requires other scenes and other characters.

It soon after seemed expedient I should move to New York because of a cold, the severe east winds of Boston helped to increase, and because of the desire of being nearer to some of the publishing houses. When I told Howells I was going to New York to live, in his mellow, sarcastic way he said, "So, Benjamin, you prefer quantity to quality?" "No;" I replied, "I am going because I like the quality so well. I wish to get *more* of it!" In a year or two Howells followed, and has continued in New York ever since.

The wisdom of transferring my headquarters to New York became immediately apparent. The busiest ten years of my life began as soon as I was settled in my studio in the Y. M. C. A. building on the corner of 23rd Street and Fourth Avenue. I afterward took a studio in the old University Building on Washington Square, to which I was attracted by its romantic character. That grim, feudal looking pile of granite was one of the interesting landmarks of New York, and many there were, who regretted its demolition. Aside from its aspect, it had a semi-historical character because of the well known individuals who had occupied its apartments. For the purpose of adding to its revenues the University had reserved to itself only the second floor, which was used for recitation rooms and a chapel. One did not realize until he actually occupied quarters there, how spacious

was the interior, and how winding and numerous were its corridors and staircases. There was no elevator, and one had to climb and walk real distances to find anyone. This made it a fine place for thieves, and robberies were not infrequent.

Edwin White, the portrait painter, had his studio once at the University building. Winthrop, the author of *Cecil Dreeme*, who by his soldier's fate, gave a vogue to works, that had looked for a publisher in vain, lived and wrote there until the Civil War called him to battle. And Morse, a portrait-painter better known as the electrician, experimented on the roof with the invention that was to give him immortality. Winslow Homer, at the outset of his career, had painted in the studio that I occupied later. It was a rare old room that I enjoyed there until the climb to it up the long stairways proved too severe. It was one of three immense studios at the top of the building, made by cutting off the north part of the chapel. My room was about 24 by 25 feet and 21 feet high. There were two lancet shaped windows and the vaulted ceiling was grained, ribbed, and supported by angles, all of tinted stucco, but still very picturesque and in an American studio, unique. Shirlow, who has recently left us, had the studio next to mine, and I was able to continue the acquaintance begun in Munich with one of the most serious, earnest, conscientious characters who has appeared in our art, a man whom one only had to know to respect and admire. I would gladly say more of him, but I foresee that if I were to undertake to write of all the artists, writers, or other distinguished characters with whom I was brought in contact during my New York life, or relate the incidents

occurring under my observation, I should never exhaust the subject or complete this record. This fact will explain why many are omitted here, or merely mentioned, aside from the fact that it is inexpedient to say much of those who are still living.

Before I had fairly got into the vortex of the New York maelstrom I took a run over to Bermuda to write it up for my forthcoming book on the Atlantic Islands, which was published by the Harpers in 1878. Although it did not have a very large sale, it was republished in London, and brought letters to me on the subject even from Australia, India, and other distant places. The notices of it were also excellent. It proved to me that miscellaneous collections, even when made up of cognate subjects, are not attractive to the popular taste. The case is similar with pictorial compositions. The simpler a composition the deeper the impression produced. If there must be figures or objects, care must be taken to have one figure or one group somewhat more impressive or prominent than the others that the attention may be concentrated upon that; otherwise the work is likely to prove a failure so far as concerns its popular acceptance. It matters not whether it be a historical *genre*, or a cattle or ship picture, the above principle of composition applies to them all.

Soon after my return from Bermuda I started for a trip to the Sea Islands of our southern coast. At Fernandina I happened to run across an excursion party that was accompanying Postmaster General Key to Cuba. He was going there to look personally into the possibilities of arranging with the Governor General a fast mail service from New York to Havana. Mr. Roberts, (presi-

dent of the company that was desirous of conducting this service), Vice-President Hamlin, Senator or Ex-Governor Kirkwood, and Attorney General Campbell were the other members of the official committee. A bright party of Washingtonians, journalists, officials in the Departments, two or three army and navy officials and several ladies had been invited to enjoy the pleasures of the excursion and relieve the dignity of the official element. The party had stopped at Fernandina to meet Ex-Senator Yulee, who resided there, and had some pecuniary interest in the success of the enterprise. There was to be a ball in the evening at the Egmont House where I was staying, in honor of the excursionists. As things turn out sometimes on such occasions, I came fortuitously in contact with Mr. Roberts and others of the party, who insisted in the kindest manner that I should accompany them to Cuba, offering not only to pay all my expenses but to give me a return ticket by rail to New York, as I had not yet finished my tour among the Sea Islands. I did not hesitate to accept this generous opportunity.

The party left Fernandina for the west coast of Florida by rail, stopping at various places to see what little of interest is offered the stranger in the northern part of the peninsula.

At Cedar Keys we had to wait a day for the boat, and the party devoted several hours to fishing from the windows of the train which was switched off on to a tressel-work making an arm of the Gulf. It is not often that fish are caught in that way. At Key West the whole town turned out to meet us, and the City government gave us a banquet in the town hall. The collector of the port placed his bathing enclosure at our disposal. It was pro-

tected by strong high stakes planted close together, and as I swam within the enclosure I could see the huge sharks rubbing their noses against the palisade, longing for a chance to get hold of me. It was rather a gruesome sight, qualified to make one nervous even though apparently safe. We went on board the U. S. Surveying boat, and there I met Lieutenant, afterward Captain Sigsbee, who in later years was commander of the *Maine*, when blown up at Havana. It is worth stating here that when the *Maine* was building I was probably the first to visit, describe and illustrate her for the periodical press.

I shall never forget the morning of our landing at Havana. Not because there was anything remarkable to me, who had landed at so many far more interesting places, in the mere fact of going on shore at this then dirty port amid a throng of negroes, idle Cubans and lounging troops, although the spectacle had a certain interest. But there was one circumstance connected with this event that is ineffaceable.

This was the incident, and I think it worth recording because it illustrates not so much republican simplicity as a lack of true sense of the fitness of things and a self complacency that leads us to forget the respect due to those who, whether personally or as public officials, have a right to be met with respect. The committee had gone to Havana in the interests of the two countries, and was composed of some of the highest dignitaries of the United States. Recognizing this fact, the Governor General of Cuba sent an official deputation on board to welcome and escort the travelling delegation to their hotel. The members of this official deputation were in full official uniform, as was perfectly proper. And how did the distin-

guished American committee receive them? Without coats, but in straw hats, linen dusters and collars without any cravat or necktie whatever. And in this noble costume they landed and paraded between the gaping multitude on the street. The weather was hot, it is true, but it is sometimes as warm in New York; and not one of these gentlemen would have dared to present himself on any public official occasion at Washington in such preposterous dress, whatever the temperature. That they did it at Havana seemed like sheer, discourteous bravado; a distinct affront to the Government with which they proposed to form an advantageous postal contract. When they waited on the Governor General at his palace, one or two of these gentlemen had so far recovered their senses, as to don black frock coats; but several did actually penetrate into his presence, in those infernal linen dusters. Some years after this incident, when Senator Hamlin, a very able man, was minister to Madrid, I have been told that he has been seen carrying an unwrapped pair of old boots in his hand to be cobbled at a cheap shoemaker's around the corner. When one occupies a prominent post among foreigners who do not understand the sense of such incongruities, this is a childish ostentation of republican simplicity, like that of the Spartans who went to the Olympic games in rags. It indicates to my mind a mental condition that has not yet grown to understand the true relation of things.

On my return I left the party at Gainesville and skirmished about the Sea Islanders at my leisure. Among various points visited during this to me, important trip was to Cumberland Island, which I was the first to describe for the public. It was well I went there at that time, and

made a sketch of Dungeness, which appeared afterwards in *Harper's Monthly*. Dungeness was the stately manorhouse of the island. It was of cochina which was still in firm condition, but the roof had caught fire when the slaves were in charge during the war and been consumed. When I saw the ruin the windows were bare, but the lofty walls were standing tapestried with flowering vines. It was situated on the edge of what I cannot but think the noblest oak forest, since Paradise, reaching unbroken for twenty miles, the trunks regular as the pillars of Cordova's mosque, and shaded with Druidic gloom like a temple of primeval gods. All around boomed the deep roar of the ocean, melting away into the shadows; altogether the most romantic and impressive woodland scene I have encountered since I gazed on Madeira's *Val Paraíso*. I am glad I saw it then, but I do not wish to see it again. The Carnegies bought the island; and the first thing they did, was to tear down Dungeness, one of the few really picturesque, sentiment-invested ruins in America. What else they have done to modernize the island I neither know nor care. Doubtless they have beautified the place in an artificial and fashionable sense, but they never can restore the superb solitary sylvan splendor of Cumberland Island and old Dungeness. Fort George Island also drew me to its heart with its delicate, subtropical witchery, its stately oaks and palms waving with rhythmic music in the steady sweep of the northeast trades. Fortunate did I think myself, when I landed on this lovely islet, at the mouth of the St. Johns, the scene of some of the most thrilling tragedies of our early history, the domain at one time of that quaint character, Capt. Kingsley, but now the fighting ground of speculators and promoters. I look back to the days I

passed there, more as if it were a dream of storied isles in the old world, than of a spot on the more prosaic shores of this western land. On my return what I said about Fort George Island in *Harper's Monthly* contributed to attract attention to the island and to lead to the formation of a syndicate which bought 1,500 acres, being most of the island, and erected a handsome hotel there. I joined the syndicate and put in a small amount. The enterprise promised success; but there were too many in the company for the amount of the capital invested, difficulties arose out of the title, and when the syndicate was reformed I drew out of it, glad that I had not lost more. Later I wrote an article for the *Atlantic Monthly*, in which I claimed from careful observations on the spot, that when Parkman wrote his stirring account of the bloody conflicts between the French and Spaniards at the mouth of the river of May or St. Johns, entitled the "Vengeance of Dominique de Gourgoes," he had not been on the ground, and had fallen into palpable error in the location of the fort, and hence in his description of the movements of the hostile forces. There was nothing to answer to my statements, which were conclusive. Whether Parkman's mistake was corrected in later editions of his book I am not aware; but probably not; because to do so would have required the rewriting of much of his narrative.

But the most important result of my trip to Havana, lay in the fact that I made the acquaintance of a lady who, (with her brother) was an invited guest of the party! I saw little of her then, but several years later, she became my life-friend and partner; and this marriage, led in a way to my becoming United States Minister to Persia. That

is the way events of our life are woven together, one unforeseen incident leading to another, apparently by our nominal free agency, but practically by a mysterious energy that takes us hither and thither. As we look back over our lives, we see that the important crises of life have come from unexpected, often trivial incidents, with which we had little or nothing to do apparently. Where does our free agency appear, in this sequence of events? The problem is too deep for me, too deep for the solution or any mortal in this mundane existence. But whether I can solve this question or no, I can now see with the utmost distinctness the various turning points in my life, and the various steps of cause and effect, that have led me from one stage to another. How they affected my character I cannot discern with the same clearness. I cannot yet see that character is shaped by events; rather are *they* seized or shaped by character. What man is at his birth he is at his death. Only the events of his life, if he lives to maturity, tend to bring out with increasing vividness, the original traits and tendencies, some of which, at times, lie dormant half a life time, until called into action by the electric spark of manifest destiny.

One of the most interesting characters I met soon after going to New York was Mr. Oliver B. Bunce the literary manager of D. Appleton and Company. No one had a kinder heart than Mr. Bunce or a more unfortunate manner, i. e. unfortunate to those who did not know him. I called to see him with reference to the publication of an article in *Appleton's Magazine*. He received me curtly, but asked me to sit down, and then attacked my article so savagely that I considered myself lost. After letting off this blast, the first and only example of the sort I

ever experienced in an American editorial office, he quieted down to the mildness of a summer evening, and actually accepted and published my paper without altering a word! When I left, he asked me to call again, and what was more amazing, gave me an invitation to the hospitalities of the Sunday evening literary receptions at his house. I attended these soirees several times and found them altogether informal and partly for that reason very entertaining; partly also owing to the unaffected cordiality of the host and his attractive family. The feature of the evening was the free and easy supper, where we sat around tables and all joined in the conversation. The company was rather miscellaneous and Bohemian, but one often met bright, well known people there whose acquaintance was well worth the making.

Mr. Bunce asked me to write two books for the *Appleton's Handy Volume Series*, *The Multitudinous Seas* and *The World's Paradises*. Fortunately they were both kindly received by critics and public, and sold well. The first I wrote in four days. It was a subject I knew thoroughly and loved with enthusiasm. The second pleased him so well, especially as I had not stinted my material to keep within the limits of the remuneration—a mistake which some authors make in these mercenary days—that he actually surprised me by an additional check above the sum agreed upon.

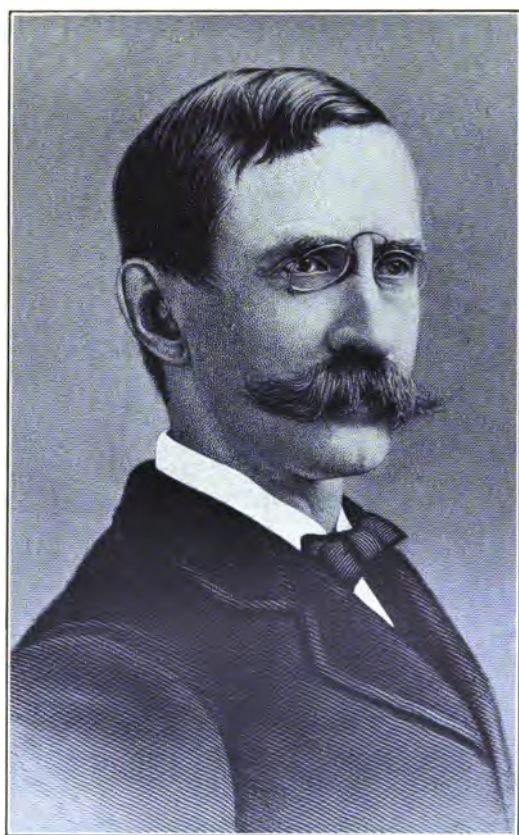
Later in 1884, Mr. Bunce made me a cash offer for *The Cruise of the Alice May*, after it had appeared in the *Century Magazine*, and brought it out in handsome form. I am very glad to have this opportunity to pay this tribute here, to one of the kindest and best friends I ever met in my literary labors.

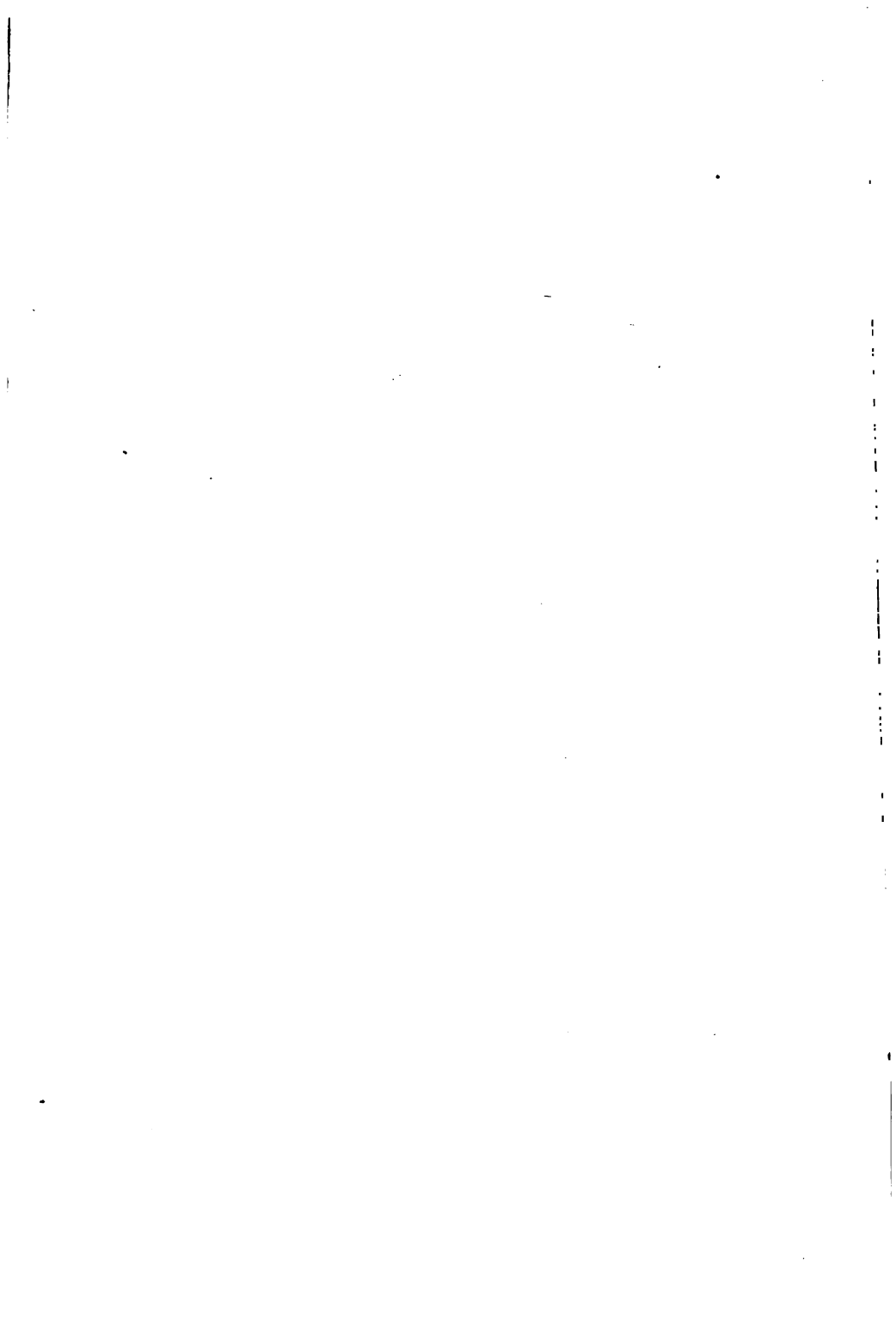
I had contracted with *Scribner's* to write a concise narrative and critical account of the Trojan Legend, with the title, *Troy, Its Legend, Literature, and Topography*. The study I had given to the subject when I wrote my *Choice of Paris*, years before, was now of material aid to me. The book was to be one of their series of *Epochs of History*. It proved successful as such books go, both with critics and buyers. Part of it I dictated while at the same time painting at my easel. As Schliemann was about to issue another work on Troy, and I was anxious to anticipate some of his forthcoming statements by a theory of my own, in the early Autumn as the holiday book trade was approaching, I was obliged to read the proofs under very painful circumstances. My dear wife, after an illness of years, which she had borne with great patience, passed away. Following a period of comparative quiet with my brush and pen, I was now again to enter the fascinating field which I found so congenial and which I especially needed at this time, the field of active adventure and open air effort. It was preceded, however, by a very serious illness from whose first effects I was the better able to recover because of the diversion and travel which followed. Three of us were dining in the garden of the University Club, then situated on the corner of Fifth Avenue and thirty-fifth street. It was a mild summer afternoon, but there was steady easterly wind blowing. I began to cough in a few hours. The cough increased, but being ignorant of the symptoms of bronchitis, I paid little attention to it as it was summer time, until a friend warned me that I was threatened with serious trouble. It was not many days before I was forced to take to my bed. My good friend Dr. Walter de

Forest Day, for many years medical inspector of the New York Board of Health and Professor of Materia Medica in the College of Pharmacy, one of the most faithful friends that ever a man had, then insisted that I should go to his house for more careful nursing. One of the best physicians in New York was also called in, and I lay there for several weeks in the clutches of acute capillary bronchitis. For some of the time my life hung by a thread. When I rallied from the attack and was able to leave the house, the Doctors told me that with care I might live years, but that my breathing apparatus had received a permanent shock, and that I should be liable at any time to fresh attacks any one of which, might be fatal. Their prediction has proved true. Several times have I been brought to the edge of the grave by this affliction, and eventually I was obliged to abandon New York and live directly on the seashore within the influence of the Gulf Stream or in equally mild temperatures inland, my plans and life-work being more or less shaped by this cause. An elastic constitution, intelligent caution and will power have doubtless been valuable to me in this emergency, and also the steady use of whiskey and tobacco. I had enjoyed them in moderation for some years without injury, and since I have been troubled with weak throat and lungs, I have found them of the greatest benefit thus proving that nothing is more absurd or mischievous than to undertake to formulate dietetic laws for universal application or to shackle widely varying individual constitutions and temperaments, by cast-iron regulations, or to try to enforce such regulations by rough treatment. I have found moderate smoking protective and strengthening. I am, however, what is called a slow smo-

ker. I do not smoke with quick nervous puffs, as some do, and do not inhale the smoke into the lungs. I carefully avoid cigarettes also, not because the tobacco in them is necessarily worse than other tobacco; sometimes it is better, but one is liable to take more smoke in his lungs from them than he needs either for health or enjoyment, and the paper is apt to be injurious to the tissues. I never yet have had a chill, although in my travels I have been in many malodorous, malarial places, have been among rice fields and have travelled all night through miasmatic regions on horseback unaffected by night airs. I consider this immunity due in part to tobacco, which is a deodorizer. I am convinced that I also owe to tobacco and spirits, at least in part, the admirable digestion with which I have always been blessed, and also perhaps, the freedom from thirst, which may be due partly to my fondness for tea. Except in the hottest weather I rarely feel a sensation of thirst, and sometimes months elapse without a drop of water passing my lips except to brush my teeth. Some might be injured by it. By my experience is, that people are so differently constituted, "what is one man's meat, is another's poison." This is the reason intelligent and well-meaning doctors (especially "experts" with *theories*) sometimes kill, or fail to cure. They know too much, and *too little!*







MATURITY

PART IV

THE SAILOR'S FATE.

*A Sailor born, his ship he loved,
And loved the sea, with love that greater grew—
And ever found where e'er he roved
The wild blue sea, to him, was friend most true.*

*Then let the waves his praises sound,
His restless heart forever calmed,
Lower him a thousand fathoms down
With solemn vastness of the sea embalmed!*

*There, let the waves his requiem sing,
While o'er his corse, the trooping ages go!
And round about him, as round King,
The royal purple of the Sea enfolds!*

S. G. W. B.

CHAPTER XIII.

NEW YORK ART LIFE.

My articles on *Contemporary Art in Europe*, the first of the sort that had appeared in an American magazine, and their subsequent publication in a handsome volume, met with sufficient attention in our commercial community to incline the Messrs. Harper to seize the tide at its flood—one must do that way in America or be left behind. They proposed to issue a series of articles on American Art, describing its development from Colonial times, the same to be illustrated regardless of cost and afterwards to be put together in a book for the holidays. They offered the undertaking to me. I protested that the time for such a work had not yet arrived; that I did not yet feel equal to treat the subject properly, and that in the end it would prove injurious to my position as an artist to criticize my fellow artists, aside from the appearance of presumption it implied. They replied that they were bound to have such a work prepared as soon as possible, and that if I did not do it they would offer it to some other writer less sensitive than myself. I needed the money, I did not wish to fall out of favor with the Messrs. Harper, who had always treated me with consideration and to whom I was under promise not to write for the rival il-

lustrated monthlies while writing for their house, and I hoped that the artists themselves would not too deeply resent what I might say, as I have always aimed to avoid harshness or hypercriticism. After some hesitation I decided, weakly perhaps, to undertake a labor that resulted in keeping me more busy for several years than I have ever been before or since, although not always in directions I might have preferred, if at liberty to choose.

The writing of these articles on American Art was the smallest part of the work. I had to visit city after city looking up the work of our old time artists in private or public collections, and selecting such things as would best serve as examples. I also had to visit the studios of our living artists for the same purpose, and then have careful photographs taken of works selected. Of course in this way I saw a good part of the product of our art, and made the acquaintance of many of our first citizens and of our leading artists. There was also much investigation to be made in old records, and a vast amount of correspondence, before boiling the material down, into the compactness required by magazine articles. As soon as it became known that I was preparing such a work I had numerous applications from artists in various quarters to have their names included, in some cases offering to pay for the engraving of their pictures. These were the individuals, generally, that we did not want, and it was embarrassing to have to decline their applications. Doubtless some worthy names slipped my attention in so large a country, and in any case it was very trying and mortifying to me to be able to devote only a paragraph or two or three lines to deserving artists. In writing about European artists for the American public this was of unimportance to me, but it

was quite another affair, when treating of American artists, as I eventually found to my cost. The Harpers gave the greatest attention to the preparation of the engravings. Some of them were engraved repeatedly to achieve complete satisfaction. But I did not quite approve the aim sought with some of the cuts, which was to give a realistic impression of the style, the very brush marks, of the works of our more recent painters, and to suggest, as they said, the color. This idea of suggesting color in a black and white engraving is to me absurd, a sheer affectation. A vivid fancy can perhaps imagine it sees the tints of a sunset or grey landscape in black and white, but after all it is the form and the light and shade alone, that the graver can or should attempt to reproduce. But the editor and engravers of Harpers deserve credit for conscientiously trying to achieve the highest possible results in the illustrations of this work, which, barring the above exceptions, were truly admirable. The crudeness of the public art tastes of the period were shown in some of the letters received by the editor. Some objected to the immorality of reproducing the nude, as represented by such chaste works as Powers' Eve. One writer, noticing a slight defect in the wood, criticised the engraver for putting a pimple on the *thigh* of a nymph!

These repeated publications on art subjects brought me numerous unsolicited commissions for articles and books and I had my hands full of work. I had numerous articles to write for that stately art magazine, *The American Art Review*, edited by Mr. S. R. Kochler, a periodical for which our public was still hardly ripe, and it lived only two or three years. The Iconographic Encyclopaedia asked me to prepare the history of painting in the

later Renaissance. At the kind suggestion of Mr. R. H. Stoddard, the poet and literary editor of the *Mail and Express*, to whose genial friendship I owe repeated courtesies, I was offered the Art Editorship of that paper. At the same time the publishers of the *Literary Table* asked me to edit their Art Department, and in due course, the *Magazine of Art* decided to add an American department to that monthly and the editorship was at my disposal. In the meantime I was painting, exhibiting and selling pictures at the Academy and at numerous exhibitions elsewhere, and writing the books already mentioned together with various side articles. If it be asked how I managed to do all this I can say that I had valuable help in cultivated assistants who were able to visit the studios for me or to write and copy intelligently at my dictation. On a few occasions I wrote two articles at once, dictating one to my amanuensis, while I myself was writing another. At other times, after a painting was advanced beyond the composition, I would paint and dictate at the same time. I also had an inestimable and un-American faculty of knowing how to rest. When I reached a certain point in my work I would not only lay the pen or brush aside but also put the whole subject practically out of mind, and go down to the wharves and look at the ships and yachts; or I would stroll over to the Club and with a cigar and in easy chat with a friend or two, give my thoughts entire diversion and repose. Then again, I never began work until I was ready, no matter what time of the day. In that way everything was assorted in my mind; I knew just what I wanted to write or paint, and rarely had to do it over. I also made it a habit to eat and drink something before going to bed, in this way insuring a sound, un-

broken sleep, and waking thoroughly refreshed. This has been my habit for thirty-five years. Of course I should have preferred to work at more leisure; but perhaps I might have produced no better results; some work best under pressure. I realized that I must make hay while the sun shone; "work while the boom is on," my friends said; and I added myself, "It does not last long in this rapid age and country."

A friend in Detroit had suggested my name to the superintendent of the Board of Education of the State of Michigan, who offered me the chair of literature and history in the State Normal School, with the reversion to the presidency, when vacant. He came on to see me about it, and I gave the matter serious consideration; but finally decided against accepting so flattering an invitation for the same reasons that I had declined one or two positions already. I was of too independent a nature to be willing to promise to stay permanently; but not to do so would be unfair to the institution. I realized that my tastes were too cosmopolitan to allow me to settle definitely at one post, unless the forms of energy were entirely in harmony with my disposition.

The results that I had apprehended from writing *Art in America*, began to become apparent in due time. My books had given me wider reputation than I could have hoped for, as an artist in America, unless an Inness or a Turner, but they had injured my position as an artist; for artists, as a rule, are jealous and suspicious of one of their calling who does not devote himself wholly to art. One must be a Da Vinci to brave and live down this sentiment. Fromentin, tried deliberately to do so, but barely succeeded in the attempt. The artists continued to hang

my paintings at the Academy, occasionally even on the line, but I was soon made to feel, (and have been made to feel more and more in later years,) that if one both paints and writes and lectures on Art, many artists will insist that he shall be considered an "art-critic" and not a professional painter. This is unjust, but the average artist is not broad-minded, however keen his faculties. I was asked if I was willing to have my name put up for election as associate member of the National Academy. I replied that I was willing provided it could be previously ascertained that there was a very sure chance of my election. A canvass of the members developed a very bitter feeling on the part of two or three who felt that I had not assigned them the highest places in the niches of fame, and they were bound to defeat my election. Therefore I declined to have my name put forward. In such a case the virulent pertinacity of one foe is greater than the efforts of ten friends.

Shortly before this incident I was asked by the *Wide Awake*, a youth's magazine of Boston, to prepare a dozen short biographical articles about American artists, to appear monthly at my own terms, and with illustrations. After the series had begun, the order was duplicated, making twenty-four articles in all. It seems that D. Lothrop & Co. had been led to make the offer as soon as they saw that I was preparing articles for Harpers on American Art; and without consulting me as to my own interests, they put the first twelve articles in book form and announced them for the Holidays at the same time that the Harpers announced my *Art in America*. Legally Lothrop had a right to do this, because in my innocence, I had not protected myself. But morally they

were not justified. They allowed me no copyright or profits on their book, and as it was every way a cheaper book than the other, and sold for half the price, many bought them in preference to the other, on which I had a copyright and profits. As it turned out the *Harper's* and I, found our expected profits on *Art in America* cut down at least half by this unauthorized trick. It hurt me also with the *Harper's* at first, as I had difficulty in making them understand that I had nothing to do with it but was equally a sufferer with themselves. It is a very hard thing to say, the fact remains that in all my experience with editors and publishers I have suffered proportionally far more, from pious publishers and editors, whether clergymen or laymen, than from the unregenerate. I have no comment to make, the facts speak for themselves, and professional Christians can draw their own inferences. I could recall several forcible instances bearing out this statement.

One of these biographical articles for *Wide Awake* was about the well known illustrator Charles S. Reinhart; and in preparing this article I came across another example of the way my *Art in America* had prejudiced me among the artists. He had agreed to furnish me with a photograph of himself and one or two illustrations to be engraved with the article. After I had written it, I dropped him a line asking when the pictures would be ready. Some days passed without a reply, and I was about to send him again, when I met him on the steps of the Academy. Reinhart was a tall, handsome, finely built man, who might have posed for an Apollo. But when he saw me on this occasion the expression of his face instantly changed to such a degree that he might at that moment

have posed for Milton's Satan in Hell. Paying no attention to this changed mood, although on my guard, as something was evidently brewing, I said, "Mr. Reinhart, will you kindly tell me when I can have those pictures, as I am in some haste for them."

He glared at me a moment like an insane man, and then exclaimed, "I have a good mind to knock you down!"

"Why, I should like to know what is the meaning of this?"

"The meaning of it is, that you lied about me in your book and I am going to knock you down."

I stood and looked at him, and then replied, "I think I am entitled to know what you have against me, but in the mean time I am waiting for you to go ahead." Another pause. "I thought you wanted to knock me down; you'll never have a better chance."

He advanced a step and raised his clenched fist; then dropped it; his face flushed, and he trembled with excitement.

"Well?"

"The amount of it is that you say in your book that Abbey is a greater artist than I am. Everyone knows that that is not true. We studied together; he's had a lot of luck, but you can ask anybody and they'll tell you that I draw more carefully than he, and hold my own with him as an all-around artist; and you, you have given him the precedence above me!"

"Mr. Reinhart," said I, "you flatter me by implying that anything I can say can have such weight. I am fallible like all men; I was limited in the space allowed me; it was my wish to be fair to all; I may unintentionally have said less about your talents than they deserve, but

that I have a high opinion of them, is shown by the fact that I have asked the favor of including you in my selection of twenty-four artists to be written up in *Wide Awake*. Mr article about you is written and they are waiting for it; when can I have the illustrations?"

"I can't let you have them. What you say may be so, but I don't like your way of speaking of me as an artist, and shall have nothing to do with your article."

"Do as you please about it; but I considered you as a man of honor on whose word I could depend."

He gave me a parting look of hate, and left me. But my last words rankled in his mind, and three hours later a messenger rapped at my door and brought me Mr. Reinhart's illustrations. They were accompanied by a brief, civil note, expressing a wish that I should suffer no inconvenience in the matter. Reinhart was a man of very genuine artistic merit, but it was the merit of talent, supplemented by earnest effort rather than of genius. Abbey may justly claim to a share of genius although his source of inspiration is neither copious nor deep. The American pictorial artists of great genius are still for the most part *in passe* rather than *in esse*, sensational, rather suggestively creative, excepting in the field of landscape. Let us hope the day of their coming is near, the day when American art shall shine forth in native and unsurpassed splendor, with the vast reserve indicated by the masters of the old world.

Another artist who was odd but in altogether a different way was Louis Lang, a native of Bavaria, who came early to this country. He was short and squat, and when I knew him wore a brown wig and had his beard dyed of the same color. He was thrifty and hence, with-

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out being much of a painter, although he had been elected Academician, had managed to lay by a snug sum which kept him very comfortably after he was too old to do much with the brush. Lang was born a Catholic. But he soon left that faith and always thereafter was a liberal in his views. Whether he had spiritual consolation at the end I know not, but he told me at seventy that he had confessed only once in his life; that was when he was eight years old. He was told that he must confess his sins to a priest. Ignorant of what would be required of him he looked into a book he found lying about, containing every variety of questions applicable to different ages, sexes, and conditions. He then frankly confessed to having committed, murder, theft, adultery and other crimes. "What sort of a boy is this Louis?" inquired the priest of the boy's teacher; "he has confessed to every iniquity; he is either a great rogue or a great fool." Lang said he never confessed after that, except to the ladies.

William H. Beard, who has recently passed away, was one of the artists whom I knew well in those days. He would have been a noteworthy character in New York even if he had not been a genius in his special line of art, on account of his personal appearance. No one who has seen his familiar figure going down Sixth Avenue to his studio in the morning would ever forget him. He stood over six feet high and was massively built; he had a grey mustache and imperial, his blue eyes sparkled keenly as gems with sharp observation and good humor under shaggy grey eyebrows, and his florid features were wreathed by the great wave of white locks hanging to his shoulders. A certain indescribable romantic picturesqueness was imparted to his figure and completed the time effect by

the slouch hat and Spanish cloak he wore. The sight of him carried one back to Florence and Rome. Unlike many humorists, Beard enjoyed his jokes audibly and supplemented them with a rich, mellow chuckle. Towards the end of his life he lost this merry laugh, however; he became cynical and pessimistic, and the pleasure I had enjoyed in his inimitable society turned to pain. Whether Beard was a great painter as well as humorist it would be hazardous to assert in these days when new foreign theories and methods are cried up in our studios as the true ones to follow. Granting that Beard's technical ability was, according to his lights, inferior to his knowledge of the true inwardness of animals and men, he was yet a genius who deserved well of his country. It is true that he had distinct appreciation and vogue at one time, but it was his misfortune to outlive his success, to find himself left behind and forgotten, as happens to many in our volatile republic. What was worse, unlike some, who have means on which to retire and live in dignified seclusion under such circumstances, he was left entirely dependent on his brush when his brush no longer availed to keep the wolf from the door. Poor Beard had one consolation, however; he could not reproach himself with having wasted his substance in riotous living, like some artists and authors in distress. Other traits he had also, but he had always his head high and preserved his integrity to the last.

Altogether different in character and circumstances was another of the longtime denizens of the Famous Tenth Street Studio Rookery. I refer to Frederick E. Church. He was well formed but slight; his features were delicate, refined and spirituelle almost like a woman's; his manner

was quiet and gentle, that of a dilettante and a scholar born to a life of ease, calm retirement and aristocratic culture. But what he achieved, showed that he had force of character as well as brains, and that the competence he had always enjoyed had not hindered him from following the dictates of his praiseworthy ambition. It had probably made him selfish; it is not likely that his less fortunate brother artist found in him one so likely to aid them in their troubles as those who had had their turn of struggle and suffering; his virtues were negative rather than positive. I understand that he inherited property; perhaps his marriage was also fortunate in this respect; and probably, with the exception of two or three of our sculptors, no American artists have earned so much money out of their art, as Church. The prices he received were enormous. I remember an uncle of mine gave him \$1,000 for a little sunset, about a foot square. Some of his larger paintings sold for even more proportionally. He had an elegant manorial country seat, at Hudson, where I visited him once with my family. It stood on the brow of a steep slope commanding one of the noblest prospects in the lands. Within, it was planned and decorated partly in mediaeval, partly in Oriental style, attractive as an artist of Church's wealth and taste would be likely to make it. In his last years he suffered acutely from rheumatism and could not use a brush; but he had his wealth to fall back on and could pass the winters in Mexico. It would have been an interesting puzzle in psychology to ask these two men, Beard and Church, occupying studios under the same roof, whether they would have been willing to exchange places with each other, the

one hopelessly poor yet with health to paint, and the other hopelessly disabled in health, but free from the anxieties and mortifications of impecuniousness. There are some of the fanatical followers of the present art-styles who would deny Church's ability as a painter. This is sheer nonsense, narrow mindedness, ignorance of the law of the intellectual pendulum, blindness to the fact that the time will come when they in turn will be either sneered at or forgotten. It may be that some of Church's canvasses were thin or suggested scene-painting; the latter criticism is not necessarily condemnatory; for some modern scene painting is very effective and could only be accomplished by men of real ability. It must also be considered that Church and some of his colleagues in semi-topographical art, came at the time they were needed, and did much to interest our people in the grandeur and beauty of our possessions. But Church was more than that. The man who painted his view of Niagara, may not have done it as an Inness, or Constable, or Turner or Diaz might have represented it; nevertheless that is a great picture and he was a great painter, one of the greatest poets and landscape artists our country has ever produced, and that painting will live and be admired by cultured minds long after some of our artists of today are forgotten.

An artist whom I remember with the greatest respect was Sanford R. Gifford, one of the leaders of the so-called Hudson River School. I have never met with a man who more profoundly impressed me with the full meaning of the grand old word "gentleman." Tall, erect, and quiet in manner like a soldier—I believe he served in the army during our Civil war—he added to it, the quiet dignity of a Spanish grandee. His features were Span-

ish, and his pointed iron grey beard lent force to the resemblance. He looked as if he had stepped out of the canvas of Velasquez. I shall not soon forget a visit he paid me at my studio. I felt as if I were receiving a nobleman of the past. And yet there was no haughtiness or self-assertion in him; on the contrary a certain air of reserve and high self-respect, as of one who would scorn to do aught to lower himself below the lofty standard of true manhood that he had raised as the rule of conduct. In criticising my painting, also, he was careful that the blame should not pain nor the praise suggest flattery, for he was both kind hearted and sincere. I may add here that refinement was then more commonly a trait of our native born and native educated artists, who did not go abroad until their character had been formed, than it is of the brilliant school now presiding over our fine arts, whose members have been bred among the rough, brutal, half civilized influences of the modern art schools of France and Germany, where genius may abound, but where the art of being a gentleman with all that the word implies is too often considered unimportant.

I am led at this point in my reminiscences to speak of William Bradford, who made a reputation as a painter of icebergs. He was a good man, ethically speaking, devout in the New England sense, and conscientious as a Quaker should be. But as an artist he was one of the queerest I ever met in the profession. He had some talent and considerable ambition, but he achieved a name disproportioned to his art ability because he was so happy as to select a subject for painting that was then entirely new in America, although I think that the superb Danish marine painters began, about the same time to draw in-

spiration from polar life and scenery. Bradford began life as a storekeeper or merchant and one never could be with him long, without feeling that the commercial spirit had a strong hold of his nature. He loved beautiful objects, broad landscapes, and had a love for adventure, but his conversation always turned to the cost and value of things, the sharp bargains he had driven, and the like. It would not be fair to criticize his paintings, as one would those of one who had enjoyed early advantages for art education. The wonder is that he did so well under the circumstances. Another wonder is that, having advanced so far, he was never able to acquire a sense of proportion and perspective. His ships were rarely placed so as to look their true size. They were put at random apparently, without regard to the horizon line or their relation to other objects in the picture, and hence a vessel of several hundred tons, would look like a toyboat and vice versa—much the same might be said of his icebergs.

Poor Launt Thompson is one of the New York artists whom I remember with the keenest interest and sympathy. Of his art I do not need to speak. His name will long be remembered, I hope, in this country as of one who had a genius approached by very few of our sculptors up to that time, and whose portrait busts have been unsurpassed in American plastic art. When sober he was a charming companion, intelligent, amiable and agreeable. But when he at last yielded to the habits of a dypsomaniac his sprees became frequent and more violent. I am led to speak of this, because of all men whom I have known who were intemperate his form of that disease was the most remarkable. There was no thickening of the voice, no loss of speech, no weakness of the legs or reeling such as one commonly

... the language was extremely re-
... was not
... were not
... I saw him in one of these attacks
... together at a restaurant. At
... I would try to escape from him, anxious to
... the prospect of some information he gave.
... Thompson repeated an altercation
... of his Italian assistants in Florence, and
... tried to show the trick by which he got
... his insolent employee and could have killed
... the man had not asked for pardon. It was done
... behind a man suddenly thrusting his middle
... mouth and, by the purchase thus gained,
... the base of the skull and for-
... with the intolerable pain.

... he to me. At the word, he
... his fingers in my mouth
... and left the room.
... the next
... instant
... through the

... viewed him
... the at
... name
... I
... to be
... the
... the
... the

"The shooting of prisoners from the guns in the East Indian Mutiny," seemed to me exceedingly ill chosen for selection by a Russian artist. Of course it was done in order to bring discredit on the English and to hold them up as the representatively cruel people of modern times. It really indicated on the contrary that the artist deliberately ignored the horrors Russia had perpetrated or that he inferred that the world was ignorant of them, in which latter supposition he would have been correct, for few people know much of history besides their own, and not much of that. In America likewise the history and character of Russia are less known and understood than anywhere else, and her professions are accepted on their face value.

Vereschagin, it will be remembered, is the artist who it is reported, in the last Russo-Turkish war, proposed to witness the execution of two Turkish prisoners, and with brush and palette in hand, intended to produce a realistic study of their dying agonies. When their lives were spared for a milder sentence, he protested with indignation against the change, and urged that the original sentence be carried out, as he needed the bloody spectacle to assist him in furthering his art-designs. As every one knows, he at last went down with the ill-fated battleship *Petropavlosk*, off Port Arthur, in the Japanese war, a fitting end to the career of an artist whose brush was dipped in blood.

Like many other distinguished foreigners who visit New York, Mr. Vereschagin received an invitation to the monthly meeting of the Century Club. This was especially apropos in his case, as that club is at least ostensibly an art-association, and includes in its membership many of the

most distinguished metropolitan artists. I did not arrive until late that evening. When I entered the gallery, where, as usual at these meetings, an exhibition of paintings by the members was hung on the walls, I instantly observed that something unusual was occurring. On one side fifteen or twenty artists were standing in a group, with a half scared, half surprised or indignant look on their faces, and by their manner evidently baffled and discomforted. On the other side stood (farther ahead) Stedman, the poet, undertaking to sustain an argument, but not quite with his customary aggressiveness and evidence of power. Between them, in a space by himself, stood Vereschagin, a great picturesque Moscovite, shaking his white locks and beard, and gesticulating violently, defiant, too, like a buffalo confronting a flock of wolves. In the background, lay-members of the club looked on. It was a magnificent tableau composed of eminent men representing various passions. I took in the situation in a glance. Vereschagin, although the guest of the club, had been attacking American art, with brutal and contemptuous frankness. The artists present, had successively tried to champion their side of the question, but labored under the disadvantage of having pictures of their own in the gallery. Vereschagin had silenced them all, though unconvinced, and Stedman, able on many subjects, had then gallantly come to the rescue of the American cause, and he was a man to quail before his adversary. But he was somewhat staggered on this occasion, not being an artist, and hence unable to discuss the subject from a professional point of view.

The situation was of a nature to fire my blood. The subject at issue was on ground with which I was reason-

ably familiar, and which I could discuss without embarrassment, as I had no painting there, on that evening. I also understood perfectly well how foreigners should be treated when comporting themselves like this Russian painter. Europeans are so accustomed to see Americans abroad either displaying a childish national vanity or humiliating toadyism to all that is foreign, that when they meet with one who is quiet and modest but at the same time unflinchingly bold in resenting attacks on America, they are completely taken aback. To use a vulgar colloquialism, the true way to treat foreigners when they "sass" us, is to "sass" back, and to strike from the shoulder; that and that alone brings them to their senses. In nine times out of ten it works to a charm.

As I entered the gallery, Vereschagin, with a tone of authority was reiterating in fluent English, his condemnation of the American art, as being thus far without successful achievement, and offering no promise of future improvement. There was some ground perhaps, for his criticisms, but this was not the time nor the place to express them. "But surely you must admit," said Stedman deprecatingly, "that we have produced some fine portrait and landscape painters, quite enough to make us hope that a great national school has begun." "Pardon me, I cannot agree with you," replied the Russian, shrugging his shoulders and turning out the palms of his hands, as if he would add, "I, Vereschagin, the Russian, have said it, is it not enough?"

Boiling with rage, having fought diplomatic battles with Russians before, I seized the interval when Stedman, nonplussed, was looking for an answer, stepped forward, and said, "Mr. Vereschagin, allow me to suggest that it

appears to me either you have seen very little of American art, or that, like many Europeans, you come here prejudiced and determined not to do us justice."

"I must say that I have seen few good pictures here by your artists, and therefore it is, that I declare that there is no promise that you will have a good national art; in other things I admit you have made some progress."

"Admitting the correctness of your opinion about what our artists have already done, which I only admit for argument's sake, still what you say shows that you have not looked at the subject philosophically. You have not applied to it the law of evolution; the law of art-development is a question of slow growth and is based on certain conditions. Even in Russia, where you try the forcing process, and try to develop civilization by authority and ukase, you have not yet been able to produce a great art."

"Well, well, if you feel so hopeful about your art, *when* do you expect it?"

"We have been busy for three centuries trying to build up a nation; we have had to fight savages, to fight for our liberty, to clear a continent, to lay railways, to produce great inventions, to assimilate the incoming hordes of Europe. It is with such matters that the brain and effort of our people have been occupied. It is remarkable that we have done as well as we have in the pursuit of art. We shall do far better in due time. Art must be spontaneous. All we ask is *time* in order to equal or surpass the art of Europe. *Art-promise* is already quite evident here."

"This sounds all right; but it is too indefinite; you are vague; you have done little in art, and yet you prophesy

a great art. Come, come, when will it be, this art of yours?"

"You, in Russia, were a nation before America was discovered; you had a school of architecture and a decorative art that were both creditable before Columbus was born; and yet you are today in many respects far behind the rest of Christendom in many points that are considered essential to a high civilization. And you have not yet equalled the rest of Europe in the fine arts; but we may still admit that Russia has accomplished enough to lead us to think that she gives promise of doing far better in the course of ages."

"I thank you for your good opinion of Russia; thank God, she is able to take care of herself; she needs no advice"; waving his hand disdainfully. "But my question, why do you not answer my question? *When* do you expect your American art to appear above the horizon?"

"I am not in the councils of the Infinite; it is not for me to name the day and hour when it will come in its splendor. The development of a nation's energies is not like the quick growth of a man. It is a matter of ages. But I insist that any unprejudiced person looking at some of our civic and domestic buildings, some of our stained glass and our paintings, would admit that these signs of art activity are cropping out so abundantly all over the country as to indicate that the aesthetic genius is rapidly growing here in harmony with its environment, and must develop a great and an original art even earlier than might ordinarily be expected. One thing is certain, unless you unshackle the popular mind of Russia, and leave it more free to develop in every direction, we Ameri-

cans are bound to have our schools of art before you have yours, and possibly a greater one."

He shook his head impatiently, and exclaiming, "I can do nothing with you!" turned suddenly on his heel and strode to the corner of the room where he proceeded to occupy himself busily examining one of the paintings he had scorned. I seized the opportunity to go into the supper room and get a dish of oysters and a glass of punch.

CHAPTER XIV.

MARRIAGE AND A CRUISE.

I had been writing for the *Harpers* off and on since 1863. After 1873 I had written for their "monthly," more illustrated articles probably than any other writer during that period. They had also published three books for me, in handsome style. They had paid me as liberally as any of their contributors, and I had no cause to complain. Joseph W. Harper, practically the head of the firm, had been especially friendly to me. He was one of the class of publishers that authors like to meet, but who, under the changed conditions of the publishing business are perhaps less common now than formerly. In terms, the publisher of today would hesitate to deny that the interests of author and publisher are interchangeable, and that each is essential to the success of the other. But there is a growing tendency to assume in *practice*, that the publisher is the capitalist, while the author is the farmhand who gathers the cotton or the grain which the capitalist turns into usable fabrics. But Mr. Joseph W. Harper was not a man of this class. To him the author was a gentleman and an equal, and the relations between us were rather those of a genial acquaintance and friendship than that of a trade pure and simple. He was

also a *bon garcon*, the reverse of a prig, one who liked to hear or tell a good story, and he enjoyed a glass and a cigar with his authors or editors. Withal he had one of the best business heads ever seen in the publishing business. He could see at a glance what was for the best interests of the house, and had the true executive ability that knows how to select one's lieutenants and then leave to each the charge of the details of his department.

But the time had come when Joe Harper was about to turn over his position to others, equally diligent perhaps, but of other temperament and methods. The time had come also, I thought, when it was best for the Harpers and for me to separate. They had done well by me, and I had given them good, honest results for their outlay. But I wanted once more to be a "free lance," and, having taken my time "to view the landscape o'er," I directed my steps towards the office of the *Century*. The prospect of the renewal of the international cup races promised a revival of interest in yachting, and timeliness is now-a-days a supreme factor in most of the articles accepted by the magazines. But there was another point to consider, which had not yet received much attention from yachtsmen on either side of the Atlantic. This was the fact that for some years a tendency had become evident to modify the English and American types by borrowing from each other models both as to hull and sail plan. This had not begun to be as apparent as it is now, but it was sufficient to suggest to the expert observer that the yachts of the two nations were passing through an evolutionary stage. This again suggested to me the fact that the development of ships from one age to another really proceeds according to a distinct law of evolution.

Hence I proposed to prepare an illustrated paper demonstrating this law as applying to our pleasure craft, and called it *The Evolution of the American Yacht*. So far as I know this was the first time that so systematic an attempt had been made to define and illustrate this theory. The *Century* company commissioned me to prepare such an article at once for the summer numbers; the article took most satisfactorily with all who are interested in aquatic sports; and Dixon Kemp, at that time the leading yacht writer, designer and expert in England, gave my article a column and a half small print review in the *London Field*. Among other points I foretold that in all probability the English and American types would eventually approximate until there would practically be no essential difference between the types, and hence, by implication, the winning in cup races would depend on flukes of wind, but especially on the crews and the men in command. And this has practically happened. To these factors, however, we must add that lightness of weight, of material, is one of the essentials now considered, and *that* pitiful aid to yacht racing, is a quality that any one can apply without regard to model. In my opinion there is a great deal more of what might be called "jockeying" in construction, and less of the merits of respective models than fairly belongs to true sportsmanship. This article was immediately followed by one on the "American Steam Yacht." But this, I am ashamed to say, I wrote purely for the money and repute and not with the enthusiastic tone I gave to the first article, as I cared little for steam or any other auxiliary craft, and a paper on that subject would necessarily be devoted chiefly to pic-

tures and descriptions of the decorations of luxurious cabins rather than to model and seamanship.

Still I got some enjoyment out of preparing the second article as I continued my wanderings among the ship yards. Indeed, I found it exceedingly fascinating to prepare these yachting papers, for, although pretty thoroughly informed on my subject, yet it was essential to visit the yards of many yacht builders, and to examine numerous yachts to confirm my theory and to procure sketches and photographs. I did this thoroughly, as I was in the habit of doing all articles of *fact*. I took nothing at second hand when it was possible for me to see into a subject personally. This, of course, was a very expensive process, and generally reduced the profits of my articles very materially; I know it is not a method always practiced by those who prepare such papers for our periodicals. But justice to myself, to my subject, and to my publishers made it impossible for me to practice any other rule. I remember how deeply I was offended once by the editor and proprietor of a new magazine who, when I told him I was not clearing above forty percent of the price he was to pay for some articles, replied in a sneering way, "you don't really mean to tell me that you travel about to get up the facts and illustrations in these articles? You can get your material right around home out of the libraries and art dealers' photos and from the illustrated papers." "Mr. Blank," I replied, "you affront me. I would not take your money for that perfunctory kind of work. Even if I did not make ten cents on a dollar out of an article I had engaged to prepare, I should get my material at first hand." Notwithstanding my emphatic language he looked incredulous, but I took

his measure on the spot, and was careful from that moment to receive my money when I delivered my article, and very wisely, as the event proved.

Not many months after the publication of these yachting articles I was engaged to prepare another important paper for the *Century*. It was to describe a cruise in a pilot boat. Mr. M. J. Burns was to accompany me to furnish the illustrations. This was right, both because he had suggested the paper inviting me to accompany him, and because he was much stronger than I in drawing figure subjects, and had made a specialty of marine genre in which he has few superiors. I often furnished sea pieces for my articles from my own pencil and brush, but the figures were always subsidiary parts of the composition. As this proved one of my most interesting and adventurous cruises and the most varied of my pilot trips, I shall venture to give some account of it in these pages.

It was a lowering morning towards the end of February when we were notified that the *Caprice*, schooner, having just returned from a cruise to pick up her pilots and lay in a fresh stock of provisions, was about to put to sea again. We repaired to the office of the pilot commissioners, a low-studded, elbow-shaped room, on the corner of Burling Slip. A massive mahogany desk served partly to conceal the busy secretary of the board. Between two windows stood a large chronometer clock, including in its case a thermometer and barometer; ship lockers were ranged about the walls; the entire apartment suggested a ship's cabin, this impression being aided by the masts visible through the windows and the creak of tackle blocks. One by one the pilots straggled in, and discussed

the weather, which was pronounced unusually foreboding, with the mercury below twenty-nine, and a most sinister sky. At half past nine we started for the *Caprice*, which was lying at a neighboring pier. She was a graceful craft, ninety feet over all, twenty feet beam, and drawing eleven feet. Her masts were beautiful sticks, without knot or crack, as behooved a vessel employed in such arduous business. The cabin was cosiness itself. Perhaps we appreciated it more keenly because of the gloom and chill of the external atmosphere. A stove was firmly fixed in the centre, on a brightly burnished plate of brass with a raised rim. On each side were a stateroom and two berths that could be closed by slides. The galley and quarters of the crew were amidships, and separated from the cabin by a bulkhead. The crew included a lascar cook, a cabin boy, four able seaman preparing to become pilots in turn, and the boatkeeper, who commanded the schooner and took her home after all the pilots had been put on board other vessels. But before that, the boat was always under orders of the pilot whose turn it was to board the next ship. On this occasion we put to sea with six pilots, the full complement for the *Caprice* being seven. But one had not yet reported.

There was little wind as we shoved off and made sail, but there were evidences that we should have an abundance before long. We had scarcely cleared Castle Garden and were heading for the Narrows when a brig was perceived a mile ahead, bound out. Making sail with man-of-war speed, and taking advantage of every whiffing air, we overhauled her and put a pilot aboard to take her past the bar. The storm signal was flying at Sandy Hook, but pilots take little heed of such warnings, so we ran

out to sea and headed south. At dark we double-reefed the mainsail and hove to. We were now in the water where the *Caprice*, at Christmas tide some seasons earlier, had nearly foundered with the weight of ice accumulating on her deck in a northwest gale. The following winter she lost three men in a fearful storm. Two years later she was hove down in a squall and lost a man. The next year she was tripped and filled by a huge wave, and abandoned by crew, who took to the boats and were picked up. Eventually the *Caprice* was unexpectedly found, waterlogged, but still afloat, and towed to port. All these cheerful items I read in the log book, narrated in terse, uncouth phrases, and giving me a sample of the possibilities before us.

Nothing of special note occurred the next day, except an exciting race with another pilot boat to pick up a ship. The weather continued foul, and the third night it blew half a gale of wind, and we hove to under close reefs off Barnegat. About ten o'clock the lights of a steamer heading north were discovered in the gloom.

"Give her a torch!" was the order that followed the discovery. A tub containing turpentine was brought on deck; a ball of cotton on a stick was dipped into it and set on fire. The torch was held up to show the large numbers on the mainsail. Nothing more spectacularly effective could be imagined than this vivid contrast of light and shade—the dark figure in uncouth oil suit standing on the reeling deck whirling the ball of fire over his head, and the ruddy sail and rigging clear-cut against the impenetrable blackness of the night, while the foam seemed turned into blood as it washed on board. The steamer passed heedless of our signal; all hands but the watch

turned in again. On the following morning a wild spectacle presented itself when I went on deck. The gale, which had been blowing around us and of which we had had a taste, suddenly shifted into the northwest and shrieked out of that quarter with every prospect of increasing. The emerald waves, smitten by the gleam of the sun bursting over the low shores of New Jersey were rising fast; and as there was no prospect of picking up any ships bound in this wind, it was decided to work nearer the land into smoother water. It was a long, hard beat to the lee of Little Egg Harbor, where we trimmed the sheets and under very small canvas ran up the coast to the Highlands. The blasts swept off the land with great suddenness and violence, burying the lee rail under a mass of boiling foam, the spray smoking under the bow and tearing off to leeward in sheets. Flying past the long line of resorts that fringe the Jersey shore, we saw at last the lofty shaft of Sandy Hook loom in the north, and as the glow of the setting sun suffused land and sea with almost unearthly splendor we headed into a cove and dropped anchor for the night. Then we all snatched a much needed slumber before going forth once more to brave the wild March winds on the grey wastes of the Atlantic. At dawn we made sail and stood due east before a strong wind. We headed straight for the George's Banks after inbound steamers. To secure one of them also insures piloting her out again. For such chances great risks were encountered. After two or three disappointments in trying to get a steamer and finding that they had been "boarded," i. e., already had a pilot, we caught up with plenty of weather east of Nantucket Light Ship, where we met the full brunt of the ocean waves and surges. The

second morning after our second departure from Sandy Hook the day broke high over a savage scene. Enormous mounds of water, churned into a greyish green and crested with plumes of foam, swelled up against the sky, and tossed the little *Caprice* like an eggshell. The gale increasing with great fury, we hove to under trysails, a spread of canvas so moderate that, as they say at sea, we were under "a three reefed mitten with the thumb brailed up." The squalls were tremendous, and accompanied by blinding sheets of snow which in a moment enveloped the sea in impenetrable gloom. The deck and rigging were enveloped in ermine. The gale increased to a hurricane. The little schooner for the most part rode easily, but sometimes a sea would go bodily over her, and might have sunk her but for the low bulwarks that allowed the water to run off. Sometimes, also, she was carried over so far that there was danger of her completely rolling over, a catastrophe that sometimes happens to small vessels. Three times during the day we wore ship in order that we might not be driven out of the track of steamers; whatever the weather, business was not forgotten. This manoeuvre was, under the circumstances one of extreme peril, and required utmost coolness and skill. The sun went down over one of the wildest scenes I have witnessed at sea and I have witnessed a good many. With some difficulty we managed to get supper; the deafening roar of the howling winds and the thunder of the surges pounding on deck almost deadened the conversation that went on uninterruptedly below. Yarns were told, and intricate problems with cards were discussed by men in oil jackets and sou'-westers, while the cook served out rations of hot coffee from time to time. The helm was

lashed and the hatches tightly closed, and there was nothing to be done but to await whatever might occur. Any moment a catastrophe was liable to overwhelm us from collision or foundering, but it is not in the nature of the sailor nor is it expedient for his morale, after he has taken all precautions, to borrow trouble about possibilities. A vivid flash of lightning gleaming through the skylight at long intervals announced that the tempest was approaching its height, and it was decided to put up stanchions, or posts, in the cabin. They were firmly fixed between the deck beams and the cabin floor, to keep the ballast from shifting, in case a sudden lurch should throw the schooner on her beam ends, a fatal contingency. No one slept until towards dawn, when the weather moderated slightly.

But while the wind was less fierce and steady, it blew hard at intervals, and the temperature was so low that the deck was covered with ice. At noon we succeeded in getting an observation, as the pale sun flashed for a moment through the grey scud and caused the heaving deck to look like molten silver. We were in longitude 66° 30' and heading southwest under short sail when a fearful squall blackened the horizon and rushed towards us with frightful rapidity. At the same moment the lookout discovered two steamers and a pilot boat to the eastward. The wildest excitement ensued. Reefs were shaken out, notwithstanding the squall, and the little schooner flew before the blast as if bewitched. This appeared the most ticklish crisis of the voyage, owing to the danger of broaching to. When the pall of gloom finally passed to leeward, the southermost steamer was discovered to have been boarded by our rival. Every effort

that skill could devise was then put forth to catch the other steamer. As we lessened the distance, the *Caprice* was hove to and awaited her approach. Slowing up, the great *Cunarder* gradually drew towards us, majestically mounting and plunging on the vast surges, while cataracts spouted from her hawse-holes as the bow soared skyward. At this thrilling moment a whale, a little shorter than our schooner, arose close alongside the *Caprice*, spouted as if to salute her, and dived again into the depths. The yawl, only sixteen feet long, was now launched over the leeside into the frothing waters, the squall having happily moderated, and with two seamen and a pilot started for the steamer, then a quarter of a mile distant. I confess it was an exciting spectacle to see this mere cockle shell, with her precious freight of three lives, now lifted far above us on a mountainous billow, and anon descending out of sight into the depths of a hollow vale, and hiding there until it seemed she would never appear again. By slow degrees the boat succeeded in reaching the lee side of the steamer. There again the greatest prudence was required to prevent her being sucked under by the action of the mighty sea. At last the pilot made out to spring on the ladder, and crept up the side of the steamer. Then followed the equally difficult task of picking up the yawl. It was done by holding her head to the wind and allowing her to drift down towards the schooner. By wearing we kept directly in the track of the yawl; until she slipped across our stern, and was hauled up over our lee side.

On the eighth day out we were four hundred and fifty miles east of New York. The day turned out gloriously beautiful, the sky cloudless, and the swell remaining after the storm was scarcely dimpled by the zephyr-like cat's-

paws. One of the crack schooners of the New York pilot-fleet loomed above the western horizon, carrying every stitch of canvas. Her shapely sails gleaming in the morning sun, she crept up gradually in our wake, while another boat was also visible in the eastern board. As it is a cut-throat game of rivalry between the pilot boats, each looking out for itself, we hauled to the wind on the star-board tack and headed south. "Our policy is to scatter," dryly remarked one of our pilots. A standing reward of two dollars for the discovery of a steamer was now offered to the crew. "Sail ho," rang out from the masthead about noon. It proved to be a sailing ship far to the south, and as the wind was light and the weather was too uncertain to send the yawl such a distance we had to abandon her.

Two days of perfect weather, each closing with a sunset of magical splendor, unfortunately proved weather breeders. The glass began to fall, a sad wind moaned over the sullen deep and wailed in the rigging, and a mist gradually closed around us. Then came fitful showers, and, between the flows, the little schooner flapped her slatting sails with foreboding dreariness. That night there was a snow-ring around the moon. The following day we had an exciting but useless chase after a White Star boat. Towards night the wind settled into an easterly gale. "Call all hands to reef!" rang through the ship. As the gale freshened we concluded to scud before it for home, having been twelve days out of fifteen since we left New York; and we were due for the *Caprice* to take her turn as station boat off Sandy Hook. At sunset the dun clouds lifted enough to allow the sun to burst forth and kindle the horizon with a band of living fire, below which the ocean rolled intensely sullen and livid. But who can describe

the awful magnificence which irradiated the entire heavens with a volcanic glow! The sky was like the dome of a vast oven heated to the last degree. At the same moment a shower fell, and immediately two perfect rainbows spanned the firmament. Then, as if a curtain had been drawn across the scene, night closed in, and the wild winds howled over a little ship tossing alone on a dreary waste of waters. It blew hard that night. A dangerous cross-sea set in, and twice the *Caprice* was nearly thrown on her beam ends. The following day notwithstanding the wind, fog, and rain, we succeeded at ten of that night in putting a pilot aboard a large sailing ship. It was wild indeed to see our little yawl going off in the dark and the mystery on the rolling deep whose waves could be heard but scarcely seen in the gloom. Nor was it an easy task to pick up the yawl on its return, although her crew waved an *Ignis-Fatuus* of a lantern from time to time. We also came very near to being run down by the huge black hulk of a steamer after midnight, which sheered off just in time after we had fired the cannon we carried for such nights. At dawn the war of the elements was raging with great fury. As we were now approaching a lee shore it had become highly desirable to make a port. The wind was southeast, where the most wicked winds are raised, and we were in the bight made by the coasts of New Jersey and Long Island. There was nothing for us but to scud for New York, with the chance of crossing the bar without mishap. Nothing was set but a bit of the fore-sail. At times it seemed as if the hungry, following seas would founder the schooner as they curled over the low taffrail. Not a sail was in sight; not even a solitary gull. Excepting the petrels, seabirds keep near the land in bad

weather, a fact apparently unknown to some sea painters. About ten the Sandy Hook Lightship hove into sight. A tremendous sea was foaming on the bar, but the skilful steering of the *Caprice* rode over it like a racer clearing a hurdle, and ran up the lower bay and through the Narrows under bare poles. It was almost with a sense of regret that I changed the pure expanses of ocean, the lovely little schooner and her gallant crew for the cramping influences and scenes of city life. A hundred times during the following week did I wish myself on the *Caprice* again, looking out on the salt hills whose foaming slopes she had breasted so nobly.

In 1881 I was asked by Messrs. Dodd and Mead to write the letter press criticisms on "etchers and etching" to accompany a collection of fine plates which they had secured abroad. The result was a sumptuous volume which sold at \$10., but eventually went as high at \$25. a copy.

In the late spring of 1882 the editors of the *Century Magazine*, evidently satisfied with the articles I had already contributed to that periodical, and with the vigorous illustrations furnished by Mr. Burns for the article on the pilot boat cruise, suggested to us a still more important enterprise, one of the most important, in fact, ever undertaken by an American magazine up to that time. They now proposed that we should charter a schooner and explore the shores of the gulf of St. Lawrence. The expenses were to be paid by the publishers, and my colleague and I were offered satisfactory terms for articles and illustrations. Naturally we fell in with the proposal, and now ensued not the least entertaining part of the undertaking. We had a delightful experience skurrying about the shores of New York Bay, examining and pricing yachts that might answer the purpose, our first plan being to sail from

New York direct for the Gulf of Canso. But this plan was abandoned when it was found that New York craft were too costly both as to the charter and cost of running. It was then decided to try our luck at Prince Edwards Island. Burns went a week ahead of me and succeeded in finding a small schooner, not such as he wanted but the best to be had on such short notice. She was named the *Alice May*, and her crew consisted of a captain and mate and two hands; also a colored cook, Henry Richards, by name, who proved the best of the lot. The *Alice May* was only fifty-four feet long over all, and sixteen feet beam, not any too large for such a cruise and the possibilities it involved. The small cuddy aft we turned over to the crew and to the cook's galley. For ourselves we reserved the hold. Two bulkheads, one at each end, served to make us a rude but comfortable cabin about 16 x 15 feet. Rough bunks were improvised on each side, and a companion way and a plain ladder led to the deck. In these simple quarters we passed nearly three delightful months, replete with entertaining adventure and giving us views of some of the most magnificent and sublime scenery on the east coast of North America, much of which was scarcely known and had never before been described. We cruised along the coast of New Brunswick, went into the Bay of Chaleur and Gaspé Bay, ran across the Magdalen Islands, thence to the wonderful Bay of Islands on the west coast of Newfoundland, and thence down to the southern coast of that island as far as the unique French settlement on St. Pierre Island, thence to Sidney, Cape Breton Island, through the Bras d' Or to Arichat, thence through the Gulf of Canso back to Prince Edward Island. If we had had a better ship and crew we should also have visited

Cheticamp. But our time was about up and the equinoctial was at hand; hence we ended the cruise at Georgetown, Prince Edward's Island. But it is not my purpose here to go into a narrative of this most interesting cruise, for an account of it was published in the *Century*, and afterwards brought out in an attractive volume bearing the imprimatur of D. Appleton & Co.

I had only been home two or three weeks when I received an invitation to go in the famous old frigate *Constitution*, or *Old Ironsides*, on her last voyage. It is true it was to be a short one, only as far as Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where she was to be laid up, nor was she going under her own canvas, but was to be towed by the *Powhattan*, one of the early steamships of our navy, a slow, heavily sparred, paddle-wheel boat. Still it was a matter of no ordinary interest to be for a few days in the historic old ship, and all my patriotic blood fired at the prospect. I was strongly advised by a naval friend, however, to decline the invitation, as the ship was dreadfully out of repair and leaked so seriously it was a question whether they would be able to get her to Portsmouth. But this only stimulated my determination to go. There was a zest of danger added to what might otherwise have been a rather tame affair. Captain Jaques, the very courteous commander, when I went on board, reiterated the possibility that the old ship might go down under us, and indicated the boat to which I must betake myself in case an alarm were given. I occupied the stateroom of Commodore Hull! From the moment I stepped on her deck until we landed at Portsmouth Navy Yard, I felt myself as it were infused with an ecstasy of exultation. The constellations shone with unusual splendor in the dark,

clear vault, as we sailed along the sound, indicating an east wind coming. We had no more than reached abreast Martha's Vineyard when the wind developed into a gale, and we were forced to come to anchor at Nantucket, as it was not prudent to venture around the cape in such weather, considering the condition of the *Constitution*. The next afternoon, when the wind was about to shift to nor'west, we moved our position to make a lee under Cape Cod, in Chatham Roads. The fourth afternoon, the weather being now serene, we started out again. We were surrounded by a fleet of schooners taking advantage of the westerly breeze, numerous and beautiful as a flock of sea-fowl, the sails gleaming rosy red in the glow of a superb sunset. There was still a high swell running, vestige of the gale, but everything otherwise promised a fine night when, to the amazement of all on board, the old ship, courtesying on a big wave, came down with a terrible thump on the bar, striking in the middle of her keel. She repeated the blow, and we gave her up for lost; it did not seem possible for the old ship to survive two such blows. The order was given to sound the pumps, and it was found that the leak had been doubled. Although we kept on our course we passed an anxious night, for it did not seem as if she could keep afloat till morning. But the weather continued fine, the sea moderate, and the usual luck of the *Constitution* was still in her favor. She kept afloat, and the next afternoon she was at last laid at her destined berth alongside of the pier of the Portsmouth Navy Yard. I have always believed firmly in the good and bad luck of ships, and my superstition on this subject, if superstition it be, was confirmed by the escape of the *Constitution* from a peril that might have sunk a newer ship and one less lucky.

The following month, November, 1882, after a period of great activity, I was married to my second wife, Mrs. Fannie Nichols Weed, a woman of warm heart, wide experience and intelligence, and varied accomplishments, the author of a charming, suggestive volume of essays which went through several editions, published first by Ticknor & Co., and subsequently by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., entitled *The Sunny Side of Shadow*.

During the succeeding winter Congress passed a bill to establish legations in Siam, Corea, and Persia. I was urged by my friends to apply for the Persian mission. At first I strongly objected to doing so. I had already declined several distinct opportunities to accept foreign appointments. My objections were that our foreign service is precarious. Various contingencies were possible that might abridge my term of office after having sacrificed other interests for it. My father had been acting Consul General for several years and I had been much in foreign countries, especially in the East, and had met so many diplomats and consuls, that I knew more of what on official ought to be, than most of our representatives when they go abroad for the first time. I had also read international law from interest in the subject years before I had any intention or expectation of accepting a foreign appointment. But for these reasons I felt that for the interest of our government as well as for my own, I ought to have had some actual experience in diplomatic life before undertaking to establish a new legation, especially in a country where, I very well knew, I must have more or less relation with the diplomats of Russia, of whose methods I was not wholly ignorant. As I look back to my reflections at that time, and my practical observations in Persia, I have no

hesitation in affirming that our foreign service should be a permanent system like that of our army and navy, such as exists with most civilized governments, involving some prior instruction and experience, and including a regular scale of promotion from clerkships to ambassadorial posts, the highest offices to be dependent on proved special fitness conditioned on previous education and experience. At seventy, the official, whatever his rank might perhaps be retired on half pay. This is the true, the common sense system on which our foreign service should be conducted. As to gaining the appointment to foreign posts it is the quality or character, and not the quantity of endorsements that should and generally do carry weight in procuring such positions. One good, warm friend well-known can do more for one than a ton of perfunctory names. One of my letters was from Ralph Waldo Emerson. Another, strange to say, was from Mr. Garfield, who had been in his grave several months. It was a strong document which he had furnished me some years previously when I thought of seeking an appointment elsewhere, but when I decided negatively, I had laid the letter aside as an autograph, and now it came in very handily, applying to his successor. Another letter was from the secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Missions. Having accomplished this much, I left the matter to destiny, little expecting success. Judge then, of my surprise when I took up the New York paper one evening after dinner, and saw that my name had been sent in by the President. But getting the nomination was in this case, only half the battle. There were a number of candidates for the place, two or three of them at least, men of fitness and ability, who had been abroad in the service, one of

them backed by a university, another, brother of the governor of a great state, and from the way they were using the press I knew they were working like beavers, and if they could not get it, they were seemingly bound that I should not. On the other hand, having got thus far, I did not propose to be bluffed or beaten. I did not go near a paper; that was not the sort of influence I needed then. But I brought powerful personal influences to bear on the senators directly, and thus, after the result had been pending for weeks, I was confirmed by a comfortable majority. But I did not go near Washington until summoned there to get my instructions.

CHAPTER XV.

INCIDENTS OF LIFE IN PERSIA.

IN my books on Persia, *The Story of Persia*, and *Persia and the Persians* I presented respectively a sketch of the history of that country and a description of its customs, people, scenery, government and resources, as they were when I was there. I propose here to give a narrative of some of the chief incidents with which I was personally connected during my residence in Persia. This will naturally include some incidents which I could not properly describe while in official position, or which it might not have been expedient to make public for some time in order not to embarrass our government. The time has come, however, when I can speak more freely, and in fact, may render a service in doing so. Since I left Persia our country has been brought by the war with Spain, into more intimate relations with foreign powers, and has been obliged to abandon our flaccid policy for one more in accordance with our growing commerce and national power.

I foresaw that the task before me was one of unusual difficulty, requiring caution and alertness. I was commissioned to establish a legation in a country that knew next to nothing about the United States, and so situated

that it would be practically impossible for our government to aid me by demonstrations of military or naval strength, and hence, where I would have to depend wholly on my own tact and firmness. I knew enough to be aware that the other legations at Teheran, excepting perhaps those of England and Austria-Hungary, would throw obstacles in my way. From Russian influence in Persia I knew I must expect opposition unless I permitted our legation to play into his hands and become subservient to Russia's aims. She feared the missionary influence in a land she hoped eventually to absorb, and the possible friendly relations of the British legation with our own. These difficulties I had to meet, and also to establish precedents and prestige, which, once established, would make the work of my successors far less arduous than mine would be likely to prove. For these reasons I decided not to go through Russia proper, but by way of Constantinople. At that place I could get some points, and gradually approach these difficulties by a subsequent passage through Russian territory across the Caucasas. Caution and alertness was the motto I proposed to follow, to which, later on, I found it necessary to add firmness. Those three words form the basis of diplomacy in dealing with Russians and Orientals generally. Fortunately I had a good knowledge of the French language, as well as Greek and Turkish, and some experience in speaking other European tongues, all of which proved of the greatest advantage to me from the first moment I entered Russian territory, and crossed the threshold of Persia, until the last day of my services abroad. One can travel almost anywhere in Russia with a knowledge of French, and all the foreigners in Persia except Americans, and many of the chief officials and

grandees of that kingdom are conversant with it. The Shah himself was familiar with that language. What I should have done, situated as I was at that time, without such knowledge I do not know; my hands would have been practically bound. Before I left Persia I could also understand most that was said in Persian, and should have been able to converse in it fluently, although I was too busy while there to study it systematically.

At the port of Resht, on the Caspian I was taken from the Russian steamer to the shore in a smaller steamboat, termed the Shah's yacht. It was the only vessel on the Caspian sea owned by the Persian government; but the influence of Russia was painfully evident from the fact that even this small craft was not permitted to fly Persian colors! After an attractive collation, we were rowed up a sluggish, tawny stream to the city of Resht, where we were met by dignitaries on horseback who escorted us to the palace of the governor. There we were hospitably entertained for two or three days making preparations for the journey to the capital. M. Vlassof, the Russian consul and his wife, also invited us to dine, receiving us with the effusive hospitality and the delicious menu peculiar to Russia, where there is friendship between host and guest or something to gain by cordiality. In this case there was a mixture of both. But I did not know whether to be amused or offended by M. Vlassof's patronizing and demonstrative recommendation to rely on the Russian minister at Teheran, to render me all the assistance and advice I might need in dealing with those "canaille" the Persians. I thanked him with the guileless air of one who would fall easily into the trap.

Before starting from Resht a dispatch was received by the mehmandâr or dignitary deputed to escort me to Teheran, which stated that the Shah was to leave his capital for the season, and unless I arrived there within a certain day, I could not present my credentials until his return, which might not be for three months or more, and I could not otherwise enter the capital city. This contingency was of course to be avoided, if possible, and therefore at the last moment I had to completely change my plans. I had to hasten on with the mehmandâr and one servant by *chappâ* or post, which meant going at a gallop, chiefly at night, at the rate of eighty to one hundred miles a day. As I had not been on a horse for a dozen years, this was a cheerful prospect. But what I most cared about was that I was obliged to leave my wife and daughter behind, to follow me by slow stages over the lonely, mountainous roads of a thinly peopled country of which they knew nothing, guided by servants and muleteers. It is true I left them with my faithful Nestorian head servant, and my private secretary, who, as a recent graduate of Harvard, might reasonably be supposed to know everything worth knowing; but that was scarcely enough in a country that had never heard of Harvard. After two weeks and a half, however, they accomplished the mountainous overland journey of 250 miles, and rejoined me safely.

The ride by *chappâ* is strangely interesting; at long intervals one meets a party going the opposite direction; neither stops, but goes on without a word, as if bound on the unknown errands of Allah on enchanted steeds that have been flying over the wastes of ages with the mystic messages of destiny.

"This is indeed like diving into the centuries of long ago, into the mazes of history of which Firdusi chants in immortal strains, into the very heart of Central Asia to which I am bound!" Thus I kept saying to myself as we flew onward as if forever on this mystic race. My fancy was on fire even though I began to grow very weary, for although accustomed to riding at one time, this was the first time I had mounted the saddle for years, my wanderings having led me across the grey seas on reeling decks, and lulled by the roar of the ocean foam rather than on the back of horses stretching out for the provender and the stall to which they were bound.

When we had galloped sixteen miles—fortunately the horse, the stallion of Persia, gallops instead of trots, and this, in my opinion, is easier—when we had reached the fourth station of that first ride, I say I began to feel very sore. But this would not do, if we were to reach the capital in time for the audience before the successor of Cyrus and Chosroes should start for his summer pleasuring.

Although I heartily enjoyed the canter over the mountain passes, and the rests at the picturesque wayside caravanserai, yet I was hardly in a fit state, after such unaccustomed exertion, to encounter the "reception" preparing for me as we approached the capital, a reception that was an exceeding tax on the nerves of one who had hitherto had little to do personally with public functions. In former ages the arrival of an envoy at a European or foreign court was a matter of very great moment, and the pomp and ceremony employed on such an occasion went by the name of solemn entry. But all this has been done away with by the increasing intercourse of nations. A minister

arrives quietly by boat or train, is met at the pier or the station by an attaché, and proceeds to his quarters like any private citizen. On a subsequent day he presents his letters of credence with scarcely more pomp, and that is all of it that comes under the public eye. But in Persia the first arrival of a foreign envoy at the capital was still celebrated with all the imposing pomp and punctilio customary in olden time. Whether it is now falling into disuse in Persia I know not.*

I had taken the precaution to exchange my traveling clothes for a black suit at a station a few miles from the pavilion of the race-course near the city where the high dignitaries of the realm were waiting to escort me. It was a handsome, imposing body of men who met me there, in magnificent uniforms glittering with gems and gold lace. I exchanged my travelling suit for one of black, and my tough, lean-boned post-horse for one of the most superb stallions of the royal stables (his long tail dyed crimson, indicating he was a gift from the King) and the procession started for the city. Besides the officials already mentioned, who were all mounted, there were several regiments of infantry and cavalry, including a regiment of Persian Cossacks who went through every manner of skilful evolutions, as we proceeded across the plain to the city gate.

On arriving at the palace it was my first duty to wait on the minister of foreign affairs whose official apart-

*The following description of Mr. Benjamin's personal appearance about this time was given by a New York Journalist: "The new Minister is a man with slight upright body, topped with a taking head. His face is a thing of good looks, his mustachios betoken a man of forty-five years or so, and straight out through rimless glasses, smile eyes, that have a touch of the eagle's in them, a type, quite out of the ordinary."

ments joined the *ark* or palace of the Shah. He received me with true Oriental affability, and the customary refreshments were served. In due time a messenger announced that the Shah was ready to receive the American envoy. The minister of ceremonies then took me in charge, an ingenious young noble, son-in-law of the Shah, and robed in superb stuffs, stiff with magnificent embroidery. In his right hand he bore a staff inlaid with elaborate designs. He walked by my side. With slow and measured steps we descended and proceeded to the palace followed by many attendants. The audience hall was reached by another flight of stairs. At the entrance I slipped off my galoshes, worn for the *nonce*, but not my shoes. This was a diplomatic compromise with a custom immemorial in the East, not so much an indication of inferiority as a necessity by existing conditions. The rugs of Asia, often very rich, sometimes indeed of silk or of hand embroidery, were not made to be trodden upon and worn out by heavy shoes.

The audience hall which I now entered was a vast apartment whose ceiling was vaulted, while the floor was inlaid with a rich mosaic of glazed tiles. A row of arm chairs on either hand, covered with beaten gold, led up the hall to the famous peacock throne, one of the world's great historic treasures brought from Delhi by the famous Nadir Shah. A few paces in front of the throne stood the worthy successor of Djemsheed, Cyrus, Darius, Ardeshir, Anoorshirman, Abbass, and Nadir; Nasr-ed-Deen Shah, who with the majesty that befits a king, awaited my approach. For one who was new to official life and royal pomps, it was a trying moment; and as I contrasted my

inexperience with his reign of forty years, and my plain black garb with his glittering splendor, it required a consciousness of our potential power and of the four hundred millions of "reserve" at that time in our treasury to brace my nerves for the ordeal that confronted me.

A little at one side of the Shah, stood his brother-in-law, the Muschir-i-Dowleh, one of the first magnates of the court, who spoke French admirably and acted as interpreter. Although the Shah spoke that language with some facility, and understood it well, at a formal state function like this, his dignity permitted him to use only his native tongue. On later and less ceremonious occasions he sometimes conversed with me without the intervention of an interpreter.

After bidding me welcome with a genial nod and a few pleasant words, it was signified that the presentation of my letters of credence was in order. I laid the document on a plate of solid gold, which was extended towards me by the Muschir-i-Dowlêh, and then replied with a few pertinent observations in French. The Shah inquired in turn after the health of the President, expressed the hope that my journey had been agreeable, that his people were duly mindful of my comfort, and that my stay in Persia might prove agreeable and for the advantage of both nations. He then took a step back, said, "*Marakhus est,*" "It is permitted to withdraw," and the audience was at an end.

To retire backwards the length of that stately hall while his Majesty waited until I passed out of sight was an awkward affair for one not in practice, demanding all my circumspection. I found on subsequent occasions, when

the entire diplomatic corps repaired to the royal presence on festal occasions, that even greater care was required, while five or six entire legations were obliged to retire backwards together without any *contretemps*. On less formal interviews I was received sometimes in more private apartments of the palace.

On my return to my quarters from the royal audience I was waited on by the first secretary of the Turkish Ambassador, who was dean of the diplomatic corps. He came ostensibly to arrange the time when I would be prepared to exchange calls of ceremony with the legations, but in reality his errand was to raise anew the question which had been raised and settled at every European court in turn, and which it was now my turn to meet and settle, the question of official uniform. As is well known, an American envoy is enjoined to wear on official occasions a civilian's suit of plain black, no matter how magnificent the uniforms of other officials present. But I knew that the point was likely to come up on the establishment of a new legation at a distant post, and, would be made a test case by which to put my mettle to the proof. Hence I was prepared with my answer when the secretary said, "His Excellency, the Ambassador, wished me to inquire in what dress your excellency will receive the members of the diplomatic corps."

"I shall be pleased to call on them and to receive their visits, and shall wear a plain black suit on those occasions," I replied.

"In that case, of course, they also will call on your excellency in black."

"On the contrary that would be inadmissible; for I shall wear the identical suit I wore in the presence of the

President of the United States and of his Majesty, the Shah of Persia, and I shall expect the members of the diplomatic corps to exchange official visits with my legation in the uniforms that they wear on similar occasions. Kindly present my compliments to the Ambassador, your chief, and say that I should greatly regret any delay on this account, but that it is impossible for me to offer any other reply on this question."

This was the last I heard of this question. I wore black, and they wore gold lace galore, but we got along very pleasantly notwithstanding, and no one ever thought after that, what clothes we had on. Notwithstanding all this, I am bound to admit that I think our way of clothing our officials abroad in plain black is a foolish affectation, an ostentation of republican simplicity that no longer exists. It is all right at home, but abroad it looks like the jejune eccentricity of a crude people. Every one knows that with the vast national wealth we now enjoy we have become one of the most luxurious, splendor loving, spectacular people in the world. Why then affect such official simplicity? It is not necessary that our diplomats should copy the costly splendor of foreign officials; but a uniform with some modest decorations would not hurt the brains of our diplomats and would make them less conspicuously eccentric amid the formal ceremonies of diplomatic life. The attempt of one of my successors at Teheran to wear a military uniform was not as absurd as some of our comic sheets tried to make it appear.

My first duty after disposing of these august ceremonies was to secure a lodging for myself and family. The native *khans* or hostelrys were of course out of the question. The small French hotel was hardly equal to

the occasion, aside from the fact that owing to the arrival of the hot season, and the removal of the court and the European colony to the country, it was there that I must seek for a temporary abode, and that, in the absence of furniture and for other reasons, was extremely difficult at this juncture. The missionaries kindly relieved my embarrassment by placing part of their summer quarters at Tejrish in the Shimran, at my disposal. This was feasible owing to the usual plan of the dwellings of the Shimran scattered over wide space under dense masses of embowering foliage, including the quarters of the men and the anderoon or apartments of the women. My next duty was to engage a *dragoman*, a most important functionary at an Oriental legation, especially when the minister is aided by few or no attachés. The latter was my case, although I had to execute the double duties of minister and consul general. I was most fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Alfred B. Keün, a young man whose great natural ability was supplemented by his varied experience under the Persian government and by the official traditions of his family, which had held consular positions in the Levant for several generations. He was of Dutch and English descent, although reared in the East. My knowledge of conditions in the Levant enabled me to perceive at once the advantage of engaging Mr. Keün as *dragoman* which, in this case was equivalent to first secretary. And I never had reason to regret my selection. Indeed his experience and intelligence proved of the greatest use to me. My own private secretary whom I had to pay out of my limited resources, was entirely inexperienced. After this I had to engage a *moonshee* or Oriental secretary, who must be capable of translating

documents into the official language of Persia, and must also have some knowledge of French. Asker Khan, a shrewd Afghan, filled this place with acceptance. He needed a little watching, but I found in him the man I needed, and both of these gentlemen continued attached to the legation until my return home. I also appointed as vice consul general, Doctor Torrence, a missionary physician at Teheran. He was to act as consul in the event of my absence, but without salary except when actual *locum tenens*.

The next important duty to be done was the preparation of a code, for the administration of justice to United States citizens and *protégés* in Persia. For the benefit of those who are not informed, it may be well to state that owing to the differences in the dispensation of legal principles, especially when Church and State united in the governing power, there arose what is called the right of extra-territoriality by which the citizens or subjects of one country, resident in another country, have a right to be protected or tried under their own laws by their own minister or consul; and the premises of the legation or consulate are considered as being an integral part of their own country, and the invasion of such legation or consulate is equivalent to an invasion of the country whose officials are occupying it.

The code I drew up was in accord with the Statutes of the United States with special adaptations to conditions in Persia. After being approved by the attorney general at Washington it went into practice in Persia. According to its provisions all cases between American citizens were tried in the consulate, at Teheran or in any other United States consular courts in Persia, subject to final

revision by the Minister. Convictions for capital crimes were referred for final decision to the President, as in court martials. Cases between American citizens and Persian subjects were tried in Persian courts but before a U. S. official, who would see that the Persian law was administered without prejudice. Cases between American citizens and the subjects of countries other than Persia, were to be tried in the consular court and under the laws of the defendant, with an official of the same nation as the plaintiff to serve as counsel for him.

My next duty was to secure and furnish suitable premises in Teheran for the legation and consulate and to furnish them. The furnishing of the former had to be paid out of my own pocket and cost far more even than in the United States, the most expensive country in the world. The house I rented was of adobe faced, and decorated with gatch or plaster of Paris, like most of the buildings in Central Persia, where wood and stone are scarce and the climate is dry and steady. It was of one story, but contained upwards of twenty large apartments, around three courts, one large court for the living rooms, one for bath, and one for the stables. The windows all gave on the courts. What added interest was the fact that it was owned by the husband of the famous Madeleine Lemaire, the admirable artist who illustrated *L' Abbé Constantin*, and who stands among the leading artists of her sex at Paris.

Owing to conditions in Persia it was necessary for me, although keeping down the expenses of the legation to the lowest possible scale, as I had to pay myself at least a dollar for every dollar the government paid, it was necessary, I say, to purchase a carriage and maintain at

least a dozen horses in the stable, and from twelve to fourteen servants. By the special request of the Shah, for the better protection of the legations in a Mohammedan country, where Europeans were very few, I was obliged to include a corporal and twelve soldiers in my ménage, whose pay and board had to come out of the legation funds. Some of the other legations at Teheran had from twenty-five to forty soldiers. These men received a new password every evening, and had to stand alternate watches. All these people, with their own families and servants, were *protégés* of the legation while in its service, entitled to its protection as to their persons, goods and chattels, even to a matter of medical aid, and were also liable to trial and punishment under the laws of the legation. Thus we formed quite a patriarchal community under the American flag at Teheran, besides the citizens for whose protection the legation was established. I estimated that I had a family of 112 souls to look after at Teheran.

Another duty before me on settling in our city residence was the erection of a suitable flagstaff. The government had sent me two large flags. The short poles put over the gates of the Persian palaces and of legations would not answer. I had been accustomed to see the consular flagstaff in the Levant lofty, like a ship's mast, with topmast and crosstrees. The reason they did not have such at Teheran was because the Persians did not know how to make them. I determined to put one up at Teheran which should overtop every other flag at that capital. I made a model of such a flagstaff myself on a scale, for the guidance of my workmen. Then I went to the bazaars and selected the spars. Everything had to be

made for it, including the rope for stays and guys and halyards, and the blocks for hoisting and lowering the topmast in the occasional heavy squalls. I had to superintend everything even to the setting it up. The minister of war kindly loaned me windlasses and a gang of men, and finally got it in place. It was painted and scraped like a ship's mast and a gilded ball of hollow brass capped the truck. Our government allowed me \$150. towards this flagstaff, and it cost me \$261.; the balance of course came out of my own pocket. But I felt amply repaid when I could see the Stars and Stripes flying above the roofs of Persia's capital, no other flag being in sight; when the English minister with envious eyes complimented me on my success; and when Nasr-ed-Deen Shah himself rode past the legation on purpose to see the new flagstaff and the glorious banner that was flowing from it to the breeze. I think I felt more proud of that undertaking than if I had published a successful book.

Only a few days after my arrival in Teheran an incident occurred due to the indiscretion of some of our American colony, which later, led to serious results making it a very difficult case to settle.

By the laws of Persia, Christian churches and Jewish synagogues that had long existed, were allowed to be repaired and rebuilt if on the same foundations. But absolutely no religious edifices on new sites could at that time be erected in Persia without a special order from the authorities, which except for Mohammedanism, was by no means easy, although sometimes possible, to obtain.

The American missionaries had built a new church, shortly before I arrived, and had neglected to apply for the necessary license. This injudicious procedure natur-

ally caused comment among Persians, and too soon we had reason to apprehend trouble. In view of my approaching arrival, the Government for the time had winked at the matter, and no avert opposition had yet occurred.

The premises opposite the school ground, where the new church was erected, was occupied by the city mansion of Emin-e-Sultân, one of the most powerful and wealthy nobles in Persia; he was a favorite of the Shah, with whom he had great influence. He honestly feared the result of foreign ideas and influence in his country at that time, and his conservatism made him a leading factor against missionary effort in Teheran. I had gone to my summer home in the Shimran, when a swift messenger came one hot day with the news that a riot had occurred. The retainers of the Emin-i-Sultân in the city attacked a gang of men who were building the new missionary chapel.

I went to town, as soon as a swift horse could carry me, examined into the matter, and obtained from the minister of foreign affairs an assurance that the American missionaries should not be again disturbed:—but this was not the end. The causes lay deep under the surface. The whole body of the Mollahs (Mohammedan clergy) were back of the disturbance as were also the judiciary. When the church was completed, and was about to be dedicated the missionaries received official notice from the foreign office that they had no authority for opening a new house of worship, therefore the church must be *closed*. The Persians had acted within their laws, and I had anticipated the only course left open to me to settle matters for the present, without bloodshed.

As a foreign envoy, I had a right to a house of worship for the U. S. Legation—moreover as the English had

no chapel, I asked Sir Ronald Thompson, the minister, if they would not join us provided the English service could be read; he readily consented, and thus the Persians were apparently checkmated, but the Prince was a consummate strategist. He foresaw that, sooner or later the missionaries would get Mohammedan converts into the church and in due time official notice was lodged at the legation, that Persians had been seen attending the services. The premises were watched and I was notified, this "could not be allowed as it was clearly against—treaty regulations."

The missionaries finally agreed not to invite Mohammedans to attend the services, on the other hand they would not put them out, if they attended.

I represented to the foreign office, that the Mohammedan clergy or others, were entirely at liberty to hinder or arrest Persians who wished to enter the chapel; we should in no way interfere. After this, things quieted down for awhile, but our grim opponent had studied the ground carefully. One morning without warning, he began to have a kiosk or pavilion built, at the angle of the wall between the premises, with two windows overlooking the grounds of the mission schools where the chapel stood. Apparently this was a trifling matter, but actually it was a serious infringement of Mohammedan law and all Oriental usage, to have windows overlooking a neighbors premises, and it might greatly affect the value of the property owned by American subjects. I represented this fact, at the foreign office, and after some effort, procured a decree that the windows should be closed. This was done very ineffectually with boards, a few bricks, which soon fell out—and in short, the matter finally had to be brought to the

attention of the Shah. He appointed a committee of three, the minister of foreign affairs, the Emin-i-Sultân and the U. S. Minister to discuss a possible solution. I suggested as a final end to the trouble that the Emin-i-Sultân should buy the property, all of it, on terms that should be mutually satisfactory, and that the Shah should then guarantee premises to the missionaries, as agreeable to them, but not so near the heart of the city; and that this should be done on terms which would enable Americans to recoup themselves, including a permission to build a church there.

The Shah was delighted to have the matter thus finally settled, and the missionaries liked it because in this way, they would gain a distinct official footing in Persia, for their work, and for a church building.

Unfortunately when the case was finally presented to the Emin-i-Sultân, he after some shifting, declined to purchase the property, alleging that the terms of the missionaries were too high, and he soon after this allowed the bricks to fall again out of the closed windows. I had a serious talk with the foreign minister about it and I finally proposed a plan to him, to distinctly end the matter, which could only avail in Asiatic countries having a theocratic government.

The head of the Persian Hierarchy was called the "Chief Mushtahed." His impartiality was assumed to be impeccable, still it was a hazardous test for the American minister to rest his case upon. There was no telling what intrigue or counter-plot might be concocted between the minister of foreign affairs and the Emin-i-Sultân, nor was it certain that at least two of the foreign legations might not be quite content to see the progress of Ameri-

can missions in the East retarded. Of the good faith of the Shah I had no doubt whatever, but he was, under present circumstances, not entirely master of the situation. Rather to my surprise the minister of foreign affairs, readily accepted my suggestion, and promised to obtain the decision of the Chief Mushtahed without delay, and it was mutually agreed we should each abide by this decision as final.

The hope of the contestants lay in continuous exasperating *delay*, as Oriental principles and usage were involved in the question of the open windows; on the other hand my position was made more difficult because the missionaries had really violated rules and traditions of Persian law.

I decided I must play a trump card on the result of which, depended, perhaps, my influence both at Teheran and Washington. I had devised a plan to fight the enemy with his own weapons. To accomplish my end, I must rely however, on the native cunning and honor of my Afghan *moonshee*, whose courage and shrewdness, fitted him to be an admirable tool to carry out my schemes. He knew if he revealed my secret, he would receive only punishment from the Persians, whereas he knew that any promise I might make him, he could rely upon, absolutely. Asker Khan accepted my commission asking four weeks time, which was granted. At the end of the time, he had apparently accomplished nothing. "I gave you credit for more ability," I said to him. "It is a difficult business," he replied, "but I have made some progress, will Your Excellency allow me ten days more?" I granted it, saying I preferred that he should complete the business if he could. In about a week, Asker Khan, entered my rooms,

and with a beaming face handed me the priceless document bearing the potent signature and seal of the Chief Mushtahed, who was the final expounder of Koranic law, and before whose decisions Persian princes and potentates gave way. The point at question was decided in our favor!

The day, after I sent our *dragoman* to the foreign office to ask the minister if he had procured the desired paper from the chief Mushtahed, if not, would he request the 1st secretary to call at the U. S. legation. When he arrived, I spoke with considerable freedom, on the delay of the Government to get some final decision on the questions affecting so vitally American missionaries, then as he was about to leave, I handed him the momentous paper. He looked quickly at the seal, examined the signature with care (a signature which could send heads to the block, or even threaten the Throne) and gasped, "Hadji Mollah Allee! there is no doubt! it goes against us." His face fell. "Your Excellency is to be congratulated," then he said slowly, "You have won the game!"

Oriental women receive much sympathy from their western sisters. They have some trials, so do the women of Christian lands, but it is a question, whether women in the East do not enjoy the greater personal influence and power. It was through two Oriental wives, that Asker Khan procured the august signature. The women of some Christian lands, are perhaps gaining a cumulative power that the women of the East do not yet know. They are gaining it by organization while working together, but I believe their individual influence will thereby decrease, and they will have less hold over the man. Something of the power and beauty of the marriage-tie also is failing.

Possibly this is a new phase of a social evolution, that is to lead to a decrease of population, or the planet might become too small to hold its inhabitants.

Meantime the Persian woman does not think or worry about these questions. She takes her baby, or her embroidery and goes to the Humum or public Bath, which is a sort of club or public house for all the women except those of high position. There they exchange news, intrigue and gossip, (quite as Western club-women do). The wife of my *moonshee* doubtless went to the Bath with the important paper at hand, and by abundant use of *finesse* induced a friend of higher rank to carry it on to one yet higher, until at last perhaps it reached the hands of the fair favorite wife of Hadji Mollah Allee.

It was a simple paper adroitly drawn asking his decision on a point of Persian law which was stated—it had apparently no special or personal reference, and was written informally in Persian on a half sheet of paper.

Two days after its receipt, the foreign minister sent workmen to close the windows of the Prince solidly with stone, and thus the matter was finally ended. The Emin-i-Sultân was intensely mortified, I was told, and wrote a bitter letter to the chief Mushtahed, who was rather amused it would seem by my adroitness, and expressed a desire "to make my acquaintance." This decision was probably the first favorable decision, ever given by this Mohammedan "Pope" to a foreigner and it was an extremely hazardous experiment for me to rest my case upon. He was in fact, in his sole person the equivalent of the Supreme Court of the United States with all its nine judges. But something had to be effected quickly, to bring a solution of a deep laid plot against missionary interests.

Of other cases, to which as protector of American interests I was called, one of the most singular was not that of converts (many of whom had appealed to me) but of the missionaries themselves at Hamadan, several hundred miles from the capital.

It was not without an element of humor, like many cases I had to settle and was complicated by the hesitation of the minister of foreign affairs, to offend those near the Throne, a matter not always fully appreciated by the missionaries.

I have a certain respect for many Oriental diplomats. They are as astute as foxes, unsurpassed in suavity, and not more parsimonious of truth, than Russia and other Christian powers. While displaying a keener intelligence than the European diplomat, they are masters in the art of procrastination. Nor should they be blamed for this with all the nations of Europe hammering at their frontiers, equipped with the modern implements of war, finance, dissimulation and intrigue, and uniting in the game of grab on the pretext of spreading commerce, disseminating Christianity, defending the honor of the flag, etc., etc.

The Orientals have grown to be suspicious of all Christian nations, to doubt all their professions, and to defend themselves with the only available weapon left to the Asiatic, in this general scramble—*procrastination*. It is this awful fear of the advance and influence of these perpetual foes of Asiatic customs and independence that makes all Orientals, of whatever faith or race, regard with apprehension the progress of missionary effort in their borders.

We call this fanaticism. In one sense it is such, for it proceeds ostensibly against foreigners who are aiming to undermine the faiths of Eastern peoples.

But in its last analysis this fanaticism takes its origin in an instinct of conservation, or self-preservation, because church and state, church and race, are so inextricably interwoven, it is to threaten the dissolution of the entire body politic.

At the time of our arrival at Teheran in 1883, Persia was still one of the most thoroughly Oriental nations left to remind one of ages almost lost in the mists of a hoary antiquity. It was ancient in its characters, its people, its laws, its literature, its religions, its government. And yet in the chief cities, and especially its capital, enough of its male citizens, had been out of the country, to study European manners, customs and languages, all of which, gave a sort of veneer of Occidental character, apparent to the stranger on his first arrival.

But after awhile, one learns that such impressions of the country are superficial, and that no people in Asia is less changed in its essential characteristics than Persia.

It is still a far away land, and calls the traveller back to the original cradle and home of the Aryan races. None but Aryans touch its frontiers today, except the mixed races of Turanian stock, Tartars, and Turcoman and Semitic Arabs. Even the eunuchs of Persia, are for the most part white, picked up in border raids. Unlike the Turks who gather wives from every quarter and so are a thoroughly mixed people, the Persians barter their wives from the peasant class in Persia and thus nomads or merchants often fill their harems, and purely Persian offspring are the result. It is this, which has kept the race

of the early Imans practically homogeneous, mind and body, from the time of Cyrus until now, with scarce any mental or physical changes. Unlike Turanian and Tartar races, they are volatile, quick tempered, poetic, speculative, intellectual. These facts were first impressed on my observation when I reached Constantinople. I proceeded direct to that focus of influence in order to gather certain special information before proceeding farther East, and found it to be of great advantage, especially in meeting officials representing at the gateway of the Orient the legations of Persia and Russia, whose governments are looking at each other over the border line; one, on the defensive, fighting for her life, by finesse and diplomacy, and the other, preparing to give the *coup de grace*, if Kismet or the Fates, permit.

We all passed a delightful day with Gen. and Mrs. Lew Wallace at their pleasant home on the Bosphorus en route to Persia, and his experience in dealing with both Oriental and missionaries interested me greatly.

Gen. Wallace was a fine looking, rather large man of quiet manners, not a great talker except when specially drawn out—and his wife a woman of excellent good sense. We saw them often, and I had many a pleasant talk at that time with the famous author of *Ben Hur*, then minister to Turkey.

We both agreed, that the Aryan and Turanian races seem to have left traces of two distinct civilizations, merging somewhat at a later period as for example did the Mohammedans and the Persians, although intensely and furiously opposed, in matters of religion. The Persians of old were, after the Hellenes, the most remarkable and civilized people of Asiatic antiquity, at the same time they were

incredibly cruel. While this temperament is somewhat modified of late years, it is regrettable that amid so many elements of genius, it still crops out at times. At the present time it is well nigh impossible to reconcile uncontrolled and fiery temper with an active and highly civilized people. But we see something of such extremes displayed by the French, perhaps the most brilliant people in history, since the Athenian Republic retired from its amazing supremacy. French civilization has always been marked by such extremes.

CHAPTER XVI.

SOCIETY AND DIPLOMACY.

IN the case of the difficulties and outrages at Hamadan, the opposition came simultaneously from several quarters. Armenians, Jews and Persians were united in their objection to the proselyting and schools of the American missionaries in that district. If there were others they covered their tracks. This gave the movement great strength, which was reinforced by the fact that the people there, knew or cared nothing for the United States of America as such; they thought they could persecute with impunity. It now became my duty to disabuse their minds of this pious impression. Another fact was that a younger brother of Nasr-ed-Deen Shah, an intense, although an intelligent fanatic, was governor of the province. There, he ruled, through his son, a youth of sixteen. Added to this powerful group of enemies to the missionaries, there was the conservatism of the then minister of foreign affairs, Mirza Seyed Khan, who could not, in the presence of the Diplomatic Corps, display his animosity, but imagined that at a distant post, disturbances against the missionaries might be unnoticed, that could not pass unchallenged at Teheran.

I must add that personally I liked Mirza Seyed Khan. He was a gentleman in manners, of good disposition, and of scholarly tastes, and when a diplomatic conference was ended, we sometimes enjoyed a discussion on Oriental literature. Although I had to express myself with emphasis sometimes, in regard to our affairs, it was difficult for me personally to feel otherwise than pleasantly towards this fine gentleman of the old school. Perhaps my sympathies in his favor were more lively, because he was old and feeble; indeed he died when I had been only one year in Persia, and I was the only foreign minister at Teheran who broke through the reserve they generally maintain towards Orientals on such occasions, and I sent my *moonshee* in our carriage to represent the legation at the funeral, and afterwards called personally on his son; courtesies which were sincerely appreciated by the family and the Government of the Shah.

The disturbances at Hamadan began by the seizure of a church building. It belonged to an Armenian congregation of which the majority had become Protestants. This fact had led the American missionaries at Teheran to loan them 250 tomans—about 400 dollars—during the season of famine; the missionaries were to have possession and undisputed use of the building at least until the money was repaid. After several years six members of the original congregation who remained in the old faith, began to feel their dislike of Protestants overpower the sense of their obligations to the missionaries, who had helped them in the hour of trial. Urged on by other Armenians in Hamadan, they appealed to the Armenian bishop of Ispahan. The bishop in turn appealed to

Mirza Achmet, practically governor though nominally preceptor of the so-called Little Prince.

The fanaticism of Mirza Achmet took fire at this opportunity, quickened doubtless by a little money. He despised the Armenians but he hated the missionaries more. The former were *giours*, it is true. But at any rate they were subjects, and might be bastinadoed and beheaded without interference.

Although very serious, the determination and audacity of the leaders of this plot were deliciously exhilarating, more so to me, probably than to the good missionaries who were actually in danger.

This began about the time the United States legation was being established at Teheran. The first and easiest form of attack was to resume possession of the church notwithstanding the loan upon it and carry off the keys, no attention being given to the demand for the return either of building or money. The hot season had now begun, and for several months I was occupied with getting settled and arranging the numerous matters brought to my attention in establishing an entirely new legation.

In the meantime, taking advantage of these circumstances, Mirza Achmet and his cabal, were bringing the conspiracy to a head. I must say here that the course of the missionaries at Hamadan and the meekness and patience they displayed were beyond praise. They never indicated the slightest doubt of the zeal of the legation in behalf of the American citizens.

The outrages at Hamadan having started well with the seizure of the church, Mirza Achmet proceeded to invade the mission premises, seized the school buildings, drove off the pupils and carried away the keys. Then he

ordered the owner of the dwellings they occupied to be bastinadoed. Then he proceeded, all in due order, to take written pledges, from artisans of all sorts not to work for the missionaries and drove away their servants. He ended by getting *iltisames* from tradesmen not to sell them fuel, or any of the ordinary necessities of life, ending by forbidding anyone, under pain of punishment, even to sell any manner of food to the American citizens, and removed the telegraph operator, thus impeding communications with the United States legation and the outside world. It was only by using the vigilance of the people of a beleaguered town that our citizens were able to smuggle small supplies of the necessities of life within their premises.

At this point, laying aside other business, and having exhausted all efforts at the foreign office, I felt that the hour had come to take active measures to bring the authorities and people of Hamadan to a sense of what it means to trifle with American citizens, whether lay or clerical. For several months I had remonstrated with Mirza Seyed Khan. He palavered abundantly, denied the reports, and promised to put an end to the "alleged disturbances," closing each interview with charming suavity, and the most fragrant coffee and tobacco, served with jewelled kalians. It all ended literally in smoke.

Finally I decided on a measure which I was aware could not to be considered quite permissible in diplomatic procedure at European courts, but was justified when possible, at an Oriental court, whose methods differ widely from the normal usages of Christendom. It required resolution, resource, and courage; but I felt particularly justified on this occasion because the missionaries at Hamadan had made no efforts to Christianize Mohammedans, which

was very gratifying to me, as my views on this point were firmly opposed to the practice.

I ordered Mr. Keün, our *dragoman* or first secretary as he practically was at our legation, to prepare to start on the following day for Hamadan with a Persian of rare fitness for anything that called for courage. As to Mr. Keün, he was exceptionally fitted to aid me. He was born in Smyrna of good family, of adventurous spirit, he had drifted to Persia. He was one who commanded interest from the first glance. If he had lived, I am sure he would have won high distinction, if not in Asia then in the West. He was about twenty-five years old, could speak six languages fluently, was straight as an arrow, supple as a bow, with the manners of a gentleman and the bearing of a soldier of high breeding. The journey was taken for the most part by night, as was usual at that season. Escaping safely from a brush with robbers, Mr. Keün finally reached Hamadan. He found Mirza Achmet and his followers totally unprepared for such an unexpected event, surly and insolent, and refusing at first even to admit him to the audience hall. Well conversant with the Persian character, Mr. Keün held his head high, as one who represented a great power. This course finally brought the Little Prince and Mirza Achmet to a growing consciousness that something was to be done. Mr. Keün was granted an interview and he laid matters before them in a manner that made them wince.

Having once begun to yield, the authorities ended by conceding about all that he demanded. The *iltisames* were given up to him, the keys to the missionary premises and of the church aforesaid. Several of the persecutors were also flogged for doing exactly what Mirza Achmet had

commanded them to do, the American citizens and their converts were in the future to be unmolested, both as to their persons and property, and all outrages should cease thenceforth. The only concession we were willing to grant was as to the money due for the church. Ready money being scarce, as it is apt to be in the East, I directed Mr. Keün to grant them a renewal of the mortgage for a stated period. We could afford this concession under the circumstances. This much having been accomplished, Mr. Keün was directed by telegraph to return to Teheran. In honor of the man he proved to be, and the power he represented, of which they had now obtained new light, the authorities actually escorted him on horseback to the outskirts of Hamadan.

For several months comparative peace reigned at Hamadan, although I was convinced that sooner or later a new plot was liable to break out in some form or another so long as Mirza Achmet, the arch demon of the play, was permitted to remain in power.

My expectations proved eventually correct, and I then laid a formal demand at the foreign office for the removal and disgrace of Mirza Achmet. The demand was met with the usual procrastination, and I forthwith prepared for more urgent methods to stop the Hamadan outrages, when an altogether unexpected and startling incident gave me the weather-gage in the struggle, and a complete triumph.

On the afternoon of the 12th of June I was returning from Teheran to Arajeb, our summer quarters at the village of Djafferabâd, in our carriage, a plain open barouche. My young daughter accompanied me. It was a slow ride of twelve miles up a gradual slope that led to

the cooler region of the Shimran. We were accompanied by two outriders the usual protection on ordinary occasions. Both they and the coachman, all Persians, wore the simple livery of our legation, navy blue and a silver star on the conical cap of black lambskin.

On approaching the wayside waiting place where travelers stopped for a pipe, a cup of tea, or a cluster of grapes, while the horses were drenched in the roadside brook, under the plane trees, I became aware of a long train of old-fashioned coaches painted blue and gold and drawn by four horses each. They were so foreshortened in perspective, and hazy in the twinkling shadows that I did not realize at first the character of this procession. It proved to be a train of the Shah's wives. Several Europeans were waiting near us for these royal ladies to finish their refreshments before they could proceed.

For ages it has been and may still be, for aught I know, "a law of the Medes and Persians which changeth not," that no one shall pass the King's wives on the road, and if any one meets them, he must either face the other way or turn, if possible, into another street or by-way. The day is still within the memory of some living, when any helpless individual caught looking or crossing the road in front of them has been slaughtered on the spot. While of course yielding the precedent to the Shah himself, the Legations at Teheran had for some time claimed the right to keep straight on, when meeting his wives, who are a step below the throne, and the claim had been tacitly allowed to foreign ministers for some years.

On this occasion we were much surprised to see a squadron of the royal guards spur their horses from each side of the road and fly at my outriders who im-

mediately yelled, "The American minister is in the carriage!" This did not seem to produce the effect desired for the troopers continued to bear down on my outriders, striving to arrest them; my men in the meantime, resisting with admirable pluck. Then my carriage itself was attacked. I shall not soon forget the Captain's position as, mounted on a fiery gray steed, and with tawny beard and flashing eyes, he vainly strove to check the wild dash of my black Afghans as they flew past the carriages of the royal wives until he was forced to let go, to save himself from being hurled under their hoofs.

Although armed I felt that it was sufficient to leave my gallant attendants the task of extricating us from the difficulty by keeping straight on, until the royal cortège was passed, so long as no deliberate personal violence was offered to the occupants of the carriage, or that my own horses did not get away from control and hurl us into the road. I felt that I must exercise coolness in order to avoid a catastrophe.

My little daughter fortunately remained quite calm, uttering not a word, although naturally excited by the alarming spectacle of a troop of mounted soldiers dashing furiously around her with raised sabres and furious yells.

What might have been the ultimate result of the *melée* I do not care to speculate about, for before matters became more serious, a head eunuch, despatched with orders from the chief wife of the Shah, dispersed the cavalry, and escorted us clear of the royal train.

When we had passed the vanguard of cavalry, I called a halt under the trees, to give the officers an opportunity to come up and speak to me, if they had any explanations or apologies to offer. But they did not do so, and this

error on their part led to serious consequences. My men behaved admirably. But for their courage we might have come out of the encounter with less credit and comfort. But they knew from previous experience in the United States legation, what was to be expected of them. After we reached home I gave each of them a liberal present as evidence of approval of their conduct in a situation of some gravity.

In such emergencies, time is everything. Therefore after dinner I sat down and wrote a brief statement of the incident to the minister of foreign affairs, whose summer residence was near, demanding satisfaction but in general terms, I avoided stating a precise form of redress, in order to leave the Persian government to act in the matter with an appearance of spontaneity. The note must be despatched without delay to forestall any complaint on their part. Asker Khan, our *moonshee*, already well known in these pages, however made a Persian translation which was attached to the note, both were taken by him across the brawling brook in the ravine at half past ten that same evening to Mahmood Khan, the successor to the late minister of foreign affairs. On reading the note, he was sharp enough to say to the *moonshee* that he would like to see my coachman and outriders on the following morning. Asker Khan proved faithful to our interests, and reported to me exactly what the minister had said; on hearing this I forbade the men to stir out of the legation. I did not propose to have Mahmood Khan lecture my servants for doing their duty, or trying to frighten or bribe them to bear false testimony.

No official reply to my note had been received from the foreign office when the minister of foreign affairs

and the diplomatic corps met the United States legation at Djafferbâd at breakfast. Of course no allusion was made openly to the question at issue. But several of the foreign envoys said to me privately that they were ready to back me in my demands, as the affair practically concerned the prestige and standing of all the legations at Teheran.

After the guests had left I despatched our *dragoman*, Mr. Keün, to the English minister, the dean of the diplomatic corps at the time, to ask how far I should be justified in forcing this business on the attention of the Persian government. He replied that there was only one course to take, if I felt strong enough, in the backing of my own government, to carry out the plan consistently, otherwise it would have to be transferred to Washington. I knew full well what the latter implied. I was not allowed a cipher like the other legations. A long telegraph message would not be approved, and a short one would not answer. If I depended on the mails, at least ninety days would be probably required before reply. I seriously questioned too, whether any grit would be shown by the Home department, and anyway the question by that time would be cold, and past reviving. Hence, at the great risk of failure and of being disallowed by the State department, I determined on a manly, swift and decisive action, willing to sacrifice myself in the cause of what I considered to be manifest duty. On the other hand, if I succeeded, I knew that it would help American influence and prestige in Persia.

Immediately on Mr. Keün's return from the British legation, therefore, I sent word to the minister of foreign affairs that the United States *dragoman* desired to call on him, and asked him to name the hour. Reply was

received that the minister was asleep and could not be disturbed.

Mr. Keün, after a second attempt with a similar result, was now directed to go to the house of the minister of foreign affairs himself, and ask to be admitted. If he was refused, then he was to send in word that I should at once haul down the United States flag. Mahmood Khan ordered Mr. Keün to be shown into the reception room.

"Your Excellency," said Mr. Keün, "has been long enough connected with state affairs and diplomatic life to understand that this is not an ordinary case. On the contrary, it is one of those cases which do not permit long investigations nor evasions, but requires prompt and adequate adjustment."

"That is what you say," replied the minister. "But we have to make inquiries; find out the offenders. How do you expect us to punish our people without carefully looking at all the facts?"

"Your Excellency," replied Mr. Keün, "the word of the United States minister is at issue in your remarks. He says he was attacked by government troops; the affair occurred in broad daylight on a public highway, and, as if to aggravate it, his daughter was with him and might have lost her life in the *melée*."

"What do you want?" said Mahmood Khan.

"I am instructed to say to your Excellency that we shall be satisfied *if*, first, we have a written apology from the foreign office; and second, if the men, including their captain, who made the attack are punished in the presence of a member of the United States legation; and, third, if the colonel of the guards comes to the legation and apologizes to the minister in person; and fourth, if a

member of the Cabinet comes to the legation and offers the personal regrets of His Majesty the Shah."

"I will speak to His Majesty about this. I will report the conditions you suggest, and will reply in due time," said the minister.

"But, your Excellency, I am instructed to add that it is now over forty hours since my minister sent his note, and no official reply has as yet been received. I am therefore instructed to add, that if we do not have satisfaction in thirty-six hours, the minister will haul down his flag."

"Thirty-six hours! Haul down the flag! What do you mean by that?" gasped Mahmood Khan.

"Your Excellency," replied the *dragoman*, "is too well versed in diplomacy to require an explanation of these phases. It means if his request is not granted, the American minister intends to cease diplomatic relations."

At eleven o'clock A. M. I received a formal call from the Sani-e-Dowleh, a member of the Cabinet, as minister of the Press, who stated that he had been ordered by the Shah to call on me and express personally the regrets of His Majesty, for the untoward incident of the 12th. inst., and to ask me what were precisely my terms. I replied, a written apology from the foreign office, the punishment of the men who attacked me, including their captain and an apology in person from the commander of the Corps of Imperial Guards. In the evening came a quaint, pleasantly couched note from the minister of foreign affairs conveying the regret of His Majesty and his Cabinet. In this note he requested our *moonshee* to visit him on the following day and arrange for the punishment of the offending guards. I would have been glad to have

omitted this ceremony altogether, if they had not acted contrary to their intelligence and information.

At nine the following morning Asker Khan was sent for from the palace with two of the men who were with me on the day of the attack. Five of the guards and their captain were then bastinadoed in presence of Asker Khan and my men, but this was done very lightly, according to my orders.

On the following afternoon an officer ranking as major, who was Shah Gada or scion of blood royal, called at the legation, personally to apologize for the troops, and to deprecate any further displeasure on my part. I received him standing, accepted his apology, and ordered him a cup of tea.

The following day I called on Mahmood Khan, the minister of foreign affairs, and acknowledged my personal and official satisfaction with the way that my representations had been met. In the afternoon I further acknowledged by letter the receipt of the note of apology, and reiterated the gratification of my government with the high cordiality shown by His Majesty, Nasr-ed-Deen Shah, in the settlement of the question. This closed the incident.

The United States government highly approved, but did not yet offer me a separate mail pouch, as in the case of other legations at Teheran. Several times I availed myself of the courtesy of the British minister to send important despatches by his official courier; but, of course, I could only avail myself of this privilege, on unusual occasions.

The results in this affair of the Guards soon became apparent. I was given to understand that the standing of the entire diplomatic corps at Teheran had been ad-

vanced by our action on this occasion. Our own affairs at the court certainly moved with less friction. Invitations to visit the ladies at the Royal Anderoon were repeatedly extended to my family and official audiences for the transaction of important questions were readily granted. Instead of displaying any coldness, Nasr-ed-Deen Shah was, if possible, more affable and confidential than ever before.

The disturbances at Hamadan, which had been now quiescent for ten months, having broken out again I laid the matter before His Majesty directly, and immediate and stringent orders were given in my presence that tranquility should be restored at once. When the term *Hake-man* is employed as in this case, in a royal mandate, it is final, and he who trifles with it imperils his head. What was greatly to my satisfaction was that Mirza Achmet, the arch instrument of mischief, was *dismissed*, and the money owing to the missionaries was now paid by the Shahee.

The effect of this memorable visit was immediately apparent. Orders were sent without the usual delays. Our citizens were put in possession of their property, the governor of the district was recalled, the *iltisames* were given back, and the poor landlord who had already been flogged on the soles of his feet for letting the property to Americans, was forced to apologize for doing what he had been punished for, and to declare that he had been born in an unlucky hour. Another affair was terminated satisfactorily within five weeks from the time complaint was first made. The missionaries of Oroomieh were so pleased that they honored me with a special vote of thanks for efficient action.

It is worthy of observation here that during these and other transactions with the Persian government the relations between Nasr-e-Deen and his cabinet and the first minister of the United States were not only friendly but cordial and continued so during my entire stay in Persia; notwithstanding that I was sometimes obliged to proceed with considerable earnestness. I think this was due in part to our having no aggressive aims there, no ambitions beyond establishing trade, protecting Americans, and extending our influence.

One of the most interesting features of official life at Teheran was the diplomatic entertainments between the legations at which Persians of distinction often sat down with Europeans.

One of the most important entertainments it was my fortune to give at the legation, was one at which some of the highest dignitaries of the realm were present, and only one European besides the host. After sending out the invitations I became aware that I had a very difficult problem before me. Each one must be awarded his seat exactly in accordance with his official rank. The Persian court is one of the most punctilious in the world. I resolved to take advice of a very astute and prominent dignitary of the court who, being confined to his room was unable to attend the dinner. My *moonshee* called on him with my compliments and laid the matter before him.

"I do not wonder the minister hesitates in arranging these plans. Even I, may make a mistake. Therefore, if I help you I must have your positive assurance, on no account must my name be mixed up with the business." He then gave himself to the task, which he declared to be equal to a deep game of chess.

It is almost needless to say that the banquet passed off without a single hitch. The lantern which glowed on the top of our flagstaff gleamed till a late hour. "How did your minister manage to seat us all so suitably to our individual rank?" inquired one of the guests. Asker Khan replied with a mysterious smile, "Our minister is equal to the occasion."

Apropos of this subject of entertaining and the social life at Teheran I must say here, that the ministers gave dinners, banquets, musicales, every week or so. I am reminded here also of a unique dinner given to myself and family, by Nasiri Dowleh, son-in-law of His Majesty Nasr-ed-Deen Shah. As it was given by orders of the King, he was practically our host, although not himself visible on that occasion. The entertainment was in every respect in the native style except that instead of being served on the embroidered rugs, spread on the floor and backed by cushions, according to Persian custom, we sat around the table, which was in the carved and decorated banqueting apartment. Everything was according to the sumptuous style practiced in Persia for ages. The various dishes laid before us, roasts, *entremets*, soups, sweets and cordials served on the rarest of china and gold, were superb. But the most interesting incident of this entertainment, was the fact that His Majesty and his favorite wife and attendants were witnesses of the scene, observing us through carved lattice screens in the gallery. Occasionally we heard low whispering, and after we returned to the legation we were informed of the details of the royal compliment by which the Shah had honored the representative of the United States.

The United States legation during our second summer in Persia was isolated by several miles from the other legations, and, if I remember rightly we were the only foreigners passing the summer at Djafferabâd. But for the fact that the minister of foreign affairs also had his place at that village we should have been without any valuable protection at our summer home.

The grounds of the legation were quite extensive. They were enclosed by a wall. The cluster of graceful adobe buildings decorated with porticoes of gatch or plaster of paris stood near the center on the two upper terraces, three in all. They were approached from the main entrance through a winding avenue of chenars trimmed to resemble large poplars. Ranks of the same trees were arranged in platoons at the rear of the buildings. Behind these, rose the grand precipices of the Elburz mountains to a height of 13,000 feet. The water used for irrigation ran in stone channels through the terraces filling several large circular tanks, in the center of which were spouts that tossed the water in silvery clouds of cooling spray. This artificial stream finally coursed under our dining-room, and emerged beneath the windows in a cascade that carried the water to the adjoining grounds. Our living rooms were around this court connected by a private way.

The pavilion assigned to the business of the legation in summer, stood alone with its row of white pillars on the highest terrace. From our porches we could look for fifty or sixty miles over and beyond the city of Teheran and the vast plateau reaching through haze and mirage two hundred leagues to the Persian Gulf.

During the day the southwest breeze, like a trade wind, soughed in the groves that waved majestically around us.

At night the moon in cloudless sky bathed the white buildings in light, and the scene was like fairy land. Then the winds slept, and the nightingales began their delicious improvisations, and throughout the night continued the chorus of liquid song. The name of the place was Arajeb but we liked to call it Nightingale Park.

Amid the entrancing delights of this seemingly ideal Persian home we were constrained sometimes to feel our loneliness, and the necessity of ever keeping on the alert. My guards received the password regularly every evening, and were distributed at the main gate and on the upper terrace, and a sentry stood guard from sunset to sunrise. No one after dark could pass in or out without the watchword, which, of course was changed every evening. It happened several times that visitors who had forgotten to get the password on taking leave failed to pass the sentry until they had returned to quarters and freshened their memory.

Several weeks after the exciting affair with the royal guards, a swift messenger came to me one morning soon after I had taken my coffee. He was sent to me by Mr. Kein, our *dragoman*, who, during the summer lived in a separate house a little distance from Arajeb, and happened to be ill in bed at the time. The messenger stated that Mr. Kein's servant, in a quarrel with a neighbor, an aged peasant, had perhaps broken his arm and otherwise injured the aged husbandman. Infuriated by this occurrence, and without stopping to look at the right of the case, but thirsting for vengeance against Christian foreigners, a mob of the Persian villagers was about to attack the United States legation, and I must lose no time to take such precautions as were feasible for our preservation.

The first thing we noticed when we stepped out of the boat was the heat. It was a sticky, oppressive heat that seemed to wrap around us. The air was thick with the scent of salt and the distant call of seagulls. We were in the middle of a vast, open landscape, and the horizon was a straight line in the distance. The sun was high in the sky, and the shadows were short and sharp. We looked around us, trying to get our bearings. There were no buildings, no roads, just a flat expanse of land and sea. The water was a deep blue, and the sky was a pale, hazy blue. We felt a sense of isolation and wonder. This was a new world, a world we had never seen before. We were here, and we had to make the most of it.

The first thing we did was to find a place to rest. We walked along the shore, looking for a spot where we could sit down and catch our breath. The sand was hot under our feet, and the sea breeze was a welcome relief. We found a small, rocky outcrop that was just what we needed. We sat down, and the heat seemed to melt away. We looked at each other, and a smile spread across our faces. We were here, and we were together. That was a good start.

The day was long, and the heat was relentless. We stayed on the shore, trying to keep cool. We drank water from a small, clear stream that flowed through the sand. The water was cold and refreshing. We ate some of the food we had brought with us, and it tasted like a feast. We were in good luck. This was a good place to be. We were here, and we were safe.

The night was even hotter than the day. The stars were out, and the moon was full. We lay down on the sand, and the coolness of the earth was a relief. We looked up at the sky, and the stars seemed so close. We were here, and we were alone. That was a strange feeling. We were here, and we were alone. That was a strange feeling.

The next day, we decided to explore. We walked along the shore, looking for signs of life. We saw some small, white flowers that grew in the sand. They were beautiful, and we picked them. We also saw some small, blue fish that swam in the shallow water. They were cute, and we watched them for a while. We were here, and we were exploring. That was a good feeling.

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Amid the entrancing delights of this seemingly ideal Persian home we were constrained sometimes to feel our loneliness, and the necessity of ever keeping on the alert. My guards received the password regularly every evening, and were distributed at the main gate and on the upper terrace, and a sentry stood guard from sunset to sunrise. No one after dark could pass in or out without the watchword, which, of course was changed every evening. It happened several times that visitors who had forgotten to get the password on taking leave failed to pass the sentry until they had returned to quarters and freshened their memory.

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I had not been well, for some weeks, and to the excitement and anxiety of the last attack by natives, was due perhaps a rather serious return of illness, which necessitated a complete change and more bracing air.

Dr. Porter, a good missionary friend, offered to go with me to the Lar Valley high up on the side of Mt. Demavend. In the defile of Hivanikeff I was very ill, and we stopped at a picturesque village overlooking the amazingly dense, continuous forests of the Caspian-skirted province of Mazanderan, and sent him in search of a native doctor. He proved to be a tall, handsome, intelligent, itinerant Jew. Following the custom of his people when practicing in Asia, he would not directly prescribe for men of rank and power; accordingly he sent my servant to a small country grocery in the neighborhood to buy the needed drugs himself. These he ordered to be ground and mixed or boiled, as the case might be, in my presence, which was indispensable. Thus this canny doctor reduced the dangers to which he might be exposed in case the patient should die on his hands.

The Valley of the Lar is a magnificent volcanic depression forming the floor of the vast crater of Mount Demavend. It is over 10,000 feet above the sea. A deep, mysterious stream winds across the turfy plain, surrounded by the walls of the crater rising some 2,000 feet higher. At one end of this great crater rises the snow clad, cone-shaped peak, 9,000 feet above the crater, altogether one of the noblest examples of volcanic scenery the world can show.

There I pitched my tent and sent a courier to Djafferbâd for my despatches and to inform my family of my welfare. Travelling hard by direct line across the moun-

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caravans to pass. These consisted, for the most part, of long, slow trains of mules laden with coal or rice from the Caspian provinces. They were driven by rough mountaineers, who had no character to lose, and incurred little risk in picking a quarrel with wayfarers, or robbing or murdering them.

At one place the party, descriing a group of these desperadoes approaching them in the gloom, had just time to dismount and conceal themselves in a dark cleft. At another place they wandered from the right path and had to retrace their steps, not without difficulty. At length, to their great relief, daylight began to dawn over the mountain peaks, and they were able to stop by a rivulet in a ravine and snatch a light breakfast. About five o'clock in the afternoon I was struck with amazement to see my wife and daughter ride up in front of my tent where I was quietly sketching. I must say I was greatly overcome by this example of domestic affection. My second thought was, that they must suffer ill consequences from such sudden exertion and exposure. It was indeed a relief to me when I found that the stimulus of the pure mountain air of the Lar had restored their energies. I ought to add here that throughout our entire residence in Persia, whatever the circumstances, these ladies never displayed any weakness or timidity.

We remained a fortnight in that unique retreat. The French minister, M. Balloy, also had his tent there, and was enjoying a rest from official duties. We met often and passed our evenings together around "the walnuts and the wine." Altogether, I am convinced there is nowhere in the world a more romantic spot for resting the nerves and the brain than the Valley of Lar.

As soon as possible after arriving at Teheran I set about preparing a code for the direction of purely consular duties such as arise in conflicts either between American citizens and the people of the country, or between our citizens alone. In some cases mixed cases might occur in which the intervention of the minister brought such cases within the diplomatic supervision of the minister himself. Being at once the head of both of these departments of executive effort as *chargé d' affaires*, minister and consul general, my duties brought all these offices under my supervision during my mission to Persia.

As the customs and conditions vary, more or less, in Oriental countries, each United States legation had a code of its own, prepared for special conditions. The code which I drew up by direction of the department, and which was approved by the attorney general at Washington, was made as simple as possible.

I was none too soon in preparing this document. I had been awaiting a summons from the Russian minister, M. Melnikoff. It was characteristic and breezy when it came, Russia's usual aggressive manner in dealing with Asiatic peoples. The business was sufficiently important as it was a test case that would settle the whole question of land titles held by all foreign subjects and citizens holding realty in Persia. As their number was increasing, the principles involved were also gaining in importance proportionately as Russia was steadily straining every nerve to increase her influence in Persia.

So far as I was concerned in the case I entered into the business with a certain zest because for many years I had been brought into contact with many of the races of the Levant, including the Russians, all to a degree

distinct, yet all combining, to form a species of pictorial design different from that of the Anglo-Saxon race combination, and perhaps more interesting and picturesque, with virtues of its own, and sins as well.

The case of *Nazarbekoff v. Bassett* well illustrated this fact, involving from first to last, Armenians, Persians, Russians, English, Afghans, Americans, Austro-Hungarians, French, Turks, and Dutch from its inception to its final close. Apparently an ordinary suit at law, it really determined the position in Persia of a great international problem or principle. It began with the transfer of a certain parcel of land within the walls of Teheran, alleged by James Bassett, an American citizen, to have been bought by him from an Armenian widow named Otones, a Persian subject, for which he paid in coin, the amount agreed upon by the said contracting parties.

Thus far all had proceeded according to the laws of Persia as established with sundry amendments and commentaries based on the Koranic laws, and practiced without question for many centuries.

Subsequently a firm of Russo-Armenian merchants, *Nazarbekoff* by name, and subjects of Russia, laid claim that they had purchased the aforesaid land directly from Otones, late husband of said Perso-Armenian widow, and that the *Bassett* claim and title were null and void. Here the hand of Russia first appeared as the protector of the claims of the *Nazarbekoff* litigants.

To make a long story short, there being at the time the case was first opened, no American minister in Persia *Mr. Bassett* took his papers to the English legation, who after looking into the claims of the Russian decided several of the documents produced, were spurious, and de-

clined to accept the decision in favor of the Russian. All papers in the still unsettled case were turned over to me soon after my arrival, and I advised Mr. Bassett to throw up a wall around the premises in question, and I sent a soldier to keep out all intruders. This action brought a sharp note from M. Melnikoff virtually ordering us off the land of his Russian client. I replied in suitable terms, wherein he could read between the lines that it might be some time before his client would possess the coveted land. In short, he finally consented, after much manoeuvring, to submit the case to a board of referees.

It shows the arrogant methods of Russia, that the minister at Teheran should have given judgment in this case without at least serving notice on Mr. Bassett; for, of course, without his being himself present or represented by his deputy to show cause, the judgment must necessarily be without binding force, unless after a long period in very exceptional cases. But the Russians gave this no attention. I insisted that the case could not be submitted until the validity of all the documents was finally proven. This statement from the American minister was a stunning blow to the plea of the plaintiff, and I had insisted the case should be tried in a consular court according to usage in countries where principles of extra-territoriality prevailed—this of course implied a trial in United States premises.

The Russians then objected to Persian law, and for many weeks endeavored to get me to submit the case to European law, but I was firm that land titles in Persia must be decided by the laws of Persia. This case was finally decided in our favor in *all points*.

The purposes of Russia in Asia are cool, long headed, determined, and nothing is too small or insignificant to hold her attention if it compromises her plans, while it is of no consequence how great it is, if it does not affect her designs. Religion has something to do with her pertinacity, but ambition, a certain ceaseless yearning to round out the empire she has planned for ages back, is behind all her movements. For these reasons an American legation in Persia, and groups of active missionaries disseminating religious and economic influence and instruction in the heart of Asia, Russia thinks needs watching. It is needless to go into all the facts. I did some watching in turn and was not wholly ignorant of what was going on. It is to a degree permissible and expected that a diplomatic official should keep his eyes open and learn all he can. Miquefort has pertinently said, "An ambassador is a distinguished spy, who is under the protection of the law of nations."

I knew we were under keen, ever wide open ocular and auricular observation in Persia. Such espionage in Turkey is less important now owing to a change in conditions.

Except for this Bassett trial and the minister's rather humiliating defeat, our relations with the Russian legation were always cordial and gratifying, adding distinctly to the interest of our Persian life. As for example, we were invited to attend with the minister's family, Sunday services of the Greek Church in their private chapel, with a charming dinner afterward at the legation.

We enjoyed more than once their abundant hospitality, their appetizing *zakoushkas* and generous board. I confess that these great, massive blue-eyed rulers of men,

and all the splendor of their stately autocratic bearing, had a wonderful attraction. I accepted their professions of friendship whether sly or sincere, and greatly enjoyed their boisterous, open-hearted hilarity, their bursts of effusive geniality—(often followed by sudden explosions of rage).

An effective expression of the essence of my observation of Russian ideas is found in the words of Lev Vassilievitch, repeated with naive simplicity and sincerity and yet, to one who is not a Russian, an expression of the most appalling sarcasm ever put in print. It is simply impossible for one to express the sincerity, at least, of the author of such language. "Voilà," says he, "voilà les gardiens armés (the cossacks) qui portent haut-la-bas notre drapeau toujours pacifique car pour Les Vassilievitch les guerres Russes sont tellement chrétiennes, tellement nationales, tellement Russes enfin, qu'elles ont encore la caractère de la paix."

The population of Teheran is estimated at upwards of 200,000. One gets a sense of isolation as one approaches over the vast sand-plains that surround the capital and sees the extensive fortified walls that hem it in, but passing through the lofty gates covered with the resplendant glazed tiles for which Persia is so famous, the surprise is great. No monotonous blocks as in most cities, but charming gardens, sumptuous foliage, until one reaches the heart of the great city.

Outside the gates there are at a little distance, charming villas surrounded by large grounds, among them that of the Sayed Azêm, who married a French widow (who had been governess in his family) at the suggestion of his first wife, who wished to help her. Some ingratitude followed

on the part of the French woman, who aspired to be chief wife, and she was afterward relegated to a subordinate place. If Persian men may have relations with Christian women, this is not a privilege allowed to both sexes. No Christian of any nation shall intermarry with a Mohammedan woman in Persia, or have anything to do with them, at the peril of their lives. A Frenchman whom I knew well, had a love affair with a Persian woman of low rank, and through indiscretion forgot the law of the land. They were found out, and a mob arose like a spring-tide and storming the premises where they were meeting, slaughtered the unfortunate woman, the lover dropping over the wall into a neighbor's yard, reached a mosque before the howling mob, and turned Musselman on the spot, and was duly circumcized.

The great qualities of the Turk are shown in executive and military matters, and these finer traits are at their best, when not mingled with Christian blood; but these nobler qualities of Turkish race run in narrow channels for the most part. The Ottoman learns from observation and is not a great student or a conversationalist. He impresses one more by a certain stolid dignity than by what he says.

With the Persian it is quite otherwise. He is versatile, mercurial in manner, brilliant in conversation, and ready to impart any information of interest he has won—sometimes with considerable added color.

I had special advantages at Teheran in studying the character of the people, as well as the ancient arts and literature of the country, and through previous residence and journeyings in the East, I was able to get at the true inwardness of the very complex abilities and character

of the Perso-Aryan races. It is a great field for the study of the ethnologist, the artist, the philosopher, and the archaeologist. - I know of no Asiatic people that offer such a store of racial problems.

A study of the Persian today will enable us better to understand the man of 2,000 years ago. If you would know the character of Greeks who fought before Troy, study the Greeks of today. They lack the stupendous genius or the opportunity to call it forth, but the general essentials of character are the same.

Among other interesting men I met in Persia were the Parsees, or original Fireworshippers, of whom some twenty or thirty thousand still remain in the land of Iran. They, with the Parsees of Bombay, form an active and most intelligent body of men. Their "Towers of Silence" or burial places are sometimes passed in Persia, and are gruesome enough. They still preserve intact, the cult of Zoroaster, as indicated by Moore's *Lalla Rookh*. The Sect of Babis, now called Bahaists, were in an interesting stage of their progress and numbered I was told, already several hundred thousand in Persia and elsewhere. In Teheran they had to push their work with great circumspection, and I could not officially meet them, although I would gladly have talked with their leaders. They were considered "a politico-religious body" although they claimed in Persia to be wholly devoted to religion and morals founded on Islamism.

Civil and political principles were held by Persian officials to be at the basis of the movement, which had reached such a momentum that it was thought to be a menace to the theocratic government of Mohammedan peoples. On one occasion I was invited to visit the president of the Persian

board of trade, and on arriving was ushered into an exquisite kiosk supported by light groups of saracenic arches and pillars, and walls faced with floral designs of glazed tiles. The vaulted ceiling was azure, picked out with gilded stars, and in the centre of the marble floor was a deep tank shaped like a star, whose facets spouted silver rain with tinkling music. It was altogether one of the most beautiful and superb examples of decorative art it has been my good fortune to behold. It seemed to me that if one would know of what manner were the charms of the famous gardens which the great king erected on the hanging gardens of Babylon he would only need to look at the grounds and pavilion of which I have endeavored to give a faint description in these pages.

The dignitary who stepped forward to meet me with two or three attendants or companions was every way fitted to be the proprietor of this abode of pleasantness. He was six feet tall, in the prime of life, and every inch a Persian of the purest stock. His complexion was *brun* and ruddy, his eyes flashed fire, and his flowing black beard slightly tinged with henna, was carefully barbered and combed smoothly as silk. His dress was Oriental to the last detail, also entirely of silk sumptuously embroidered and reaching to the floor. His manner was that of an emperor, and as of one so sure of his worth and position he could condescend without yielding an iota of his place and power.

Of course at the outset of the visit conversation was formal and ceremonious. But after the first refreshments had been served and the pipes filled with the most fragrant tobacco of the East, my host began to display the opulent versatility of his fancy and intelligence, and that mer-

curial warmth and culture for which Persians are noted beyond all men of the East, and then whatever subject was touched upon was sure to suggest an opportunity for displaying his talents.

First we touched on matters of fact, and he held us by the excellent sense he showed in discussing with due prudence civic and political questions, public resources, and the like. Gradually we passed to matters more purely conversational, and here again I found him a master or at least a clear thinker on whatever subject was brought forth, with a keen eye for matters at home and abroad. Then we passed to wit and humor and repartee, and then to art and poetry. He was equally ready in passing from one topic to the other, and seemed to be especially on his native heather when he repeated folk lore or quotations from the great poets that have adorned the literature of Persia.

The fact that most deeply impressed me during this visit, was the enormous difference between the business men or financeers of central Asia, especially Persia, and those of America.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

WHEN the result of our November elections reached Persia, and the Democratic party came into power, I knew as an ardent Republican my days in Persia were ended, and I wrote out my "resignation" and began to make preparations to turn my face westward.

The years had been full of interest in many respects to us all, but in a way we had skimmed the cream, and as we began to think of home interests, we were on the whole glad to go.

One of my last official duties was to take leave of His Majesty, Nasr-ed-Deen Shah and the chief officials of the Court. Nothing could exceed the kindness and affability shown to us. His Majesty had already sent word by one of his cabinet to suggest that, if any word of the king could avail to extend my residence in Persia, he would gladly use his influence at Washington, and I could rely on him. He also requested me to send a strong message of amity to the President. His favorite wife also sent her best wishes and *bon voyage* to Mrs. Benjamin with very beautiful presents.

When on the point of leaving I was greatly surprised and moved, to receive resolutions of thanks from our citi-

zens in various parts of the realm, one of these I may be permitted to quote here as an example of the rest. "The following resolutions were unanimously adopted by Tabreeg Station of the Western Persia Mission, May 4th, 1885, and by Rev. W. Whipple, Agent, American Bible Society for Persia.

"Whereas we have learned with deep regret of the recall by our government of His Excellency S. G. W. Benjamin, Minister of the United States to the Persian Court therefore

Resolved, that we express our warmest thanks to Minister Benjamin for the promptness and efficiency which he has always displayed in protecting our interests as American citizens and for the cordial sympathy with us and with our work which he has ever shown.

Resolved, that we bespeak for Mr. Benjamin a career of eminent success whether in public or in private life, and that our progress will go with him and with his family on their long journey home, that it may be a safe and pleasant one, and that the Lord may abundantly bless them in all their ways.

"(Signed) GEORGE A. HOLMES,

"Sec'y pro tem."

The most affecting scene of our departure and one of the most sorrowful in my life, was the parting from our noble hound, Madoc. For weeks he had observed all our movements, growing more restless and sad, as the fateful day approached. He seemed to know, poor fellow, what was about to happen. Fain would we have taken him with us. But it was impossible, owing to the long, circuitous way home, and the uncertainty of our movements and plans. There was one gleam of hope when he accompanied

us out a few miles. But when he at last realized that the moment of eternal farewell had come, he coiled himself in a corner with a look of indescribable despair in his brown eyes. He seemed hardly to dare look at us, and deep sighs came from him. I need not say that my family were bathed in tears.

We learned afterward that for months the poor hound, who had to be dragged with a chain back to Teheran, haunted the legation, pacing slowly through each apartment, looking in vain for those for whom he would have sacrificed his life. Such a tragedy as this, I am free to confess, seemed to me gratuitous injustice, and for the time effaced all the Scriptures and philosophies.

Who shall explain the unexplainable anguish of a brute creature, always faithful and true, and who may happen to have the same susceptibilities as a human being?

Go to; the more I see and know of life the more deeply do I feel, that the chief, perhaps the only proof we have of immortality hereafter, is the absolute necessity of another existence to rights the wrongs of this.

My official calls on leaving my diplomatic post were agreeable, and in some cases affecting. I found the Naib Sultaneh attended by a large number of secretaries, seated in rows on their heels with the paper and kalendans in their hands. The minister of foreign affairs was very cordial, and expressed much regret at our leaving. The Prince asked me to write to him. I learned that the English government had recently sold to the Persian government a quantity of arms, which accounted for recent reluctance of the Persians to buy arms from the United States, as partly agreed upon.

My last call on the Mochir-i-Dowlêh* was exceedingly interesting, in his old residence, buried among the narrow, but very picturesque streets of old Teheran.

These Persian dwellings are a complete surprise. Enter, and you find a gorgeous and stately magnificence beyond description. The hall where I was received, looked upon an orangery on one side, and a wild wood of foliage and flowers on the other. At each end was an immense window, extending across the apartment, with intricate mouldings, the upper part of stained glass, like a cathedral window. All the furnishings were of the most sumptuous character, and this in the very heart of a large and old city.

He had another establishment quite as sumptuous, I was told—Persia must have wealth, certainly every Persian city has men of wealth, culture and luxurious tastes. We had some charming dinners given us, and it is pleasant to feel we left Persia with no enemies. Even the Russian minister, who had felt very much his defeat in the Bassett case, so as to make a decided coolness in personal relations for awhile, called upon me and in a most friendly way wished to have me forget any previous action. He kissed me good-bye, it being the custom in some countries for men to kiss. I had a call from the leading Armenian Priest of the province, who earnestly requested to see me before I left Teheran. He said that all the Armenians would pray for my welfare, and hope for my return here. My wife and daughter were invited to luncheon at the palace to meet the Countess Monteforte, and a day or two after, the chief eunuch came again, bringing to Mrs. Benjamin

*Minister of Foreign Affairs.

as a parting gift from the Anisa Dowlêh, a ring of old mine diamonds, consisting of a large, central solitaire and several smaller ones, clustered about it. This favorite wife of the king sent also a quantity of what are called *dombalen*, which are very rare, found only near Kermanshah, and considered a great delicacy, to be had only by the royal household. She invited my wife and daughter to a farewell *déjiûné* where the Shah himself came in, and said a kindly good-bye.

When we left she requested her eunuch to buy for her, the furniture of Mrs. Benjamin's sleeping room, and she expressed a wish to hear from her by letter after her return home.

The Anisa Dowlêh was a typical Oriental woman of the higher order; large, stout, of fine presence, very intelligent, without being cultivated in our sense. She loved the Shah to whom she had been married twenty years, with passionate devotion, and his tragic death so soon after, must have been a terrible shock to her. Mirza Ali-Kuli Khan says "womanhood is the heart of the body of the nation; manhood is the brain of the body of humanity."

One of our last dinners was at the Turkish legation. The Turkish minister being the dean of the diplomatic corps—the English minister being next in rank. The delicious fruits of Persia were much in evidence, especially the famous pomegranite, so luscious in taste and color.

I had an interesting semi-confidential talk with the Russian minister before leaving Persia. He said that "Russians had been like apes, until within the last thirty years, imitating other nations and sensitive to foreign opinion; but now they were entering into a maturer period with a

consciousness of being a great nation, with a great future, and they proposed to walk in their path to the great destiny allotted to them, indifferent to foreign ideas and approval."

"The universal howl now," he said, "was for constitutional governments. Russia would be great and happy with a paternal government." I replied that America also, had passed the period of dependence, that since our civil war we had learned the strength of union and a central government and although Russia and the United States of America were marching under entirely different organizations we were at present the two governments that had a Future, whose interests were not in collision. I asked him what he thought of the prospects of a general European war before many years. "Russia is in a wretched financial condition now," he said, "beside, we are already too much spread out, why add more territory?" "Then your demonstration on the eastern frontier is a menace to England, rather than any definite intention to declare war," I said. "You wish perhaps to force her to make concessions regarding Constantinople, and once such a needed outlet obtained, your policy would doubtless cease to be aggressive." The minister turned slowly, looked me steadily in the eye as if to see how far I was in earnest, and slightly bent his head, but refrained from making any oral reply.

The Germans of Russia are not yet identified with the slavic race. The Poles are more highly strung than the Russians, and they attained civilization earlier, and once had an important history, and consider themselves superior to Russians, declining to identify themselves with them.

Our journey to the Caspian I shall never forget, the second view of the wonderful mountain scenery between Teheran and Resht, confirmed my first impressions of its unique beauty. It possesses extraordinary richness and variety. We took some of our native servants with us for our overland trip, and our maid had insisted on accompanying the ladies to America. We tried to dissuade her, but finding she had sold a cottage she owned, to fit herself with funds to go, in case we would not take her, we allowed her to begin the journey with us. Arriving at Resht where we were to embark on a Russian steamer, she became appalled at the sea trip, but was still determined to go on. On arriving at Baku, where everything is saturated with the odor of oil-wells she was somewhat disenchanted, but it remained for the sight and taste of European bread to finally decide her to return to Persia where she could find her much relished *sangak* or Persian bread. "You eat *that*!" she said, looking at a loaf of European baker's bread. I assured her we had no other bread in our country. She was deeply depressed as she weighed in the balance her love for us and the horror of eating forever, the unpalatable wheaten mixture, but she at any rate would go to the cars with us. Here was another trial for her, we had taken two compartments at the rear end of the car. "What!" she exclaimed, "a vizier not have the whole car!" We tried to explain to her that in America she would probably have only one seat—altogether the disillusion was so complete, it took but little persuading, to send her back to Teheran with Ali and Hassan, our Persian attendants up to this point.

We embarked at Batoum for Odessa, intending to visit the Russian summer-resort Yalta, where are the royal

summer palaces and beautiful homes of the nobility. Thence we passed on to Kertch, an old town, full of unique antique carvings, marbles, hoary with age, some of them built into the exterior of cheap, modern houses. Longing to linger there we were obliged to proceed with our steamer to Sebastopol. Heretofore through the Crimea a high ridge of mountains had served as background, rising like a solid wall of masonry back of the picturesque villages, but the mountains gradually became lower and lower, until they disappeared in the plains below.

I left my family at Vienna in the care of our ambassador, Mr. Francis, who with his good wife, made their stay of many weeks as delightful as possible.

My welcome home was a warm one, and almost as many dinners were given me, as when I sailed. The Salamagundy Club did not, however, this time, present the demijon of "Scotch," which was to insure my health in Persia. Perhaps they had heard reports from my secretary, of how often and with what care this particular "parcel" had to be examined en route to Persia by custom house officers, until I was finally forced to have it carefully boxed. In any event, New York was not malarious, what need of it!

I found the settling down to old pursuits not so easy as I supposed. Although my official life had not been many years, I had formed habits of mind and effort so different from any former life I had lived, I could never quite return to the same groove again.

I had been in Persia long enough I discovered, to develop quite a taste for diplomatic life, and while the expense and precariousness of such position made me quite determined never again to seek it, or even to accept, if offered, still I missed it.

I found my life in Persia had well nigh effaced my former work in the memory of many, and although this was advantageous for a time, giving me innumerable requests to lecture and to write books and articles, still in the end, it was an injury.

I became for the time authority on Oriental matters, and was besieged for articles on Persian art and other kindred subjects. My *Persia and the Persians*, was sought by two prominent American publishing houses. I gave it to the one that made me the largest advance cash offer: Ticknor & Co. (now Houghton and Mifflin) who brought it out beautifully. John Murray also issued an edition in England, where it was most favorably received by the press.

My *Story of Persia* was published by Nevins in London, and was translated into two of the East Indian languages and published at Bombay.

I was about this time invited to resume my position as Art-critic to the *Evening Mail and Express*, but declined it. Innumerable invitations to write and lecture came to me from different parts of the country. Chickering Hall, N. Y. was packed to hear a lecture on Persian customs.

I published my *Trans-Atlantic Railway*, which caused some sensation, and some of its suggestions I was told, were afterwards seriously utilized by engineers.

My story *We Two on an Island*, came to me one morning on awakening. I sat down to write after breakfast, and wrote for two days with little interruptions, and it went to press with scarce an alteration. When issued in book form, it received much favorable comment, even from such slow and cautious reviews as *The Nation*, and others.

My friend, Richard Stoddard was much interested to help me in many ways, and was a very genuine, kind-hearted man. The Bowens, of the *Independent*, and Mrs. Hannah Lamb, the talented editor of the *Historical Magazine*, and our Sunday evenings at the Stedman's with the delightful people met there all lend a charm to our memories of New York.

I wrote about this time a carefully prepared article on the Nicaragua Canal, at the request of the company in charge, who widely distributed it, and another article was written by me for the U. S. Senate; Why the government suddenly decided on the Panama route as one of the mysteries like that of the *Man with the Iron Masque*, or the authorship of *Junius*.

The fate of the American Art Review is another example of the fact that literary work of intrinsic merit finds scant recognition in contrast with the magazines of fiction, with important or sensational names, as contributors. For example I have been offered prices, much in advance of those paid for good articles, for a few lines written by the Shah of Persia. About this time I bought a pleasant and artistic home in New Brighton, Staten Island, said to have been built by the art editor of *Harpers's* for his own home. In the rear it overlooked the entire New York harbor. We lived many years there very delightfully, my wife identifying herself with work for women and the "Woman's Club," of which she is still an honorary member.

While on the Island I was elected President of the Republican Club of Richmond County. I had been a strong Republican since the fall of Sumter, but I had never thought of such political office, and did not care for this,

but was urged into accepting it. It was intimated to me that Blaine had it under consideration to send me back to Persia if I would approve the policy he proposed for the investment of American capital in that country. I did not approve it, and those who carried out his views sank a pile of money. My experience as Republican leader, leads me to express, if possible, more decidedly than before, the importance of reducing the number of presidential electors. I found some good Republicans who were actuated by high principle and genuine patriotism, and as for the horde of petty office seekers, the feuds and jealousies found in political clubs! Well! the Democratic party has even more. One can say of our political parties what the Greek priest said of some milk he saw for sale, "There *is* milk in it."

One of the interesting incidents of our life on Staten Island was the frequent meeting with George W. Curtis and family and William Winter whom we know quite well. Mr. Curtis was a handsome man of fine presence and delightful manners. He liked to talk, and was a great favorite socially.

Another, was the entertaining in our home for two or three weeks, of a Buddhist priest, whom my family met in Chicago during the World's Fair. He had been sent as delegate to represent the liberal Buddhism of Japan at the Parliament of Religions, "Kinza Rieuge Minamoto no Yoshimasa Hirai," was one of the most delightful of guests. A member of the old nobility, his family had for twenty-two generations held exalted positions in Japan, and his manners betokened the highest breeding. We gave him a dinner, inviting Archdeacon Johnson of the Episcopal Church, Staten Island; Dr. G. W. Birch, Presby-

terian of New York City (moderator of the convention that tried Dr. Briggs for heresy); Dr. Bowles, leader of the Universalist Church of New York, and others, quite a "Parliament of Religions" in miniature.

During these exceedingly busy years I entered into a partnership with a well known professor of a well known university, to prepare a concise, popular encyclopedia on a novel plan. The enterprise dragged somewhat, as we lived in separate towns, and the divided responsibility became somewhat irksome as the literary strain of the last few years began to tell on my health; I decided to sell out my rights and good will to him, which I did for a good price.

This was a help to me at the time, as money advanced to aid a family friend had brought on pecuniary difficulties and debts which troubled me. I had been made poorer by over \$20,000 through my desire to aid others. But my accumulated efforts and struggles finally brought me to a point where changes and rest, became imperative. A severe attack of acute bronchitis, complicated with pneumonia, did not quite kill me, but it forced me to leave the island, and eventually New York climate altogether.

We secured a charming place on Lake Champlain for our summer home, and bought a house in Washington, D. C. to live in winters.

Washington as a home, never specially appealed to me except for the cosmopolitan atmosphere its social life engendered. My wife had a delightful acquaintance there and warm friends having passed so many winters of her life, in its official social circles.

There was little art interest to speak of, though a few good artists. I had seen enough of political life in and

about New York; and my experience as presiding officer the year of the presidential election had quite satisfied me with American politics. The capital city had therefore no attraction in that line; it had, however, a good climate and good markets, and I needed a change and a rest from thinking and working over much.

Several opportunities were offered me later on, for returning to the East either in diplomacy or business, all of which I declined. Before the establishment of the Persian legation in this country, while living in New York, I was approached by one very well known, with the suggestion that the government of the Shah had intimated that I might be called to represent Persia at the United States, if I would consent to take such position. Upon due consideration, although highly pleased with the compliment I thought it best to decline. In point of fact I had lost so much pecuniarily, by my experience in diplomacy I had been more or less embarrassed ever since, aside from the fact that it took me from my legitimate work.

So far as trade with Persia was concerned, steam and electric railroads there, were of the first importance, but they are not likely to be profitable until the population is greatly increased. Local travel and freight implies people. Our distinguished citizen, Theodore Roosevelt, ought to have been sent out to expostulate in regard to the small families, although his eloquent pleas do not seem to bear abundant fruit here as yet. Persia has an area larger than France, Germany and Spain altogether, and has barely nine million of souls.

My opinion is that so long as the Anglo-Russo-Germanic rivalry and disturbances continue in Central Asia, Uncle

Sam can do more in extending his trade in China, the Philippines and South America, and allowing longer credits to foreign merchants where it is demanded.

Germany is working her way with her railways and her traffic from the west eastward, while Russia has a dog-in-the-manger way of approaching Persia, her bayonets gleam, ever reaching over the border.

With Russia this system of conquest is chronic, and includes in its schemes, about every inch of Asia, except, possibly, Japan. And so the Slavic race-ideal in Asia and the Teutonic in Europe must some day meet and *clash*. The mystic God of the Spirit, and the Kaiser's God of Force will both be called upon for aid and the result? *Quin Sabe!* May it not be possible that some world-war will realize the prediction of ancient prophecy in no very distant future? Even now a great conflict is simmering! The Kaiser cannot long resist the pull of the German military autocracy, and will call (as Victor Hugo did for the French) on "the world" to come to the aid of his country as "the centre and hub of culture and civilization"; and yet, had Hugo read Philip de Commines, he would have learned that "the French were more cruel in war than the people of Italy or Spain." How if the Kaiser should read history with a better understanding? The hypocrisy of nations is proverbial; each looks with horror on the doings of the others, failing to see the obliquities in their own conduct.

Of old, Tacitus alludes to this, in writing of the Romans and the Parthians.

The present German idea of world-domination for state, military, and scientific efficiency and force, will inevitably in time, sweep Germany into war with nations who favor

She touched his eyelids; then thick darkness veiled
His vision for a moment, and a spasm
Convulsed his shivering frame with agony—
Only a moment; for returning light
Dazzled his sight, and from his spirit fell
The fleshy robe of earth's infirmities.
His soul stood forth upon that solemn strand
Free, pure, and wonderful, as when it left
Its Maker's hands in the aeons of the past.
By this a skiff came gliding to the shore
More beautifully formed than fairy's boat
Of curling shell, and delicately veined
With pearl and purple (as the eyelid soft
Of sleeping infant) and the youth began
The voyage infinite. The sliding keel
Swifter than lightning flew, moved by the soul's un-
quenchable desire to see, to learn,
To understand the boundless universe, and its Creator.
Isles of light arose
Innumerable to view. Upon their shores
Seraphs were marshalled, and from star to star,
From age to age celestial anthems pealed
Creation heard that harmony divine—
A rapturous hallelujah that shall cease
When dim eternity shall end.
Cycles and ages had gone by; (if there
They note such periods;) and still the skiff swept on
Its steady course swift as the flight of thought,
And silent as the lapse of years. The youth's
Fair brow with growing knowledge grew more noble,
And his eyes kindled with the fervid glow
That to his vision gradually increased

Like the broad splendor of the summer dawn,
 Albeit the glory of a thousand suns
 Were but a taper's twinkle to the light
 Ineffable that issued from the throne
 Of God, the center of infinity. * * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * * As yet this soul had only dimly caught
 Faint adumbrations of the majesty
 And glory of celestial life. But time,
 Ages on ages, came and went. That spirit
 Had reached a higher being, and had gained
 The stature of archangel. Now, it *felt*
 (Not only saw) the Universe, Oh now
 The recollection of the agonies
 Of his mortality, the burning brain,
 The racking pains, and the cankering grief,
 Sorrows of brief duration to the bliss
 Serene, he now experienced, lent a peace
 Unutterable by contrast. Now, he knew
 The mystery of affliction—knew that woe
 Is mercy's boon, and that one day of grief
 May gladden ages of eternity.
 Gratitude, love, and adoration filled
 That humble, raptured soul. The Deity
 Transfused his throbbing bosom with a power
 To love, which may be never, never told,
 Unless by lips seraphic, numberless,
 And evermore vibrating harps of gold,
 And wings that upwards waft the triune hymn
 To the exalted and eternal throne
 Where God Himself reveals the ETERNAL GOOD.

Published in *Burlington Free Press*,
 Saturday, Aug. 1st.

Partial list of the paintings of S. G. W. Benjamin from June 1871. Sold at prices ranging from \$60 to \$600.

Topsail Schooner—Size 20 in. by 12.
Sloop runing down the coast—10 in. by 16.
Outward Bound—16 in. by 10.
Outward Bound—larger copy—16 in. by 26.
Sloop Yacht before the wind—7 in. by 10.
Shore Scene—9 in. by 4.
Bankers—20 in. by 12.
Corsica—10 in. by 7.
Corsica—larger copy—16 in. by 10.
Yachting—30 in. by 20.
Schooner Yacht Ella—20 in. by 12.
Ship anchoring in Smyrna harbor—36 in. by 24.
Bark running down schooner in a fog.
Pico Peak with bark running—20 in. by 12.
Pico Peak and San Jorge—12 in. by 7.
Pico Peak and San Jorge—30 in. by 18.
Gibraltar—15 in. by 30.
Seminot, Isle of Wight—10 in. by 7.
Atalaya Rock—Madeira—24 in. by 18.
Pico Peak from Sou'west—20 in. by 12.
Gale off Rosales Rock-Azores—26 in. by 18.
Ponto Forado—Madeira—12 in. by 7.
Atalaya Rock—30 in. by 20.
Foul Weather off Ponto Forado—26 in. by 16.
Off Cape Race—24 in. by 16.
Bugto Island with bark—20 in. by 12.
Making Land—36 in. by 24.
A Stiff Breeze—10 in. by 16.
Full rigged brig, running under close reefed topsails—12 in. by 7.
Off Cape Race—Schooner running—11½ in. by 7¼.
Baker's Island Lights—12 in. by 7.
Entrance to St. John's—12 in. by 7.
Porto da Cruz—Madeira—50 in. by 26.
Sunset at Nassau—9 in. by 18.
Penha d' Aquia—Madeira—40 in. by 24.
Study of Spay—10 in. by 16.
Stormy Sunset at Sea—10 in. by 16.
Calm Day off Manchester—30 in. by 18.
Fishing boats of Madeira Scurrying home—8 in. by 12.
Volcanic Rocks—Madeira—12 in. by 20.
Barque Ethan Allen—20 in. by 12.
Life on the Ocean Wave—Seaman on a raft—18 in. by 26.
Calm day off Manchester—8½ in. by 14.
Caught on a Lee Shore—30 in. by 18.

Home of the Sea birds—20 in. by 12.
Courtado Peak—18 in. by 12.
Brazen Head and Fort Santiago—20 in. by 12.
Pleasant Day at Sea—11 in. by 7.
Coast Scene—Madeira—30 in. by 18.
Sunset at Sea—5 in. by 10.
A Fresh Puff off the land—20 in. by 12.
Early Morning at Sea—8 in. by 12.
Surf among the Rocks—San Vincent—30 in. by 18.
Thatcher's Island—7 in. by 14.
Low Tide at Greenhithe—7 in. by 10.
Sunset on the Grand Banks—10 in. by 5.
A Squally Sunrise—7 in. by 5.
Faial Beach—Madeira—6 in. by 13.
Faial Beach—Madeira—24 in. by 16.
Fishing Boats of Porto Santo—14 in. by 7.
A Squall—26 in. by 20.
Dawn off White Island—24 in. by 16.
Old Convent Orotava—Teneriffe—13 in. by 7.
Wind against Tide off Entry Isle—26 in. by 18.
Pico Peak and San Jorge—30 in. by 18.
Loo Rock—Madeira—30 in. by 18.
The Farm—Landscape—40 in. by 27.
Life—Shipwrecked Sailor on rock—20 in. by 10.
Pico Peak, Azores—Sunset—12 in. by 20.
Pico Peak—Cutter Yawl in foreground—12 in. by 20.
"The Wide, Wide, Sea"—24 in. by 40.
A Head Sea—18 in. by 30.
French Fishing Lugger—10 in. by 14.
North Foreland—Straits Dover—11¼ in. by 9½.
The Corbière or Sailors Dead—Isle of Jersey—26 in. by 50.
After the Storm—18 in. by 30.
Twilight at Sea—18 in. by 30.
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